PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1994 • $5.95

Gala Christmas Issue

BO
A PERFECT
40

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS GARRY SHANDLING

JOHN BOBBITT'S EX-FIANCÉE

ROGER EBERT ON TOM HANKS

VINCENT BUGLIOSI ON LAWYERS, JUDGES AND O.J.'S BLOODY HANDS

PLUS JIM CARREY, KELSEY GRAMMER, BUCK HENRY, SEX STARS OF 1994 AND MUCH MORE

12
35270
0 300955 0

These days you can't cab across town with a cigarette.
For a great smoke, this is the ride you've been waiting for.

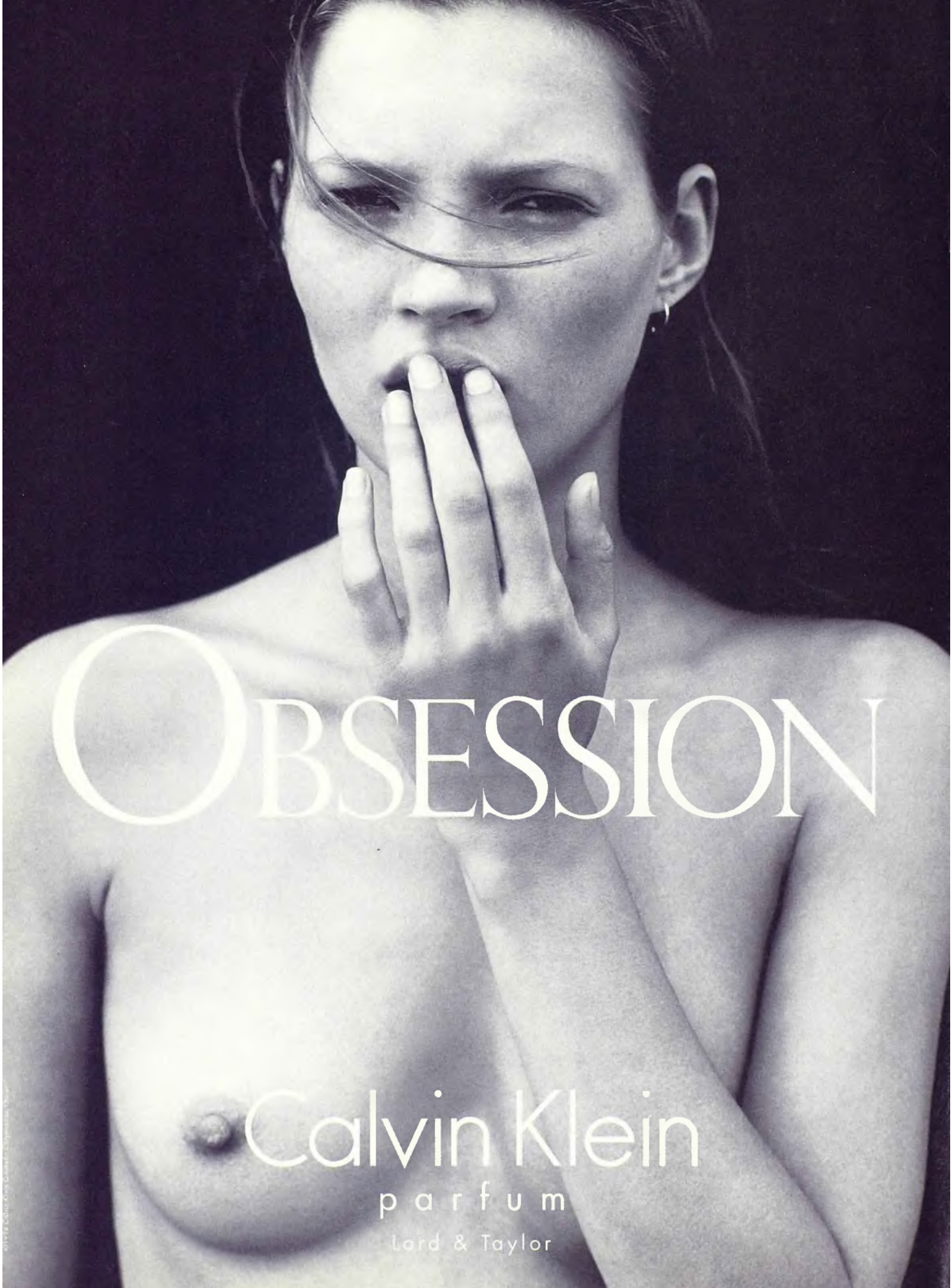
Finally, a welcome sign for people who smoke.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994
10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE


OBSESSION
Calvin Klein
parfum
Lord & Taylor

MILLIONS OF WORDS, thousands of pictures, tons of paper, more than a few ads. Four decades' worth of a substantial, entertaining product—hardly the flimsy stuff of dreams. Yet that's where it started, in the mind of a lanky guy who bet that other men thought the same way he did. Almost immediately, PLAYBOY went from Hef's dream to a monthly event for men who were as serious about leisure as they were about work.

Imagine a world without PLAYBOY. Cast your mind's eye over that postnuclear landscape, its prepubescent culture, joyless and repressed. Imagine a world where the girl next door never leaves home and the lights stay off in the bedroom (oh no—the Fifties!). If you're having trouble with this, turn—if you dare—to *Life Without Playboy*, a visit to an alternate reality, sketched by a humorist we call Uncle—**Buck Henry** (artist **Arnold Roth** put the illusion on canvas). Then you'll understand why Henry places Hef in a modern pantheon that includes Freud, Einstein and Marx (the mustachioed one, not the one with the bicycle horn).

Of course, without PLAYBOY there would be no *Playboy Interview*—and no dialogue like this month's chat with the cable-ready **Garry Shandling.** With *The Larry Sanders Show*, Shandling took a TV formula—the late-night talk show—at its hottest moment and gave it an eerie, ironic spin. His show is too edgy and rife with artifice to be true—which is why it could be true. We sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** to make nice, and he nearly came back a contributing editrix.

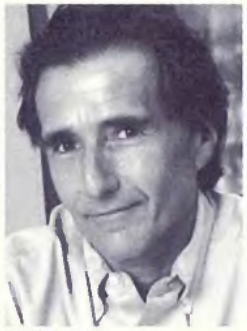
Another man with a brilliant career is **Tom Hanks.** Hanks is profiled by movie critic **Roger Ebert,** one of two guys with the biggest thumbs in America. Ebert says that *Forrest Gump* has made Hanks the most likable, bankable star since Jimmy Stewart. In making his case, Ebert analyzes Hanks' seamless interpretations of widely varying roles. It should be required reading for all aspiring thespians. Next up, the ultimate metamorph: **Jim Carrey.** Daman Wayans, his co-star on *In Living Color*, calls him angry; we call him rich, rich, rich. In *Jim Carrey's Wild Ride*, **Bernard Weinraub** of *The New York Times* finds the star of *The Mask* and *Dumb and Dumber* agitated, jumpy and at a crossroads. A child of poverty, Carrey admits money hasn't solved everything; neither has divorce or meeting his high expectations. All of which makes for a smokin' read.

How's this for the road not taken: In a parallel universe, **Kelsey Grammer** is preserved on video cavorting as a porn star. As Grammer reveals in a *20 Questions* with **Margy Rochlin,** he considered sinking his career by appearing in an X-rated film when he was young, broke and hairy. The big shrink of TV's *Frasier* shares Grammerian principles on the rewards of assuming requisite disrespect and judging Shelley Long's appeal to folks in prison. He sounds so well-adjusted, you would think he's a psychiatrist.

As with national fixations in the past, we've opened a forum on the O.J. Simpson case and tapped two experts on behavior. **Vincent Bugliosi** has astounded juries and put away criminals such as Charles Manson with the airtight logic of his arguments. Now, in a Q&A with **David Sheff,** the lawyer applies his legal acumen to a scathing indictment of the celebrity suspect, the media and the lawyers. His take on Simpson's charges, his defense team and the meaning of the Menendez verdict will keep you spellbound. From the courtroom to the rubber room: When it comes to criminal behavior, **Joe Morgenstern** is interested in the line where lovesickness meets psychosis. The stalkers and murderers Morgenstern examines all share a compulsion to control. When they try to reduce chaos and suppress emotion, they end up trash-compacting their own

HENRY

ROTH


WEINRAUB

EBERT

RENSIN

ROCHLIN

MORGENSTERN

DAVIDSON

PRINGLE

BEAUDET, SUSKI, EDGREN, WILLIAMSON

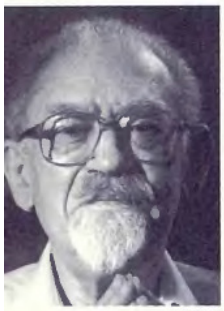
Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), December 1994, volume 41, number 12. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

FREYTAG

DEREK

JONES

BARNES


TENN

FEDERICI

HACKER

WIEDER

TAKIFF

WISEMAN

FEGLEY

AGLE

O'BRIEN

humanity. Read *Obsession* (illustrated by **Herb Davidson**) for a chilling study of crimes of passion. Passion itself is rarely considered a crime, except perhaps in the eyes of Arkansas state police and the English press. **Peter Pringle,** Stateside correspondent for *The Independent*, brings us news that this was a wild and bully year for nitwit Brits in high places. In *Those Torrid, Tawdry Tories*, Pringle points out the hypocrisy of preaching family values when one is a politician with saucy links to a mother-daughter team.

Back on this side of the big pond, it's been a model year for *Sex Stars 1994*, according to crack in-house experts **Patty Beaudet, Gretchen Edgren, Chet Suski** and **Bruce Williamson.** Supermodels abound: Elle's a'popping, Cindy has gone corporate and Claudia is pure magic in eight pages of runway runaways. Representing a different type of ramp vamp, **Kristina Elliott,** ex-stripper and ex-fiancée of the crotchety John Wayne Bobbitt, poses for photographer **Arny Freytag** and luxuriates in her newfound notoriety. Her story is proof that her contentious split with Bobbitt was one lucky breakup for her. Perhaps the best news, pictorially speaking, is that Bo is back: **Bo Derek,** the original perfect-ten beauty, has reprised her headline-making performance, photographed by the guy who knows her best side, husband **John Derek.**

You may have seen our recently published anniversary collection of stellar short fiction, *The Playboy Book of Short Stories*. In keeping with that tradition, we introduce *Dynamite Hands*, by **Thom Jones**—a writer who has wowed literary critics. More important, the guy can tell a story; we're proud to have him in these pages. For the accompanying stop-action art, we recruited a man who has studied powerful bodies in motion up close: **Ernie Barnes,** a six-year pro-football vet (Chargers and Broncos). Speaking of anthologies, in 1963 we published *Bernie the Faust*, a widely collected science-fiction story by **William Tenn.** Three years later, Tenn disappeared into the quicksand of academe. Now he's made his literary comeback with *The Ghost Standard*, a futuristic lifeboat drama that pits a man against a sentient lobster. Pulling more strings, we asked **James Warhola**—the nephew of Andy Warhol—to illustrate the tale.

Holidays are for dressing. With family gatherings and office parties, there are plenty of opportunities to make either a fashion statement or an egregious mistake. *Night Moves*, photographed by **Daniela Federici,** is a showcase of fabulous party clothes that look sharp day or night. Forgive the intrusion, but we have some more holiday advice: Warm up with *Drink*, top taster **Richard Carleton Hacker's** paean to "Winter's Glass Act." Feeling toasty yet? For a laugh—and to make you feel good about your own clan—reach for *It's Been a Very Good Year*, a selection of revisionist holiday epistles by humorist **Robert S. Wieder.** In the style of upbeat family histories that fall out of Christmas cards, Wieder gives us a taste of what the fame-addled will write when their memorable year has been, well, memorable. After that, get your gift list together. Our *Electronics Preview* by **Jonathan Takiff** will help you beg for the 35-inch direct-view TV you deserve. Not what you had in mind? We suppose if you've been naughty you might as well stay that way: Sexologist **Jay Wiseman** has assembled some sex tricks in *Stocking Stuffers* that will kick-start Christmas morning.

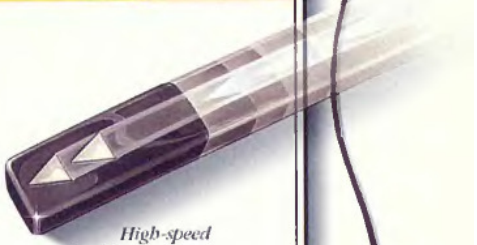
Now for a real moon shot: We're sure you expected us to reveal our plans for the next 40 years. Well, first the world—and then the final frontier. On the first count, Playmate **Elisa Bridges** (Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** shot the pictorial) is a globe-trotting navigator with universal appeal. But she'll have a hard time keeping up with some lucky Playmates who were immortalized exactly 25 years ago during NASA's Apollo 12 mission. As **D.C. Agle** relates (and artist **Tim O'Brien** imagines) in *Playmates on the Moon*, astronauts Pete Conrad and Alan Bean both took centerfolds to the moon—Conrad was even photographed by Bean displaying one on his cuff checklist while they bobbed over the Ocean of Storms. Now if only we could plant a Bunny flag up there. Maybe someday—we have plenty of time.

HIGH TECHNOLOGY
WITHOUT THE
HIGH ANXIETY

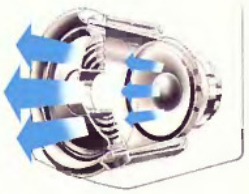
How To Make Sure Your Mini System Doesn't Come Up Short.

Change two CDs while the third is still playing. The music never stops.

THE TECHNICS SC-CH717 IS ONE MINI COMPONENT SYSTEM THAT DOESN'T TAKE ANY SHORT CUTS. IT'S SOPHISTICATED, YET IT'S SO SIMPLE TO USE. AND WITH A 3-DISC CHANGER, ACTIVE AIR COUPLING WOOFER SYSTEM AND A SOUND FIELD PROCESSOR, IT'S THE MINI-COMPONENT SYSTEM THAT ALWAYS COMES UP BIG.



High-speed fast-forward and rewind significantly reduces waiting time.



Newly designed, high-performance speakers deliver heart-thumping bass and outstanding sound.

*Karaoke voice mute lets you sing along with your CDs.**

* Panasonic mic optional.

Technics®
The science of sound

Proud Sponser
1996 U.S. Olympic Team
USA

Arrange individual components to fit your individual space.

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc. by Vol., © 1993 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ

ingle ells,

ingle ells.

The holidays aren't the same without J&B®

Justerini & Brooks since 1749.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 41, no. 12—december 1994

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		19
WIRED		22
DRINK	RICHARD CARLETON HACKER	26
STYLE		28
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	30
VIDEO		33
MUSIC		34
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	38
MEN	ASA BABER	40
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	42
FITNESS	JON KRAKAUER	44
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		47
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		49
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	59
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARRY SHANDLING—candid conversation		61
OBSESSION—article	JOE MORGENSTERN	82
FOREVER BO—pictorial		86
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION		96
THE GHOST STANDARD—fiction	WILLIAM TENN	102
JOHN BOBBITT'S EX-FIANCÉE—pictorial		106
LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY—humor	BUCK HENRY	112
STOCKING STUFFERS—sexual diversions	JAY WISEMAN	118
JIM CARREY'S WILD RIDE—article	BERNARD WEINRAUB	120
AHOY, PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month		124
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		136
PLAYMATES ON THE MOON—article	D.C. AGLE	138
IT'S BEEN A VERY GOOD YEAR—humor	ROBERT S. WIEDER	140
THANKS, HANKS—playboy profile	ROGER EBERT	142
NIGHT MOVES—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	144
BUGLIOSI FOR THE PROSECUTION—article		152
20 QUESTIONS: KELSEY GRAMMER		156
DYNAMITE HANDS—fiction	THOM JONES	158
THOSE TORRID, TAWDRY TORIES—article	PETER PRINGLE	162
SEX STARS 1994—pictorial	text by GRETCHEN EDGREN	166
1995 ELECTRONICS PREVIEW	JONATHAN TAKIFF	177
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		219

Bo's Back P. 86

Carrey's Wild P. 120

Ahoy, Elisa P. 124

Holiday Gifts P. 96

COVER STORY

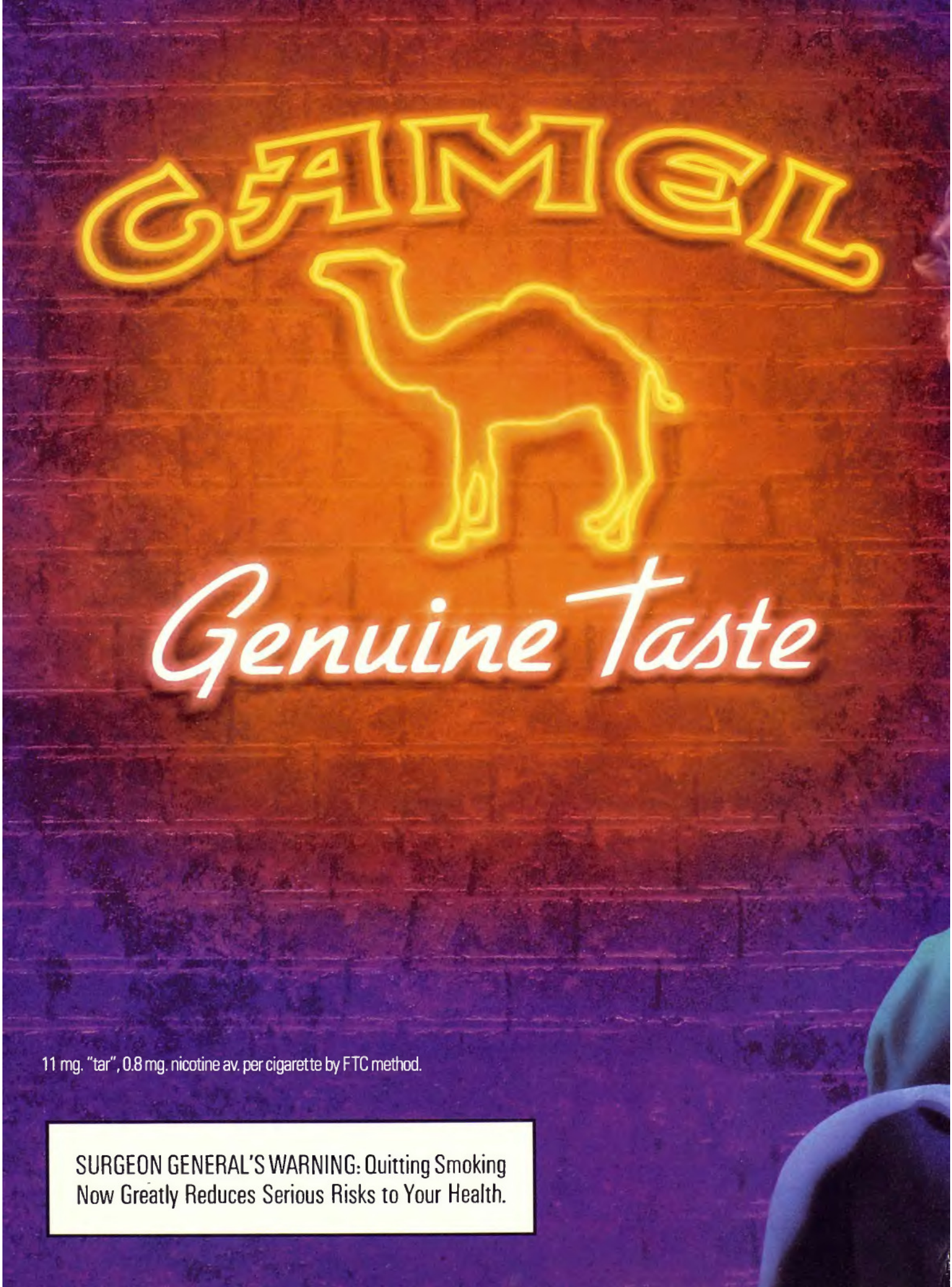
PLAYBOY's fifth Bo Derek pictorial is a speciol holiday salute to the woman who defined feminine perfection. As she approaches 40, Bo is every bit as alluring and hypnotic as she was when she played the young Venus in the movie *10*. We extend special kudos to her husband, John, for the fabulous photography done on location at their ranch and to Bo for styling her hair and makeup. At the close of our 40th anniversary, our Rabbit is reflecting a perfect year.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: OCTOBER 1994. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1994 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 213. FRANKLIN MINT DUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. RADIO SHACK INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 AND WINSTON INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 48-49 IN ALL COPIES. BLACK VELVET INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 200-201 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. KENT INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 192-193 IN OHIO NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. MARLBORO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 AND SUBARU BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES.

CERTIFICADO DE LICITUO DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO OE 1993. Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUO DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 OE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS OEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TITULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

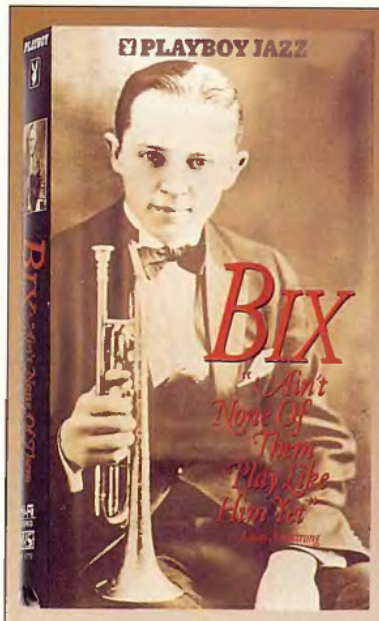
Passion Place

The nights are getting colder, but there are many ways to keep the home fires burning! Dozens of ardent and inviting beauties show and tell their secrets for passion in *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. On sale now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #XBFT9414. (Source Code 49567) ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #XBFT9414. Canadian residents please include $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49567, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Now you can subscribe to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*! For just $35.70 ($44.62 in Canada), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive *Playboy's Private Collection* video free with your paid subscription. ORDER BY PHONE: Call 1-800-249-1300 and use your credit card. ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HHF4000).

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



PLAYBOY

BIX $19.95

"Ain't None of Them Play Like Him Yet!"

— Louis Armstrong

There's only one musician from the original jazz age whose work could go toe-to-toe with Louis Armstrong's, let alone earn that kind of accolade. That's Leon Bix Beiderbecke, the phenomenally talented cornetist whose cooly eloquent improvisations are cherished by classic jazz fans as the major alternative to Louis' fiery phrasing.

Now, for the first time ever, this fascinating 116-minute documentary details Bix' story from his early beginnings as a child prodigy to his tragic death at age 28. Produced and directed by Academy Award–winning filmmaker Brigitte Berman, the film features all known footage of Bix, as well as rare interviews and performances from the era by such jazz legends as Louis Armstrong, Hoagy Carmichael, Artie Shaw and Doc Cheatham. It's a must for jazz aficionados and Playboy video collectors everywhere! *"One of the best Jazz documentaries ever made."* — Hugh M. Hefner **Item #XK1681V VHS $19.95**

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 49575)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49575, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

© 1994 Playboy

Also available at your local video and music stores.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: PETER MOORE, STEPHEN RANDALL *editors;* FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* FORUM: JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* MODERN LIVING: DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* STAFF: BRUCE KLUGER, CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* DOROTHY ATCHESON *publishing liaison;* FASHION: HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor;* COPY: LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, REMA SMITH, SARI WILSON *researchers;* CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS *(automotive)*, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* KELLY KORJENEK *assistant director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL T. CHAN, RICKIE GUY THOMAS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *photo librarian*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JUDY BERKOWITZ *national projects director;* SALES DIRECTORS: KIM L. PINTO *eastern region;* JODI L. GOSHGARIAN *midwestern region;* VALERIE CLIFFORD *western region;* MARKETING SERVICES: IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

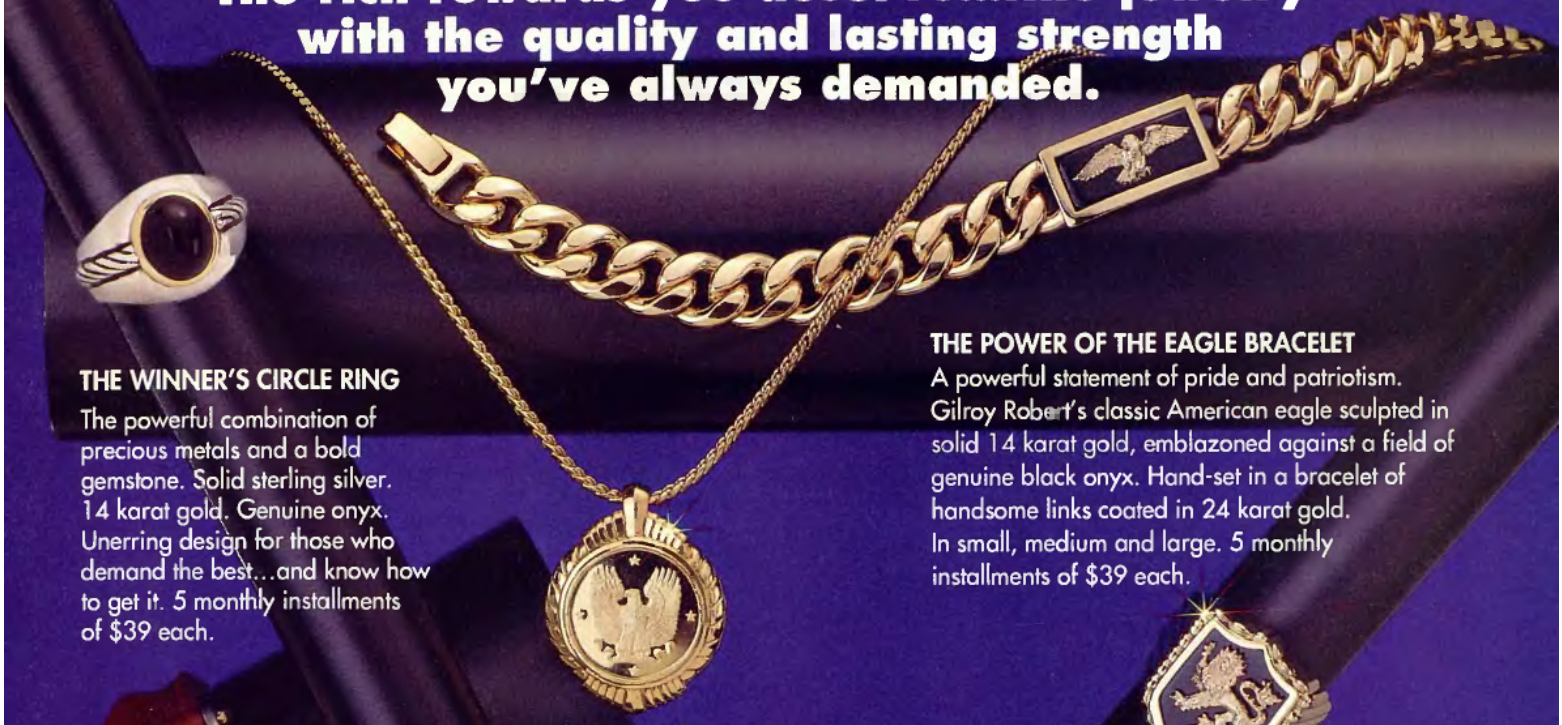
EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

POWER TOOLS

The rich rewards you deserve...fine jewelry with the quality and lasting strength you've always demanded.



THE WINNER'S CIRCLE RING

The powerful combination of precious metals and a bold gemstone. Solid sterling silver. 14 karat gold. Genuine onyx. Unerring design for those who demand the best...and know how to get it. 5 monthly installments of $39 each.

THE POWER OF THE EAGLE BRACELET

A powerful statement of pride and patriotism. Gilroy Robert's classic American eagle sculpted in solid 14 karat gold, emblazoned against a field of genuine black onyx. Hand-set in a bracelet of handsome links coated in 24 karat gold. In small, medium and large. 5 monthly installments of $39 each.

THE FRANKLIN MINT EAGLE MEDALLION

The power to soar—portrayed in this minted emblem of solid 14 karat gold, bearing Gilroy Roberts' famed American eagle image. Complete with a bezel of 24 karat gold coated over solid sterling silver and a matching 22-inch chain. 5 monthly installments of $49 each.

THE RING OF THE BLACK PRINCE

Designed by Stuart Devlin, goldsmith and jeweller to royalty. The emblem of The Black Prince—a majestic lion—in solid 10 karat gold, emblazoned against genuine onyx, which is *set with a genuine fully faceted ruby*. 10 monthly installments of $97.50 each.

THE WATCH FOR SUCCESS

Craftsmanship with powerful impact. A distinctive man's chronograph watch of bold stainless steel, with handsome goldtone accents. The mariner-blue face features world-class style international sailing flags marking the hours. Precision quartz movement. 24-hour alarm. Countdown timer. Stopwatch. All water-resistant to 100 meters depth. With a rugged tan genuine leather band. 5 monthly installments of $90 each.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

The Franklin Mint
Special Order Department • Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by December 31, 1994.

Yes, please send me the following imparted jewelry selection(s):

___ QTY. The Pawer af the Eagle Bracelet (483-8QHK)—5 monthly installments of $39.*† each.
___ QTY. The Watch for Success (649-8QHN)—5 monthly installments af $90.* each.
___ QTY. The Winner's Circle Ring (571-8QHR)—5 monthly installments of $39.*† each.
___ QTY. The Franklin Mint Eagle Medallion (487-8QHU)—5 monthly installments of $49.*† each.
___ QTY. The Ring af the Black Prince (739-8QHX)—10 monthly installments of $97.50* each.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed for each item of my order in equal monthly installments as indicated above, with my first payment due priar to shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax.
†Plus $3. per item for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

18024-90220

To ensure a proper fit, a custom sizer will be sent to you prior to shipment of sized items. For free watch warranty information, write to Customer Service, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001.

THE PICASSO WATCHES

The first Picasso Watch has a hand-printed silkscreen of a 1924 drawing of a guitar. The quartz timepiece features a trapezoidal sterling silver-plated case with a stem and knob that resemble a guitar's tuning peg. It has a whiskey-colored leather band and comes with a two-year warranty.

THE GUITAR
PP51

The Bull is the newest Picasso Watch. It features a silkscreened image from an original drawing done by the artist in 1956. With the curves of the horns protecting the crystal, the physical and dynamic presence of the bull has been captured within a stainless-steel bezel that evokes a bullfight arena. The quartz timepiece comes complete with a black Italian calfskin band and a two-year warranty.

THE BULL
PP52

EACH WATCH SELLS FOR $125 PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING AND HANDLING

TO ORDER CALL: 1.800.258.1995, OR WRITE TO: SPECIAL EDITIONS LIMITED

P.O. BOX 808 ITASCA, IL 60143

© 1994, SEL, SPADEM & P.P.I.L.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

DAVID GEFFEN

David Geffen (*Playboy Interview*, September) told Contributing Editor David Sheff he canned offensive artists such as Slayer and the Geto Boys. But he kept Guns n' Roses. That's like befriending John Wayne Gacy but not Henry Lee Lucas. In the words of Disposable Hero Michael Franti, "Hypocrisy is the greatest luxury."

Steve Landry
Hawkesbury, Ontario

As a longtime PLAYBOY reader and a gay man, I thank you for the insightful interview with Geffen. Your magazine has always been open to a variety of views and lifestyles. And I must confess, I also enjoy your fine pictorials.

Rene Patenaude
Blandford, Massachusetts

David Geffen may be right when he maintains that "don't ask, don't tell" was the best President Clinton could do for gays in the military. But Geffen could do more. He could make an ambitious movie about former midshipman Joseph Steffan's experiences at the Naval Academy both before and after he admitted he is a homosexual. Or he could make a movie about José Zuniga's experiences in the Army both before and after he came out. Movies are such a powerful tool to change public opinion and to entertain. What do you say, David?

Bill Boushka
Arlington, Virginia

SO HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW?

I was touched by Robin Givens' words (*So How Do You Like Me Now?*, September). If you guys keep printing stuff like this, you'll have to take the "For Men" off the cover.

Sue Zirko
Seattle, Washington

Why is it that whenever PLAYBOY promises a great pictorial, you break out the black-and-white film? Why do we have to miss Robin Givens in color? The two-page shot of Robin on the beach would have been great in color.

Joseph Mondano
New York, New York

I've always thought Robin Givens is gorgeous. Your pictorial simply confirms my opinion.

Tony Blanchette
Vista, California

Your photographs of Robin Givens are just like she seems to be—beautiful, but plastic. The "victim" bullshit she wrote made me laugh at her self-absorption. I'm sick of so-called famous women whining about their men. Robin will just have to pay for the fame she sought so aggressively.

Harry Polgar
Downey, California

I was impressed by Robin Givens' account of her life. It was articulate and insightful. I hope Givens is pleasantly surprised one day by a man who does much more for her than simply show up.

James Murphy
Du Bois, Pennsylvania

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I read Robert Scheer's "Three Strikes and We're Broke" (*Reporter's Notebook*, September), about the new crime bill. Why don't we just cut the crap and treat those damned criminals the way they deserve to be treated: the death penalty for murderers and rapists and work camp for everyone else. It may sound medieval, but think of the money we'd save.

Michael Buechi
Miami Beach, Florida

Scheer's article manages to overlook two issues: Where will these retired geriatric crooks live, and what will they live on? It would be unlikely that they would

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), DECEMBER 1994, VOLUME 41, NUMBER 12, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 48 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING:** NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 9242 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

IT'S CHRISTMAS AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE!

THAT'S OKAY. YOU'VE GOT Radio Shack®

And here's help with your holiday shopping: $5 OFF any single-item purchase of $15 or more!

Looking for something cool, something *different* in gifts this year? Take a look at our eight pages of gift suggestions in this publication!

Present this coupon through December 24, 1994 for $5 off any single-item purchase of $15 or more at participating Radio Shack stores and dealers in the U.S., Puerto Rico and U.S. Virgin Islands. May not be combined with any other coupon or discount offer. Not redeemable for cash. Merchandise may not be returned for a full cash/credit refund. One coupon per visit. No photocopies or reproductions accepted. Void where prohibited by law.

STORE: To process on POS, reduce by $5 any single item purchased, priced $15 or more. When prompted for reason, select "8" for "Other" and enter "MINIA" for reason code.

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

have Social Security benefits or employee pensions coming to them. We don't even have decent low-cost housing for poor people who have committed no crimes. These "retirees" will just end up on the dole or become street people. That would solve nothing.

Erwin Fuchs
Seattle, Washington

WOMEN

Thanks so much for "Daughters and Dads: A Pop Quiz" (*Women*, September), by Cynthia Heimel. I was raised by an exceptionally good father who included my siblings and me in his life. He took us to his workplace, to the park, to play golf and to baseball games. I am now raising an eight-year-old daughter as a single parent. She has attended parties, job interviews, conferences and even a couple of grad school classes when day care wasn't available. Fathers need to be encouraged to be truly involved in the upbringing of their children. Mine was. Now I am, too.

Timothy Murphy
Eureka, Montana

I have read Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column for several years and still can't figure her out. I was very touched by the July column on her father's stroke ("The Chicken Goes Home to Roost"), and then disappointed and angered by her September column. I have raised a son and a daughter and I'm equally proud of both. I was always there when the chips were down, often working two jobs so my wife could stay home when the children were young. After the children grew up, my wife and I divorced because she felt bitter about not having a career. I see it as a simple case of a woman changing her mind, wanting one thing, then another. Women ought to stop blaming men for their own problems.

Bill Meister
Daytona Beach, Florida

A WALK ON THE BI SIDE

Lené Hefner really caught my attention (*A Walk on the Bi Side*, September). May we have a front view of this beautiful woman?

Randy Flake
Whiteland, Indiana

Lené Hefner is magnificent. I wish I could see more of her.

John Ramey
Front Royal, Virginia

Thank you from the bottom of my bisexual female heart for the photographs of sexy women loving women.

R. Garcia
Aberdeen, New Jersey

You shed some light on bisexual women. As a man happily married to one such woman, I'm glad to see you show the world that there are beautiful women out there who enjoy both sexes. Jessica Bryan is definitely Playmate material.

R.J. Oja
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I find it funny that your pictorial shows two women and one man. Why not show two men and one woman? There are probably more bisexual men reading your magazine than you know.

Richard Lawrence
New York, New York

KELLY GALLAGHER

Are there any words to describe Playmate Kelly Gallagher (*Designing Woman*, September)? How about overwhelmingly beautiful and totally captivating?

Andrew Elwood
Wilmington, Delaware

Most guys my age, which is 26, seem to be enamored with the stereotypical

blonde. I prefer someone more unusual. Kelly Gallagher appears to offer much more than just a pretty face. I hope to see her grace your pages again.

William Ambler
Santa Barbara, California

Every month, it just gets better and better. Jenny. Now Kelly. I have gone to heaven.

Jim Pitts
Glen Ellen, California

Cancel all voting now. Don't bother to advertise a 900 number for Playmate of the Year. Kelly Gallagher is the most intoxicating woman I have seen, ever.

Rob Laber
Estancia, New Mexico

WHAT I LIVED FOR

Joyce Carol Oates (*What I Lived For*, September) has never let me down. I have been trying to read everything she has written—and there is a lot. What a pleasure to finish her novel *Wonderland* one night and get PLAYBOY the next day in the mail with a new Oates story in it. In more than ten years, PLAYBOY has yet to disappoint me with a piece of fiction. That's a damn good record.

Jeffrey Anbinder
jtal@cornell.edu
Ithaca, New York

CHEERS FOR THE INTERNET

It is wonderful to find PLAYBOY on-line. PLAYBOY's long-standing commitment to personal freedom and to respect for diverse points of view are currently part of the Internet philosophy. As the Net grows, it will no doubt come to the attention of people who would like to limit those freedoms by imposing more rigid regulations. The presence of PLAYBOY can only serve to strengthen our side for the inevitable battles ahead.

Justin Blethrow
eggman@cats.ucsc.edu
Santa Cruz, California

JEAN HARLOW

It took me a while to discover why your images of Jean Harlow (*Harlow*, August) looked familiar. Get a copy of the paperback edition of John Updike's *The Witches of Eastwick* and compare the cover illustration with your photos. Some images are lasting ones.

Brian Maas
Southgate, Michigan

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

Leaving Sterling Sharpe off your All-Pro team (*Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, September) at wide receiver is like publishing PLAYBOY without the centerfold. Sharpe had 112 catches last season, which broke his own NFL record from the season before. Need I say more?

Mark Hoffmann
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

THAT WASN'T FUNNY

I enjoy humor as much as the next person, but the crack about Nancy Kerrigan in September's *Party Jokes* isn't funny. Kerrigan was first made larger than life and then cut down.

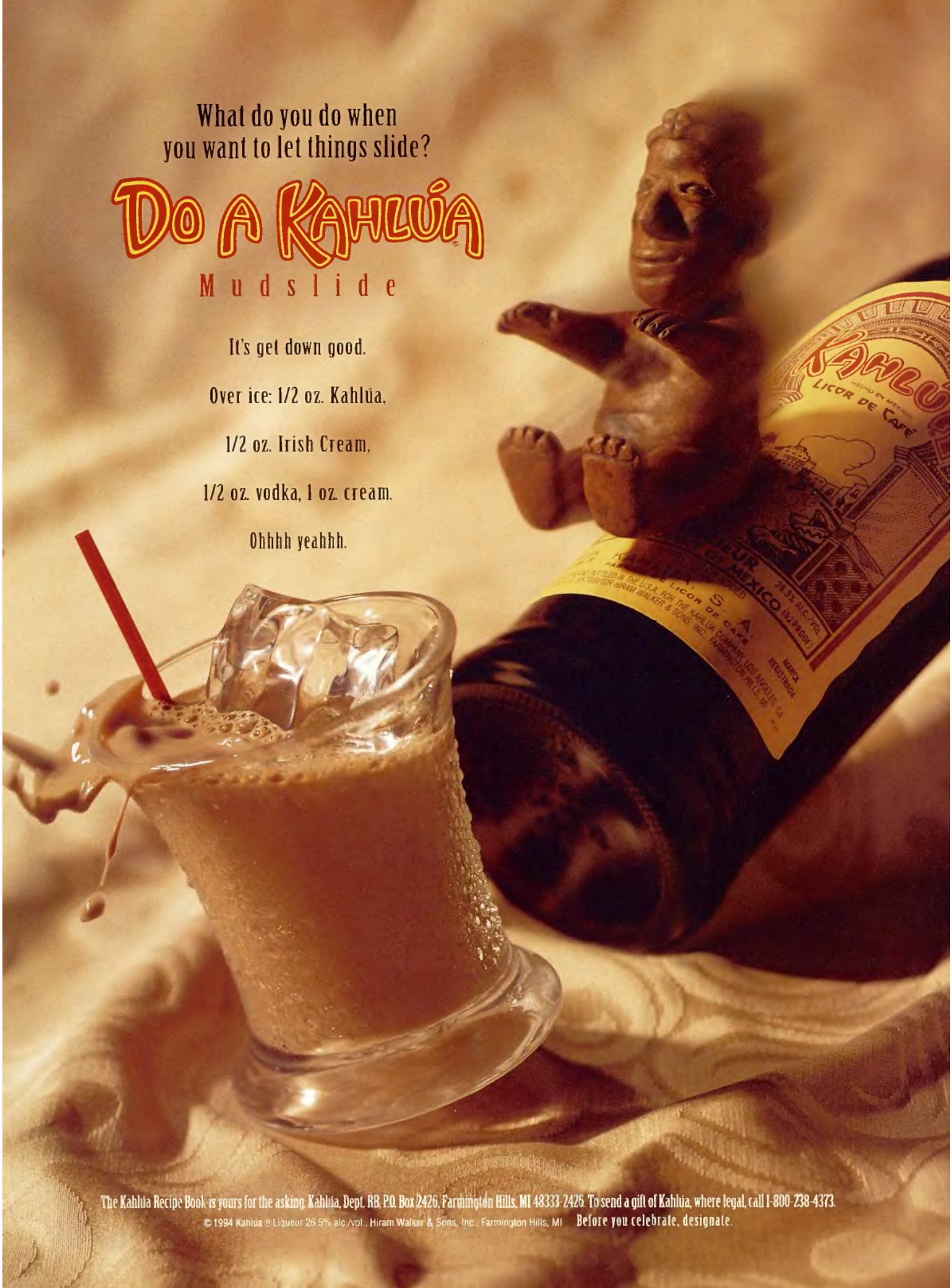
M. Ralph Angulo
Denver, Colorado

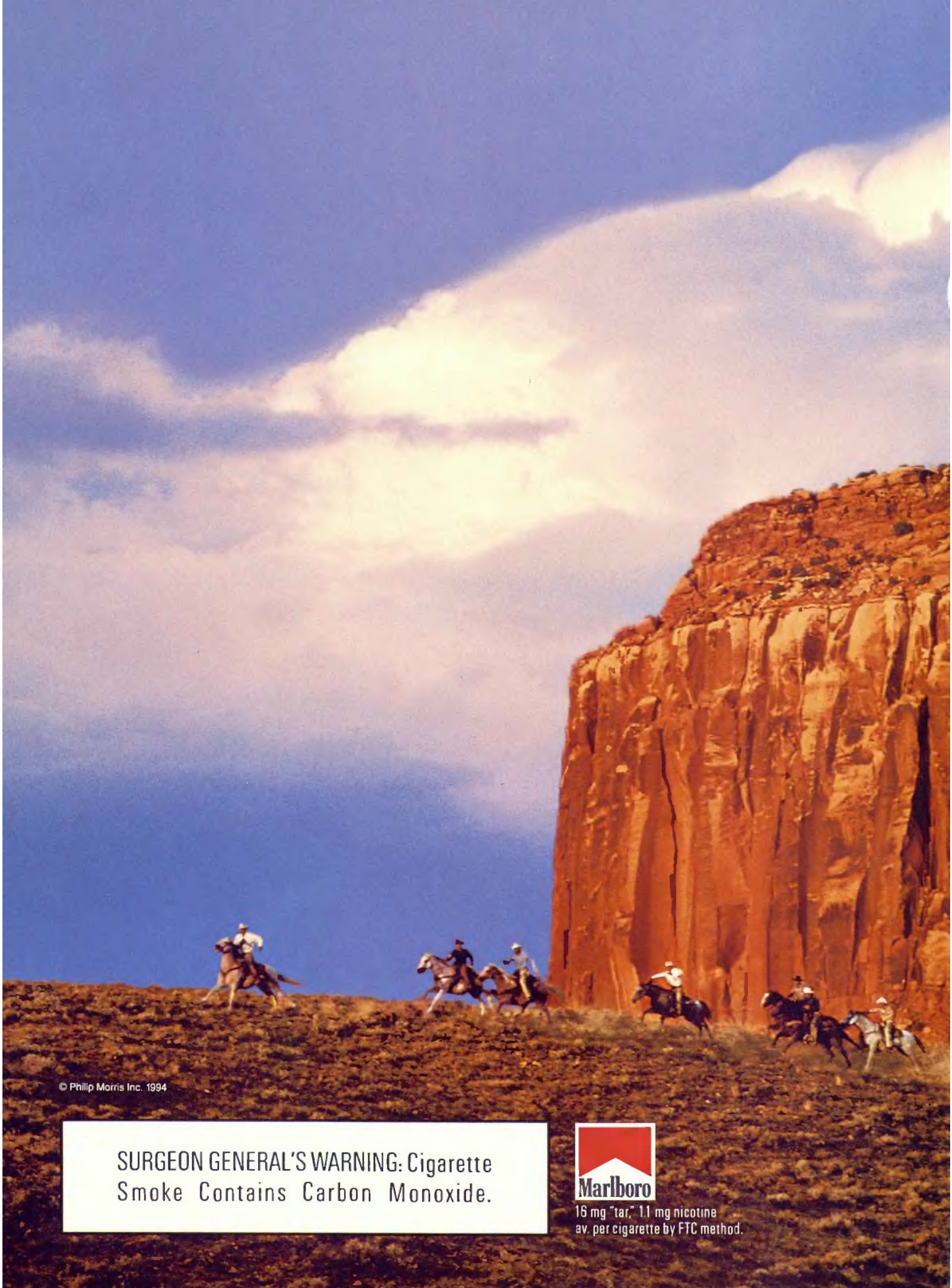
We're sorry you weren't amused, but we do think it's time for everyone to lighten up.

NEITHER IS THIS

On behalf of our client Tonya Harding, we wish to thank you for having the class and compassion not to publish Tonya's wedding night photos.

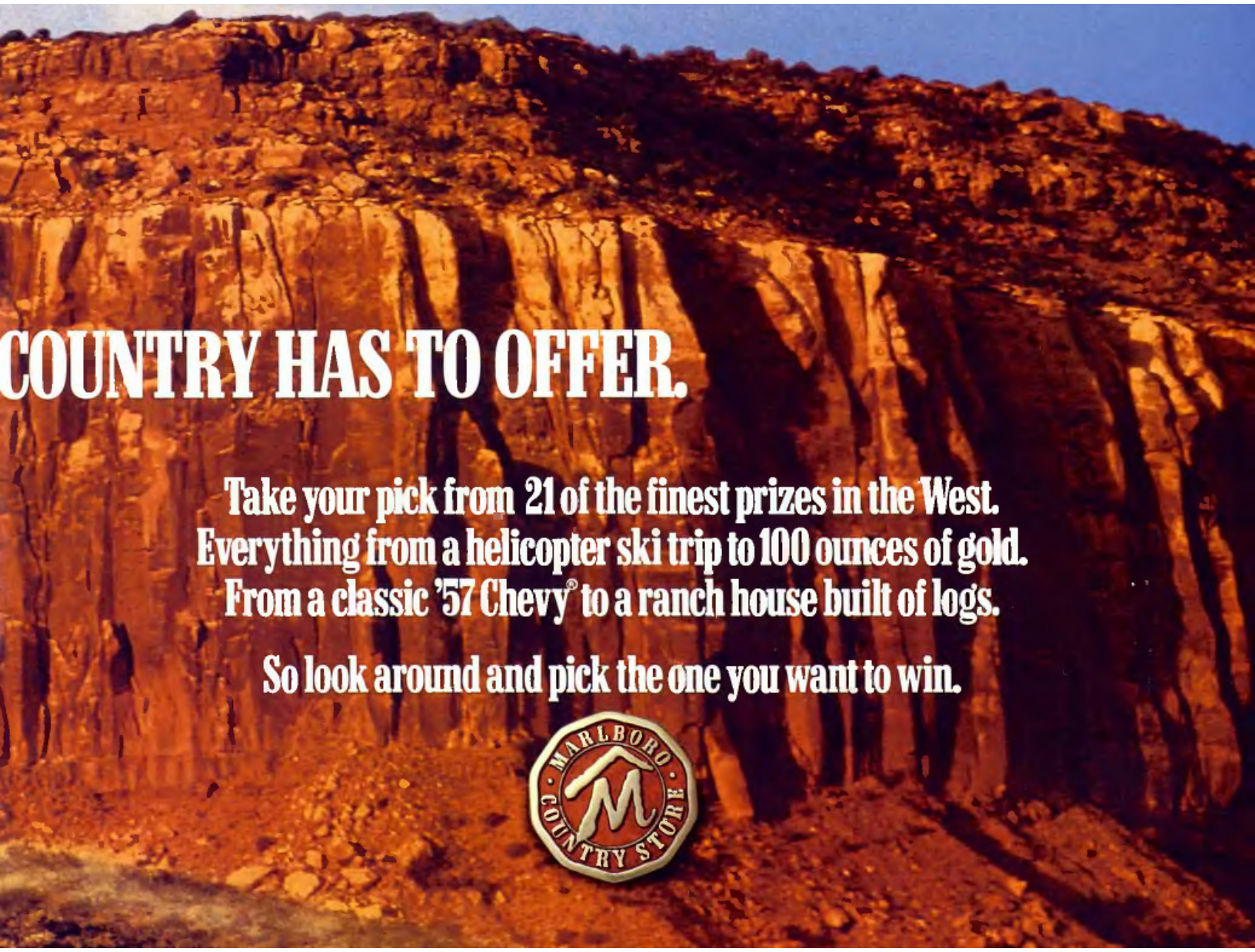
Ruth Webb
Sherri Spillane
Los Angeles, California

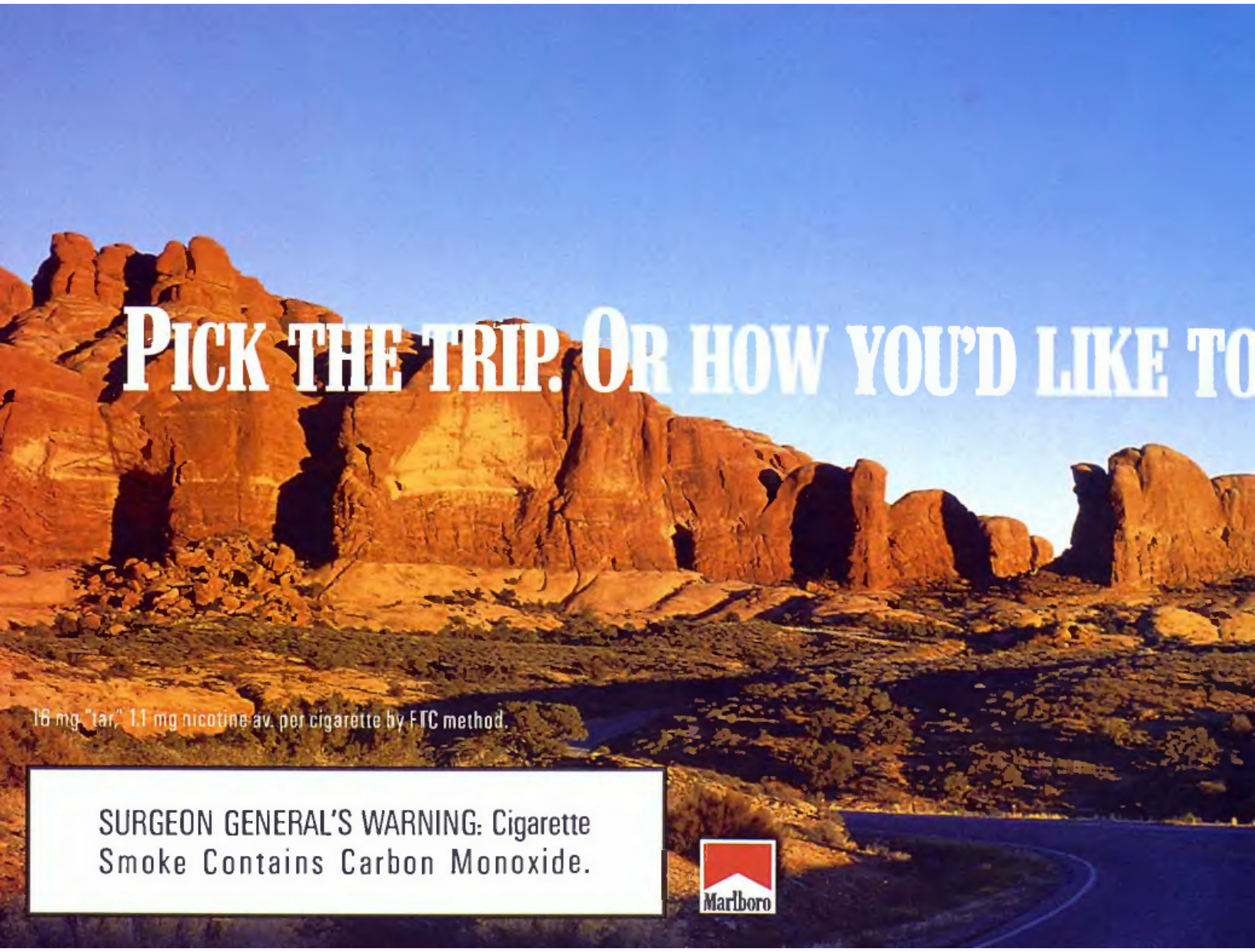

What do you do when
you want to let things slide?
DO A KAHLÚA®
Mudslide
It's get down good.
Over ice: 1/2 oz. Kahlúa,
1/2 oz. Irish Cream,
1/2 oz. vodka, 1 oz. cream.
Ohhhh yeahhh.
KAHLÚA
LICOR DE CAFÉ
MEXICO
The Kahlúa Recipe Book is yours for the asking. Kahlúa, Dept. RB, P.O. Box 2426, Farmington Hills, MI 48333-2426. To send a gift of Kahlúa, where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.
© 1994 Kahlúa® Liqueur 26.5% alc./vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI
Before you celebrate, designate.


© Philip Morris Inc. 1994
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MARLBORO
COUNTRY STORE
BEST OF THE WEST
SWEEPSTAKES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
WIN THE BEST MARLBOR


COUNTRY HAS TO OFFER.
Take your pick from 21 of the finest prizes in the West.
Everything from a helicopter ski trip to 100 ounces of gold.
From a classic '57 Chevy® to a ranch house built of logs.
So look around and pick the one you want to win.
MARLBORO
COUNTRY STORE


PICK THE TRIP. OR HOW YOU'D LIKE TO
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro

1. **'57 Chevy® Convertible.**
Ride into the past in style. Includes $1,000 in the glove box to help you hit the open road.

2. **Airstream® Trailer.**
This is livin' large. 34 foot leng American classic with living, bed and bath areas—it's got it all.

3. **Fly Fishing In Jackson Hole.**
Cast your sights on a trip for 4 to Wyoming. We provide the guide and gear for 4 days. You provide the stories for a lifetime.

4. **Helicopter Ski Trip.**
Start at the top of Marlboro Country and go from there. 6-day trip for 4 to Sun Valley and Telluride.

5. **Cheyenne Frontier Days.™**
You and 3 friends head West for 5 days to enjoy champion rodeo action all day, your own brand of fun at night.

6. **Indian® Roadmaster.**
Saddle up this fully-restored classic and ride through Marlboro Country.

PICK THE TRIP. OR HOW Y

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Marlboro

1. **'57 Chevy® Convertible.**
Ride into the past in style. Includes $1,000 in the glove box to help you hit the open road.

2. **Airstream® Trailer.**
This is livin' large. 34 foot long American classic with living, bed and bath areas—it's got it all.

3. **Fly Fishing In Jackson Hole.**
Cast your sights on a trip for 4 to Wyoming. We provide the guide and gear for 4 days. You provide the stories for a lifetime.

4. **Helicopter Ski Trip.**
Start at the top of Marlboro Country and go from there. 6-day trip for 4 to Sun Valley and Telluride.

5. **Cheyenne Frontier Days.™**
You and 3 friends head West for 5 days to enjoy champion rodeo action all day, your own brand of fun at night.

6. **Indian® Roadmaster.**
Saddle up this fully-restored classic and ride through Marlboro Country.

LISTEN TO ALL-TIME HITS. OR BECOME
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro

ONE.
▲ OPEN HERE
WURLITZER

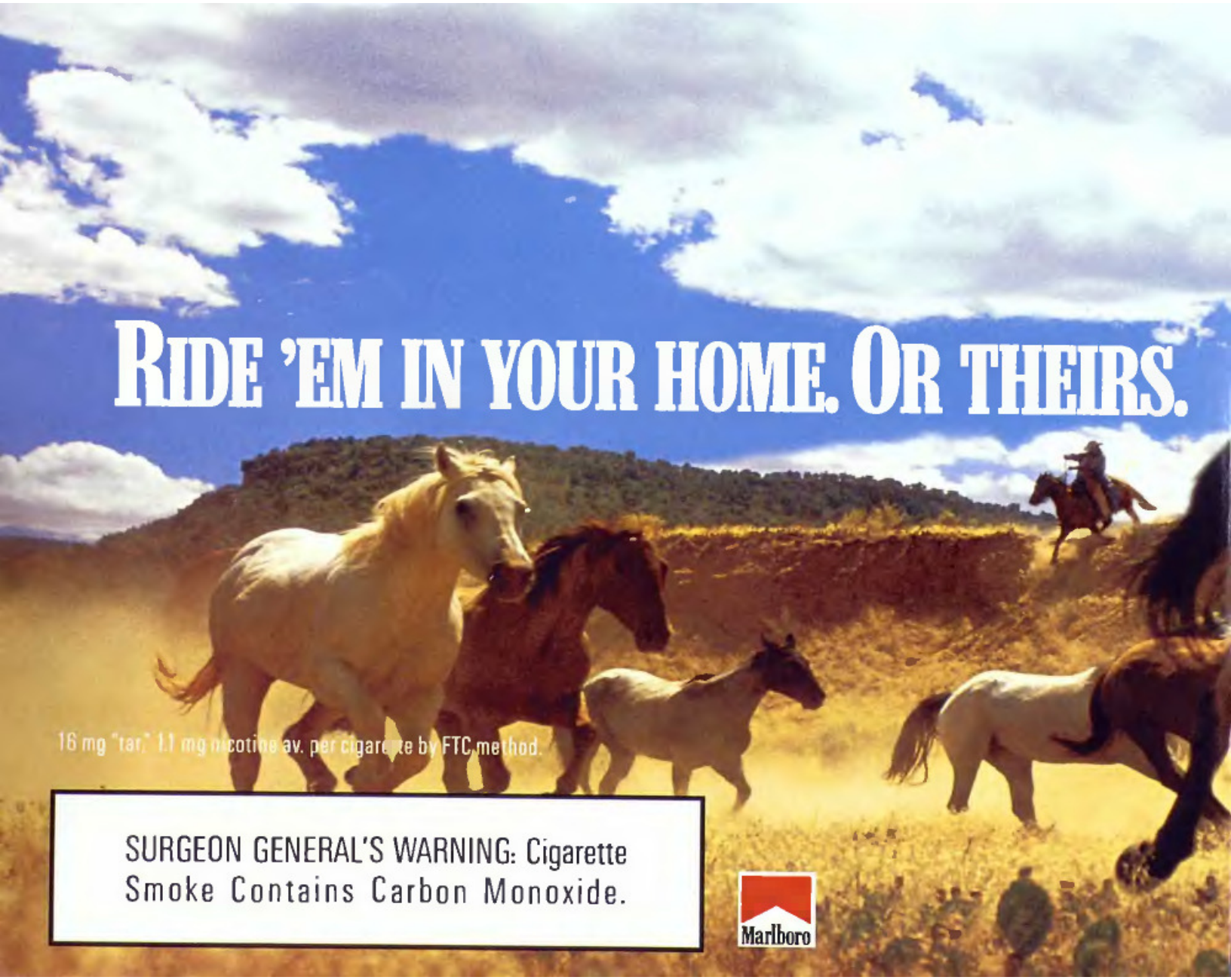
ONE.

7. 100 oz. Of Gold.

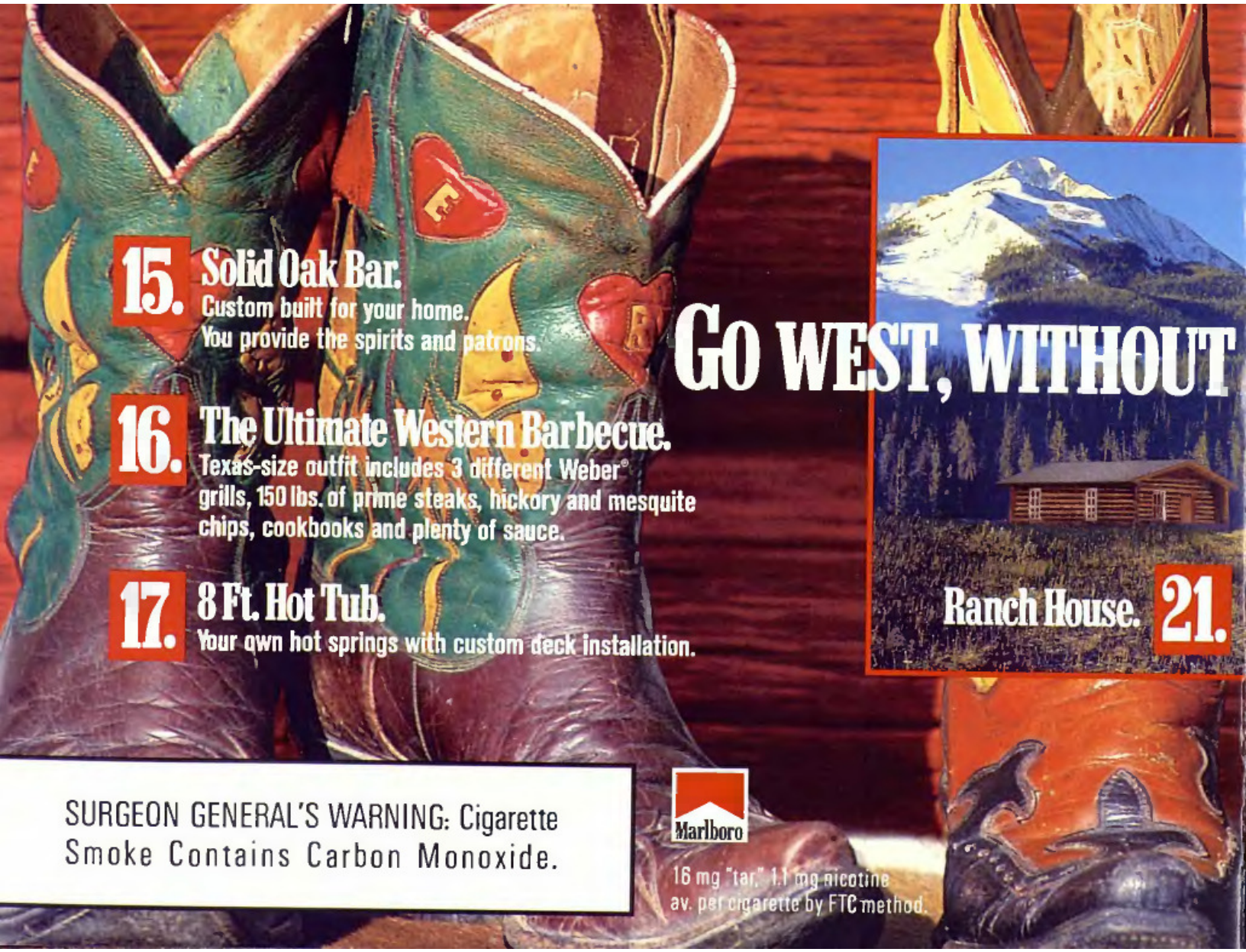
A golden opportunity to strike it rich.

8. C.F. Martin® Acoustic Guitar

America's best. This hand-crafted classic features pearl inlays and gold-plated tuning pegs.


RIDE 'EM IN YOUR HOME. OR THEIRS.
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro

12. Registered Quarter Horse.
A man's best friend out West. From champion stock, comes with $3,000 for tack and feed.
13. Mechanical Bull.
Your chance to take on and take home 800 lbs. of bad attitude.
14. Saddle Up And Head Out.
Try your hand at riding, roping and wrangling at a real ranch out West. Bring 3 friends along for this wild week.


15. Solid Oak Bar.
Custom built for your home.
You provide the spirits and patrons.
16. The Ultimate Western Barbecue.
Texas-size outfit includes 3 different Weber® grills, 150 lbs. of prime steaks, hickory and mesquite chips, cookbooks and plenty of sauce.
17. 8 Ft. Hot Tub.
Your own hot springs with custom deck installation.
GO WEST, WITHOUT
Ranch House. 21.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Marlboro
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

EVER LEAVING HOME.
Come home to the country.
We provide the logs and labor.
You come up with the land.
Cowboy Closet. 18.
Includes custom-made boots, hat,
coat, vest, shirt – the works.
Western Treasure. 19.
Start your art collection with a limited edition
bronze sculpture by one of the West's most famous artists.
With custom base, it stands 6'3".
Cowboy Bunkhouse. 20.
Create a custom room. Couch, chairs, rugs, lamps, tables –
maybe even a wood burning stove – it's your choice.

ENTER HERE.
TAKE YOUR PICK FROM THE BEST OF THE WEST.

Pick the prize you'd like to win - enter the prize number and the prize title in the spaces below. Fill out the form. Send it in. And get set to enjoy the best Marlboro Country has to offer. No purchase necessary. Limited to smokers 21 years of age or older. Entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1995.

ENTER PRIZE NUMBER: ____ **PRIZE TITLE:** ____

Mr./Mrs./Ms. (CIRCLE ONE) ____ (FIRST) ____ (MIDDLE) ____ (LAST)

Address ____

Address ____

City ____ **State** ____ **ZIP** ____

Home Phone ___ – ___ – ____

By entering this sweepstakes and signing below, I certify I am a smoker 21 years of age or older. I have read and understand the Official Rules. I am also willing to receive free cigarettes and branded incentive items in the mail subject to applicable state and federal law.

Date of Birth (Required) ____ (Month) ____ (Day) 19 ____ (Year)

Signature _____ (Required)

Send your completed order form to: Marlboro Country Store Best of the West Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 922, Whippany, NJ 07983-0922

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Marlboro

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Photos may not represent actual prize packages awarded. 1. CHEVY is a registered trademark of the General Motors Corporation. 2. AIRSTREAM is a registered trademark of Airstream, Inc. Airstream is not a sponsor of this promotion and is not affiliated with Philip Morris or MARLBORO brand products. 5. CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS is a trademark of Cheyenne Frontier Days, Cheyenne, Wyoming. 6. At the time of manufacture, INDIAN was a trademark of the Indian Motorcycle Company. 8. C.F. MARTIN is a registered trademark of C.F. Martin & Co., Inc. 9. WURLITZER is a registered trademark of the Wurlitzer Jukebox Co., Moonachie, N.J. 11. SONY is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation. 15. WEBER is a registered trademark of Weber-Stephen Products Co.

MARLBORO COUNTRY STORE BEST OF THE WEST SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO PLAY OR RECEIVE A PRIZE.

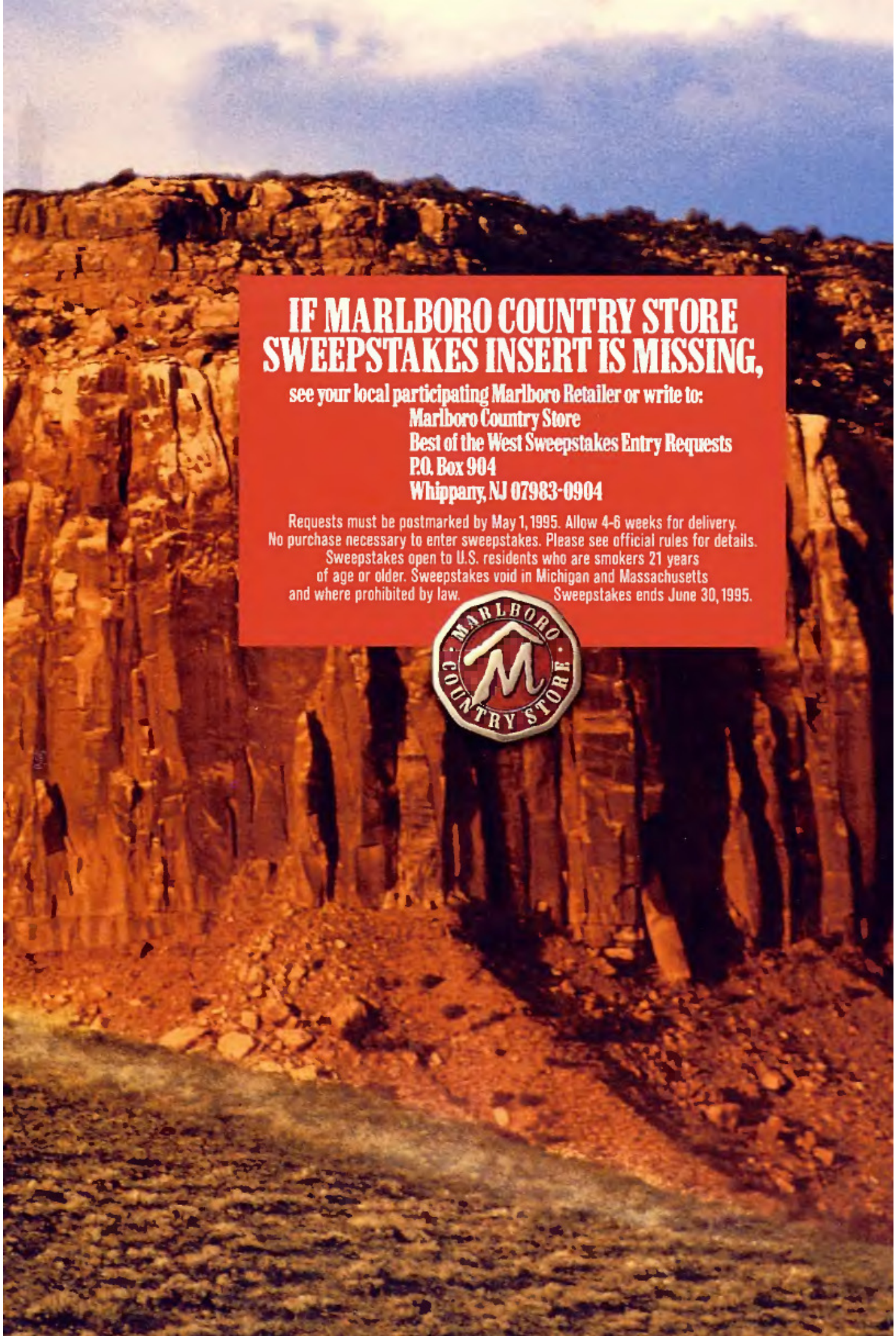
1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
2. HOW TO ENTER: By entering this sweepstakes, you certify that you are a smoker, 21 years of age or older. To enter, print your complete name and address, with ZIP code, birth dete and include signature in the spaces provided on an Official Entry Form. You must also print the Grand Prize Item number you wish to win in the event you are selected se a Grand Prize Winner. Official Entry Forms are available on Marlboro Country Store Best of the West Sweepstakes displays at participating Marlboro retailers, while supplias last. To obtain an Official Entry Form by mail, print your complete name and address, including ZIP code and your birth dete on a 3" x 5" piece of paper and mail it in an envelope (no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2" – #10) to: Marlboro Country Store Best of the West Sweepstakes Entry Requests, P.O. Box 904, Whippany, NJ 07983-0904. One requset per envelope. All requests must be postmarked by May 1, 1995. Mail your entry in en envelope (no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2" – #10) to: Marlboro Country Store Best of the West Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 908, Whippany, NJ 07983-0908. One entry per envelope. Entrise must be postmarked by June 30, 1995. Philip Morris Incorporated is not responsible for lost, illegible, incomplete, fals or misdirected mail, or entries not forwarded to prize headquarters, or typographical or other errore in the printing of the offer, edministration of the sweepstakes or in the announcement of the prizes. Photocopied or mechanically reproduced entrise not permitted.
3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing conducted on or about July 31, 1995 from all eligible entries received. A total of 21 Grand Prizes will be awarded. Each Grand Prize will be awarded to the first entrant drawn who selected that Grand Prize on the Official Entry Form. The Grand Prize drawing will be conducted by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. The odds of winning a prize will depend upon the number of eligible entrise received. Limit one prize per pereon. Winners will be notified by certified mail.
4. PRIZES: Grand Prizes and their approximate retail value are se follows: A. a 1957 CHEVY® BEL-AIR CONVERTIBLE plus $1,000 cash; (ARV: $39,400.00); B. an AIRSTREAM® TRAILER; (ARV: $54,000.00); C. FLY FISHING IN JACKSON HOLE trip for four for eight daye and seven nights to Jackson Hole, including first class air transportstion, two double occupancy room accommodations, a fishing guide, three meals daily plus a $1,500 Gift Certificate for each person traveling to purchase fly fishing equipment; (ARV: $20,400.00); D. HELICOPTER SKI TRIP for four for six days and five nights to Sun Valley and Telluride Ski Resorts, including first class air transportation, two double occupancy room accommodatione, heli-lift ski tickets for two deys at each ski resort, ground transfers between airport and ski resorts, $2,400 spending money for meals and a $1,000 Gift Certificate for sech pereon travaling to purchses ski equipment and apparel; (ARV: $33,000.00); E. CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS™ trip for four for five days and four nights to Cheyenne, Wyoming between July 24 and July 28, 1996, including first class air transportation, two double occupancy room accommodatione, tickets to all events, ground transfers to and from airport and hotel and $2,000 spending money for meals; (ARV: $19,300.00); F. a 1953 INDIAN® ROADMASTER MOTORCYCLE (ARV: $19,500.00); G. ONE HUNDRED ONE OUNCE GOLD BARS; (ARV: $40,000.00); H. C.F. MARTIN® GUITAR; (ARV: $7,050.00); I. a WURLITZER® CD JUKEBOX plus a $1,500 gift certificate to purchase 100 compact discs; (ARV: $13,500.00); J. RECORD YOUR HIT trip for five for fiva days and four nights to Nsehville, TN, including first class air transportation, hotsl accommodations, two days recording atudio time, ground transportation to and from airport and hotel, and hotel and studio, $2,500 spending money for meals, plus 100 copise of the recorded eong on CD; (ARV: $19,500.00); K. BE IN THE MOVIES trip for two for fiva days and four nights to Los Angeles, including first class air transportation, double occupancy room accommodations, one studio tour, one casting session/video screen test and the chance to participete as an "Extra" in a motion picture, ground transportation, $1,000 spending money for meals, Sony Home Theatre System including a Sony 46" TV, a Sony stereo rack system with CD changer, Sony VCR, Sony Laser Disc Video Player and Palmcorder; (ARV: $27,350.00); L. REGISTERED QUARTER HORSE and $3,000 for tack and feed; (ARV: $28,000.00); M. MECHANICAL BULL; (ARV: $13,000.00); N. SADDLE UP AND HEAD OUT trip for four for eight daye and seven nights to a working ranch, including first class air transportation, double occupancy ranch accommodations, three meals daily, plus a $500 Gift Certificate for each person traveling to purchase western clothing; (ARV: $15,100.00); O. CUSTOMIZED SOLID OAK BAR installed at winner's residence; (ARV: $16,500.00); P. THE ULTIMATE WESTERN BBQ consisting of three Weber® grills, Hickory and Mesquite chips, three varieties of barbecue sauce, four Barbecue Cookbooks, and 150 pounds of prime steak (12.5 pounds of steak per month for one year); (ARV: $6,000.00); Q. 8 FOOT HOT TUB and platform deck installation; (ARV: $12,000.00); R. COWBOY CLOSET consiating of one pair of custom-made boots, one buckle, one hand-tooled belt, one Beaver hat, six pairs of jeans, three custom-made shirts, one pair of chaps, one vest, one shearling jackst, one leather ranch jacket, one pair of traditional gloves with fringe and one bollo tie with slide; (ARV: $5,000.00); S. WESTERN TREASURE consisting of a limited edition bronze sculpture by Fred Fellows; (ARV: $32,000.00); T. COWBOY BUNKHOUSE $30,000.00 for your choice of furnishings; (ARV: $30,000.00); U. RANCH HOUSE, a complete log home kit plus contracting and labor for foundation, plumbing, electrical, heating, fireplace, cabinetry, interior finish for walls, ceiling and floors, and fixtures and appliances; (ARV: $100,000.00). All air transportation is from major airport nearest winner's residence to trip destination. All travel reservations for trip prizes must be made at least 90 daye in advance end are subject to eveilability. Winner who selects the Cheyenne Frontier Days™ prize peckage must travel on dates specified. All other trips must be taken within one year of notification. Approximate retail value of prizas may vary depending on winner's residence and trip destination and the date the prize is actualy delivered to winner. Any options and activities other than those included in the prizse will be winner's responsibility and at winner's expense. Taxes, vehicle licenses, title, registration fees, and insurance are the sole responeibility of the winnare. Prizes are not transferable, no substitutions or cash equivalents allowed except at the discretion of Philip Morris Incorporated. Philip Morris Incorporated assumea no responsibility or liability in connection with the acceptance, delivery, operation or use of a prize awarded. Philip Morris Incorporated makes no express warranty, guarantee or rapressntation of any kind concerning prizes, and expressly disclaims any implied warranties.
5. All prize winnare must execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability and Publicity release, within 14 days of notification, or alternete winners will be selected. Travel companione must also sign a Liability/Publicity Release. Subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. By acceptance of prize, winners consent to Philip Morris' use of their name, city, residence, photograph and likeness for commercial purposes without further notification, permission or compensation, except where prohibited by law. All entrise become the property of Philip Morris Incorporated and will not be returned.
6. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States who are smoksrs, 21 years of age or older se of October 1, 1994. Sweepstakes void in MASSACHUSETTS, MICHIGAN and wherever else prohibited. Employees and their immedieta familles of Philip Morris Incorporated, fis divisione, subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising and promotion agencies, and agents are not eligible.
7. For a list of winners, available after August 31, 1995, send a self-addressed envelope to be postmarked by September 29, 1995 to Marlboro Country Store Best of the West Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 906, Whippany, NJ 07983-0906.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

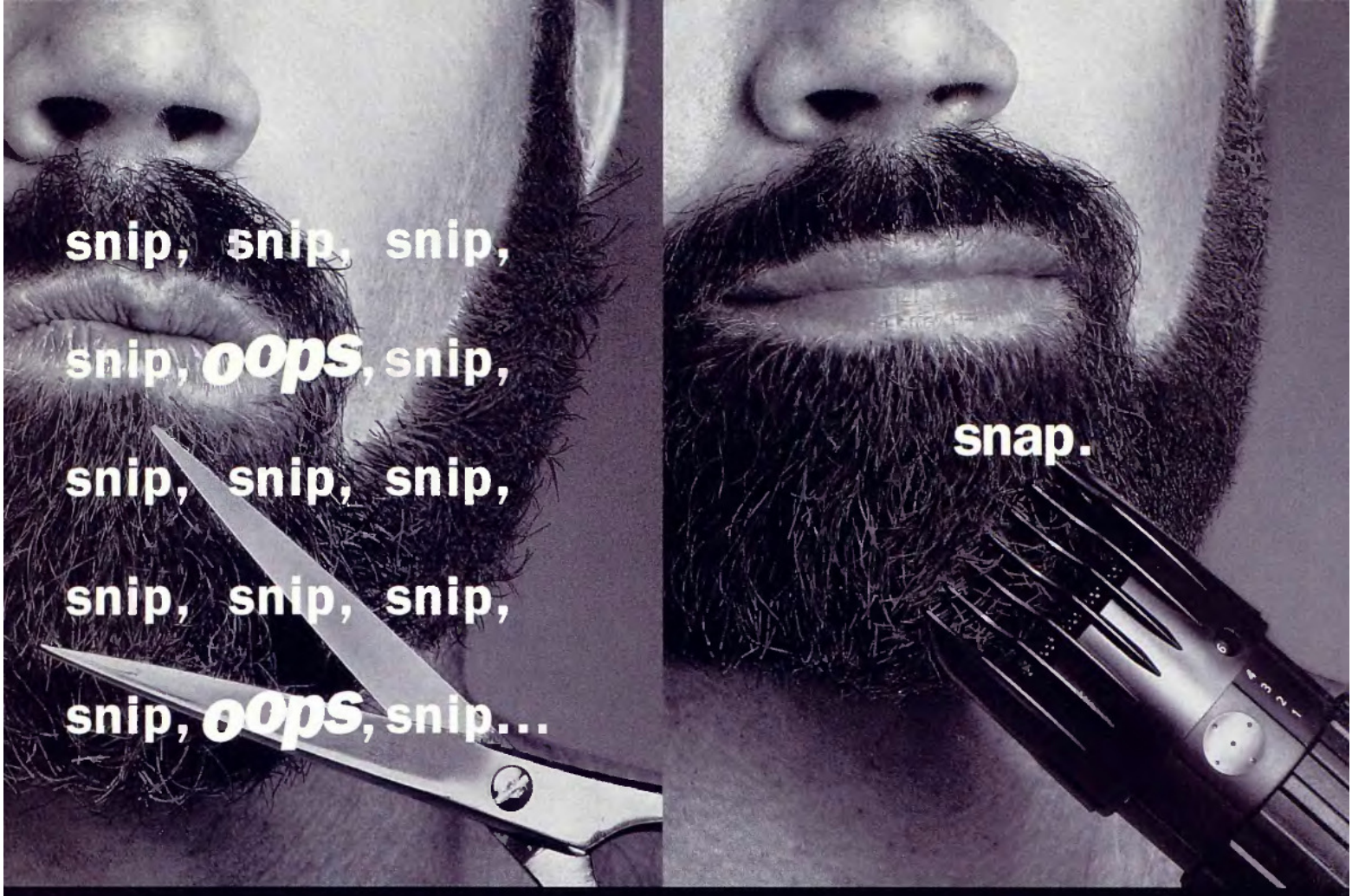
Marlboro

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994


IF MARLBORO COUNTRY STORE SWEEPSTAKES INSERT IS MISSING,
see your local participating Marlboro Retailer or write to:
Marlboro Country Store
Best of the West Sweepstakes Entry Requests
P.O. Box 904
Whippany, NJ 07983-0904
Requests must be postmarked by May 1, 1995. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
No purchase necessary to enter sweepstakes. Please see official rules for details.
Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents who are smokers 21 years
of age or older. Sweepstakes void in Michigan and Massachusetts
and where prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends June 30, 1995.
MARLBORO
COUNTRY STORE

IF MARLBORO COUNTRY STORE
SWEEPSTAKES INSERT IS MISSING,
see your local participating Marlboro Retailer or write to:
Marlboro Country Store
Best of the West Sweepstakes Entry Requests
P.O. Box 904
Whippany, NJ 07983-0904
Requests must be postmarked by May 1, 1995. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
No purchase necessary to enter sweepstakes. Please see official rules for details.
Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents who are smokers 21 years
of age or older. Sweepstakes void in Michigan and Massachusetts
and where prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends June 30, 1995.
MARLBORO
COUNTRY STORE



Now that there's Maverick, scissors just don't cut it.

The new Norelco Maverick lets you style with absolute precision.

For beards, Maverick's patented hair length selector trims the length exactly right. Slide off the removable comb and get sharp, crisp edges with its bite-proof teeth. Or use its unique pop-up trimmer to detail the lips, chin, and even individual hairs.

For moustaches, Maverick's innovative tear-shaped design guarantees easy handling and maneuverability.

The new Maverick. The easy, mistake-proof way to get the look you want.

Norelco®

THE NEW MAVERICK BEARD & MOUSTACHE TRIMMERS

© 1994 Norelco Consumer Products Company. A Division of Philips Electronics North America Corporation, Stamford, CT 06912.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

NET LOSS

Don't get rolled on the information superhighway. A new scam has surfaced on the Internet in which con artists using fake names stage phony conversations about a company's stock. Unsuspecting lurkers—people who read others' conversations but don't participate—think they are privy to a hot stock tip. They call their brokers, buy shares of the company mentioned and drive up the price. The perpetrators, who already own shares in the company, ride the price up, then sell their shares at a large profit. The bubble bursts, the stock plummets and the lurkers get burned. In the case of one company, the number of shares traded in a day went from 175,000 to 600,000 after fraudsters talked on the Net about how the firm had just won a large building contract in Russia. Some investors lost as much as $20,000. John Perkins, state securities commissioner for Missouri, said that the Internet is "a pretty good microcosm of the rest of the universe."

FROM VALISE TO CHANGE PURSE

No wonder they're mean: Dr. Louis Guilette, a University of Florida research scientist, found that the use of pesticides containing organochlorine, a chemical which mimics estrogen, has resulted in "a significant reduction in penis size" among Florida's alligators.

BEAT THE CLOCK

It's the perfect clock for that special someone who's not on Prozac. The Timisis Lifeclock lets you know how many hours, minutes and seconds you have left to live (based on an average life expectancy of 76 years), the amount of time left in your marriage (the average one lasts seven years) and even the amount of time left before you retire—and, presumably, have nothing to live on. On the bright side, the clock, available through Sharper Image, also flashes motivational messages designed for people who aren't usually motivated by such messages.

NEWS ORGAN

Noted with discomfort: We see by our mail that there is a brand-spanking-new 16-page newsletter filled with informative stories and an occasional startling photograph. It's called *Celebrate the Self: The Newsletter for the Solo Sex Enthusiast* (P.O. Box 8888, Mobile, Alabama 36689). We wish editor Allen Erich the best of luck and we're sure he'll understand if we decline to shake his hand.

WHATEVER WORKS DEPT.

It kind of reminds us of convicting Al Capone for tax evasion: Dayton, Ohio city officials ruled that the Spirit of Life Christian Center's planned book burning of "immoral" materials be called off because environmental ordinances permit the burning of only clean, dry wood.

BEAR ASS

Fanny fanciers have turned photo calendars of female and male posteriors into serious money-makers. Now the San Diego Zoo is offering an *Animal Buns* calendar for 1995 that features photos of the shapely, massive and decorative derrières of hippos, waterbuck, a polar bear, rhinos, peacocks, zebras and lions. Just the view you might find on the ramp up to Noah's ark.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

WE WILL BURY YOU

They kept Lenin daisy-fresh for 70 years, and they can do it for you too. The embalming wizards at Moscow's Center for Biological Structures—whose satisfied customers also include Joseph Stalin, Ho Chi Minh and Kim Il Sung—are confronting an impending shortfall of their traditional clientele of Communist leaders to preserve for the ages. Accordingly, the center has contracted with Ritual Services, a U.S. undertaking firm, to apply its skill to the remains of rich American capitalists.

•

Steve and Kathy Swigard were having difficulties with their Cessna aircraft while flying near Lake Tahoe. Apparently, a loss of hydraulic fluid was preventing the landing gear from lowering. They solved the problem by urinating into the hydraulic system, which restored enough pressure for the landing gear to operate.

NOTHING TO SNIFTER AT

Cognac, especially good cognac, should be savored. Our friends at Hennessy make a very fine cognac called Paradis, and the customer who has purchased the most of it is North Korea's Great Leader Kim Jong Il. He likes it so much that over the past two years he has imported one and a half million dollars' worth of the $600-a-bottle spirit.

GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE

One outhouse in your yard may be an eyesore, but according to Hy Goldenberg, a dozen such dumpsters constitute "a strong piece of Americana." Goldenberg announced plans to auction off the 12 privies in his yard, but his neighbors in Huntington, Indiana so protested the loss of this source of civic pride that his

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Of the 2.6 billion household batteries sold every year in the U.S., 20 percent are bought during the month before Christmas.

QUOTE

"If a rat is on your sandwich, it would help to know it before. It's common sense."—CHICAGO MAYOR RICHARD M. DALEY, EXPLAINING WHY THE CITY RECENTLY CONDUCTED HEALTH INSPECTION RAIDS AT A NUMBER OF CHICAGO RESTAURANTS

STEVE BOSWICK

HIGH MAINTENANCE

Of the 76,000 inmates in federal prisons, number who are nonviolent offenders who had no prior convictions for criminal activity: 16,316. Percentage increase in average sentence since the mandatory guidelines of the 1986 Anti-Drug Abuse Act: 250. Annual cost of housing an inmate in a federal prison: $20,000. Total annual cost of housing nonviolent inmates: $326 million.

A FINE MESS

According to Henry Wray of the General Accounting Office, amount of white-collar-criminal fines owed to the government in 1985: $300 million; amount of fines (mostly from the S&L scandal) owed in 1993: $3.6 billion. For every dollar owed, amount GAO says it collected in 1993: $0.04.

THE POWER OF FAITH

According to a Gallup Poll, percentage of American adults who pray: 90. Of those who pray, percentage who pray every day: 75; percentage who admit praying for material rewards: 18; percentage who confess to praying for something bad to happen to someone else: 5.

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

Number of hours a brand-new car can run before it produces the amount of air pollution caused in one hour by a gas-powered lawn mower: 11.5; hours of driving required to match the pollution caused by an hour of Weedwhacking: 21; hours of driving needed to match the exhaust of an hour of leaf blowing: 34. Number of miles one could drive on an interstate highway without equaling the pollution caused by three hours of mowing, blowing and whacking: 4322. Percentage of air pollution in the U.S. caused by motorized lawn and garden gear: 5.

DUMB FUNDED

Amount of money received in a month and a half by a trust fund established for the children of a woman mauled to death in California by a cougar, which was subsequently killed: $9000; amount of money received during the same time by a trust fund established for the dead cougar's cub: $21,000.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAXES

From 1971 to 1991, percentage increase in the amount of federal taxes that were paid by middle-income families: 329. Percentage decrease in the amount of taxes that were paid by people with incomes of more than $1 million: 34.

BOOB TUBE

In a recent study of verbal and visual references to sex on TV, average number of sexual incidents per half hour on *NYPD Blue*: 5. Average number of sexual incidents found per half hour in a select group of bawdy sitcoms (*Roseanne, Married With Children, Love and War*, etc.): 13.5. Average number of sexual references on TV dramas per half hour: 6.1. Average number of references per half hour of *Melrose Place*: 13.5.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

daughter has consented to maintain the collection. One pro-outhouse argument raised was that the absence of the loos would leave Huntington with only one claim to fame: home of Dan Quayle.

BREWSKIES

A good beer has the power to bring people together. Now the members of Russia's new Partiya Lyubitelei Piva (Beer Lover's Party) are hoping to tap its political punch. The party has at least 5000 members and hopes to expand its membership roll to 100,000. The beer lovers—who insist they're not part of a drunken prank—have built a platform, not surprisingly, on beer and the people's right to drink it. Consequently, the party supports such heady ideals as human rights, free trade and lower taxes. Besides, organizers say, drinking beer is about the only thing everyone in Russia can agree on these days—no slur intended.

THE COLOR OF NIGHT

A sympathetic and imaginative engineering student at Stanford has invented a device for couples who make nocturnal visits to the bathroom without benefit of a light. The palm-size His-and-Hers Watercolor Intelligent Nightlight attaches to the underside of the toilet seat lid. If the seat is down, the light emits a welcome green glow for ladies. If the seat is up, it sends a red bull's-eye pattern to the bottom of the bowl. The red ring, says inventor Bryan Patrie, "gives men something to shoot for."

ART BURN

Tony Jones, a professor at the Royal College of Art in London and former president of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, tells of making a large, glass-reinforced plastic sculpture a few years ago. He realized the only way to finish it was to climb inside the mold. "I had the embarrassing experience," he says, "of gluing myself to the inside of my own piece of sculpture: my shoe, my bum, the back of my shoulder and my hair." He had to be cut out of the artwork, and he did finish the piece, but Jones has not done sculpture since. He may be too wrapped up in other projects.

A REAL STINK

There's a reason why *The Lion King* wasn't released in smell-o-rama. Nestled in New York City's Prospect Park Wildlife Center, alongside a new exhibit called the Discovery Trail, are pseudo trees called scent logs. Splashed with perfumes produced from the urine and glandular secretions of skunks, deer, foxes and other critters, the logs are designed to give children the sense of being in a real forest. For an aromatic hint of a real city, they just have to go to the nearest subway station.

ANDREW MARC
1 • 2 1 2 • 8 4 0 • 1 8 0 0
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE LORD & TAYLOR ABRAHAM & STRAUSS

VIRTUAL SEX APPEAL

You're alone in a museum, staring down a long, empty corridor. Music pounds in the background. A gorgeous blonde appears, dancing seductively and disrobing as she moves toward you. To your left is a sexy redhead. To your right, a brunette. You choose the blonde, and she immediately falls to her knees, unzips your trousers and begins . . . well, you get the point. But she's not there and neither are you. You're in a club in New York City, still zipped, wearing $100,000 worth of the latest electronic gear. Your

companions are digitized images of adult-film star Taylor Wane, gyrating in triplicate on monitors inside your headset. In fact, your entire sexual encounter is being monitored by an attendant who's standing nearby to ensure that your virtual-reality Zyberfantasy—the most advanced of the new virtual sexual experiences—is as seamless as it is seamy. Last month, Zyberfantasy debuted at New York City's Club USA, with rounds scheduled at the Palladium, the Limelight and the Tunnel in the months to come. After that, the system's developer, Id Est Inc., plans to take the virtual sex machine on a nationwide tour of nightclubs and other adult-entertainment venues. Although you'll pay about $20 for each four-minute encounter, you'll get to choose from dozens of scenarios "designed to satisfy men and women of all sexual orientations," according to Zyberfantasy creator Joseph Lowery. "And as the technology continues to improve, so will the level of satisfaction." Future versions, for example, will offer a souvenir: You'll receive a snapshot of yourself flagrante delicto with Wane or another virtual partner. What's more, the current unit features a device called Sensorb, which players hold in their hands at groin level. The orb, which is heated to body temperature and covered with a fleshlike fabric, will eventually be available in a home version with a vibrating genital-access area to allow more physical involvement with the performances of the actors. The Zyberfantasy home unit, according to Id Est, should arrive in 1996, priced at less than $5000.

HOT PROPERTIES

Just as video erotica fueled the VCR boom in the Eighties, industry experts predict that interactive adult entertainment will drive the sales of CD-ROM hardware in the Nineties. So while you're waiting for Zyberfantasy to hit home, consider sampling a few of these Mac- and IBM-compatible CD-ROM titles: *Seymore Butts II Interactive* (New Machine Publishing, $70): In this sequel to the X-rated best-seller *The Interactive Adventures of Seymore Butts*, our hero continues his search for the elusive girl of his dreams. Respond correctly to the questions posed and you'll be treated to erotic action. *Wanderlust* (Interotica, $50): Your goal is to return to the real world from this fantasy. Along the way, you'll be tempted by beautiful women who will do all they can to get you to stay. *Virtual Vixens* (pictured above, by Pixis Interactive, $70): Satisfy the women in this X-rated 3D pleasure world or you're out of the game. *Mirage* (Vivid Interactive, $50): This pits you against a crooked railroad owner in a quest to win the love of an Indian woman. *Nightwatch Interactive Two* (New Machine Publishing, $50): Explore a luxury condo with adult-film star P.J. Sparxx.

WILD THINGS

Sony is celebrating the silver anniversary of its Emmy-winning Trinitron television picture tube by introducing the limited-edition KV-25th color TV ($699, shown here). Only 2500 of these sleek silver sets are available; each is numbered and accompanied by a certificate of authenticity. Features include an audio/video input jack, on-screen menu controls (for picture and sound adjustments), an earphone jack and a five-inch screen—the smallest available on a Trinitron TV. • If you're making your holiday list and checking it twice, the CD-ROM *70 Million Households Phone Book* may come in handy. Developed by American Business Information, the Windows-compatible software title contains 70 million names, phone numbers and localities compiled from White Pages directories nationwide. Updated annually to provide timely information, the latest *Phone Book* sells for about $70, with text and voice confirmation in English, Spanish and French.

Where & How to Buy on page 213.

Cuervo Gold formal party instructions:

Lick the salt,
Shoot the Gold,
Bite the lime,
Sip the beer.

Practice makes perfect.

JOSE CUERVO®

PRIMO TEQUILA.

Cuervo Especial® Tequila, 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof). ©1993. Imported and bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT. Under license from the Trademark Owners.

WHAT 4-WHEEL D

WHAT ALL-WHEEL

The Subaru SVX® LSi

The Legacy® LSi Sedan

Subaru All-Wheel Drive isn't like any four-wheel drive system you've ever seen. It's full-time, completely automatic, and you'll find it in a most unusual place – a car.

ALL-WHEEL DRIVE LOOKS GOOD.

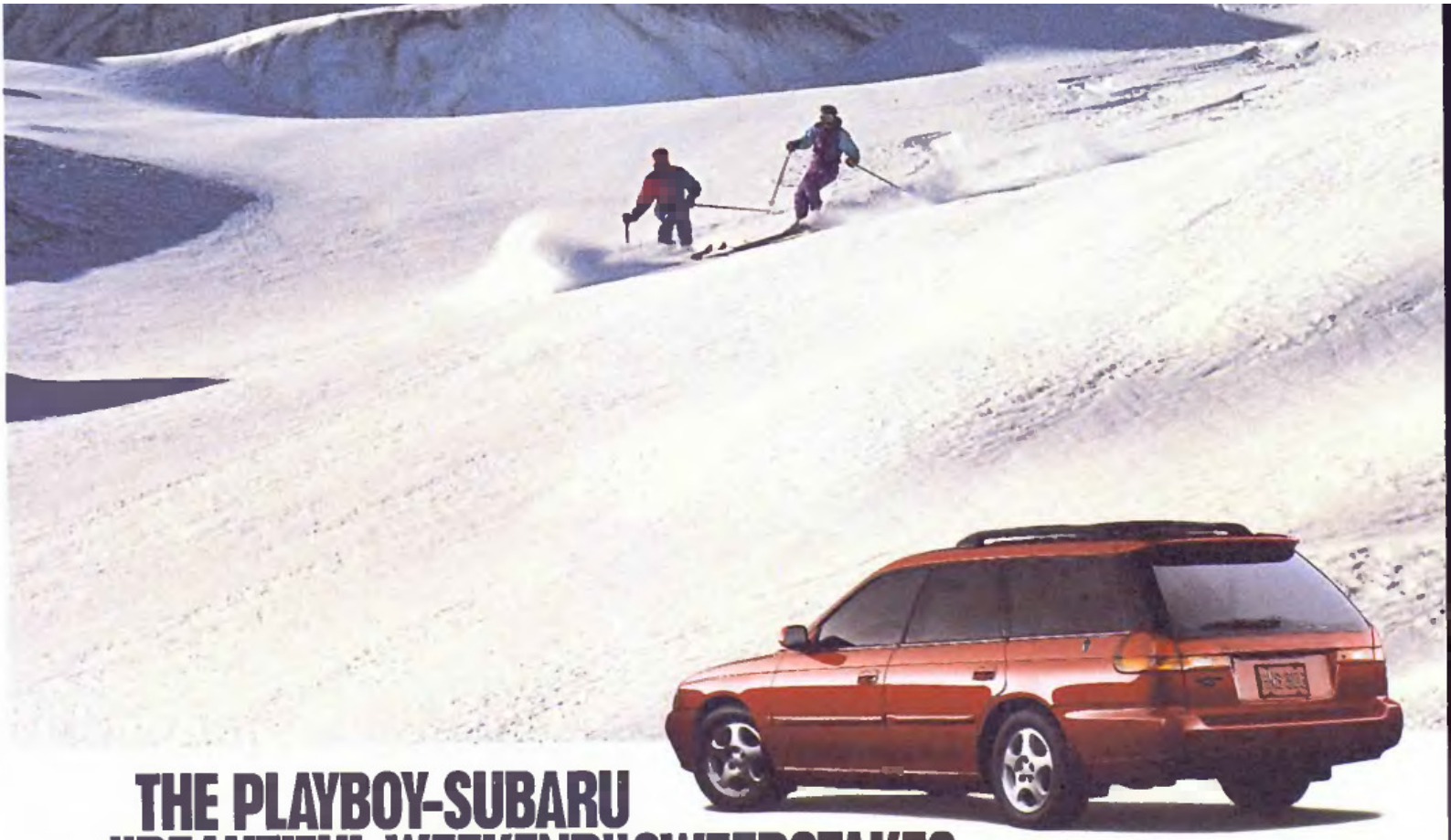
Unlike typical four-wheel drive systems, Subaru All-Wheel Drive is simple and compact. There's no bulky transfer case and no big levers sticking up through the floor.

That's because you never have to shift a Subaru into All-Wheel Drive. It's already there. Under normal driving conditions the system sends power to all four wheels. But should a wheel begin to slip, the system transfers power to the wheels with the best grip. Instantly and automatically.

ALL-WHEEL DRIVE LOOKS SAFE.

No matter how you look at it, trucks are not cars. Not even close. They don't stop as quickly, turn as precisely or handle as well. Many trucks don't come with

*Always wear seat belts. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price (MSRP) of All-Wheel Drive Impreza L Coupe not including inland transportation, taxes, license and title fees. Your dealer's actual price may vary. Certain items shown are optional equipment available at an additional charge. See your Subaru dealer for complete details. †Subaru All-Wheel Drive sales figures based on R.L. Polk & Company Registration Statistics for year-end 1993.



THE PLAYBOY-SUBARU "BEAUTIFUL WEEKEND" SWEEPSTAKES.

Test-drive the exciting new 1995 Subaru Legacy, and you could win a beautiful, all-expenses-paid weekend for two at Playboy's fabulous Winter Ski Fest. Enter today! (Please see rules on back.)

SUBARU.
The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.™

For the number of your nearest Subaru dealer, call 1-800-WANT-AWD.

YOUR NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP: _____

TELEPHONE: _____

SUBARU DEALERSHIP NAME/CODE: _____

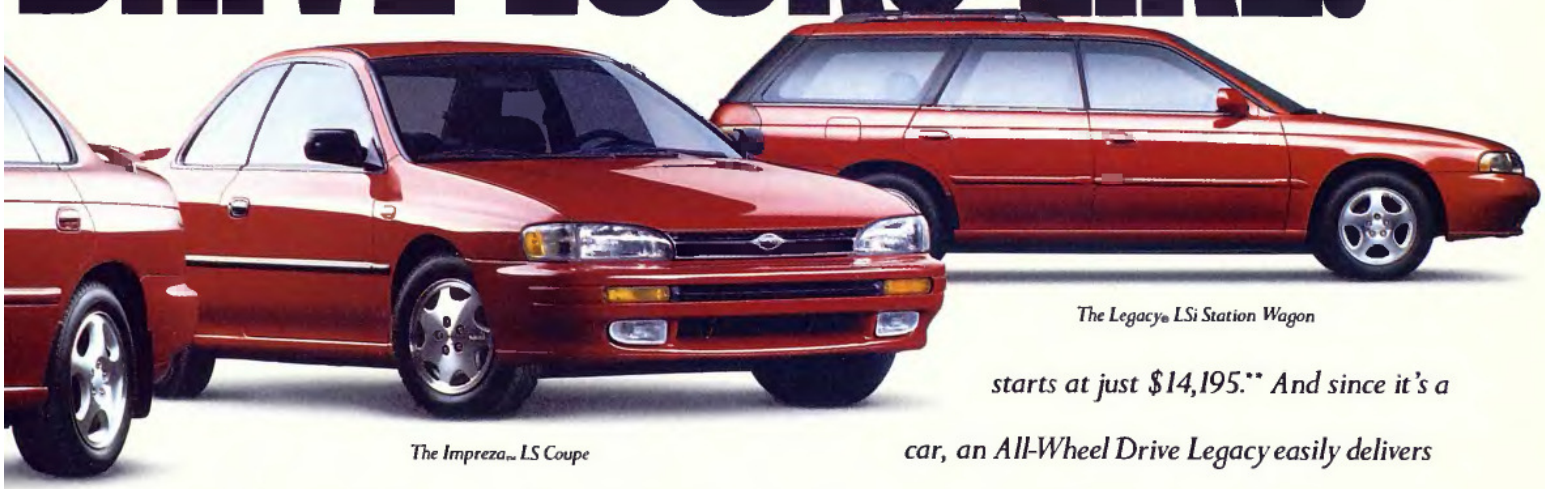
CITY/STATE/ZIP: _____

SALESPERSON'S SIGNATURE/DATE: _____

Official Rules: 1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter, complete official entry form available in the December 1994 issue of Playboy *magazine or on a 3" x 5" index card, hand-print name, age, address and daytime phone number. Visit your local Subaru dealer to validate the entry and mail to:* Playboy-Subaru *"Beautiful Weekend" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 848, Grand Rapids, MN 55744-9946. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be an original, not a copy or mechanical reproduction, individually mailed in a separate envelope with first-class postage. 2. All entries must be received by 1/15/95, and become the sole property of* Playboy. *Playboy Enterprises, Inc., (PEI) and Subaru of America, Inc., are not responsible for lost, late, damaged or misdirected entries. 3. One winner will be chosen by random drawing from all validated entries on or about 1/31/95 by PEI. Odds of winning will be dependent upon the total number of eligible entries received during promotion period. Winner will be notified by phone or by mail within 14 days of the drawing, and winner will be asked to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability Release within 14 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, the prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to the use of winner's name, photograph or other likeness for publicity and promotional purposes without additional compensation. 4.* ***Grand Prize (1):*** *Trip for two to the 1995 Playboy Winter Ski Fest in Heavenly, California, March 10–12, 1995 or Aspen, Colorado, April 7–9, 1995. Trip includes round-trip coach airfare, double occupancy hotel accommodations for 4 nights/5 days, lift tickets and ski rentals for 3 days, and hotel transfers. Travel to and from the airport of departure and all other costs are the responsibility of the winner (Est. Retail Value $4,000). 5. Void where prohibited. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. All federal, state and local taxes are the responsibility of the winner. Prize is not transferrable, and no cash or other substitution will be offered. PEI has the right to substitute prize of equal or greater value if listed prize is unavailable. 6. Sweepstakes is open only to U.S. residents, licensed drivers over 18 years as of 11/1/94, except employees and families of PEI, Subaru of America, Inc., their subsidiaries, parent, and affiliates, advertising and promotional agencies. By participating and accepting a prize, winners release PEI and Subaru of America, Inc., and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors (including advertising and promotional agencies) from any and all liability with respect to any merchandise or prize. 7. To obtain the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope after 4/15/95 to:* Playboy-Subaru *"Beautiful Weekend" Sweepstakes Winner's List Request, P.O. Box 8096, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-8096.*

RIVE LOOKS LIKE.

DRIVE LOOKS LIKE.



The Impreza™ LS Coupe

The Legacy® LSi Station Wagon

air bags,* and trucks, in general, aren't required to meet the more rigorous passenger car safety standards.

Every Subaru not only meets car safety standards, but is also available with the added benefits of All-Wheel Drive. A system that can help improve traction in virtually any condition, wet or dry. And that can mean a chance to avoid an accident altogether.

ALL-WHEEL DRIVE LOOKS SMART.

Typically, four-wheel drive is an expensive proposition. An All-Wheel Drive Subaru, on the other hand, starts at just $14,195.** And since it's a car, an All-Wheel Drive Legacy easily delivers better fuel economy than a four-wheel drive truck. Perhaps that's why Subaru sells more all-wheel drive cars in America than all other carmakers combined.†

To find out more about the complete line of Subaru All-Wheel Drive cars, call 1-800-WANT-AWD today. Or better yet, visit your local Subaru dealer and see for yourself. It'll open your eyes.

SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive™

DRINK

By RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

OUR TASTE in drinking tends to switch with the seasons. Whereas an ice-cold beer and a brat are perfect companions on a hot summer day, winter brings the lure of the fireplace and a cut crystal snifter filled with one of these full-bodied libations:

BOURBON KINGS

The trend toward robust bourbons continues. One of the latest offerings is Wild Turkey's Kentucky Spirit, a single-barrel whiskey (the bottles come from individual nurtured casks) that is "hand-selected to be fuller-bodied," according to master distiller Jimmy Russell, "with a rich vanillin flavor and a hint of sweetness." Also new is Benchmark, a 94-proof bourbon with a mellow, refined taste. You'll find it on a liquor store shelf next to Knob Creek, Baker's 107, Blanton's, Booker's and Elmer T. Lee. The last's proof has recently been downshifted from 107 to 90. For a personal holiday gift that goes well with ice there's Maker's Mark VIP, a whiskey that can be ordered with the recipient's name on a gold-foil label affixed to an 1870s–style bottle. Priced slightly higher (about $35) than the classic red-waxed Maker's Mark, the VIP bottle is filled with the same 90-proof double-distilled sour mash. Order early through participating liquor stores. It is superbly smooth, as is Gentleman Jack, a limited-production Tennessee whiskey that is double-charcoal mellowed. Gentleman Jack's older brother, Jack Daniel's, is celebrating this holiday season with a special wood-encased, 94-proof bottling to commemorate its historic aging house, Barrel House No. 1.

HIGHLAND FLING

The greatest offerings of single malts come from Scotland's Highland region, but the distribution of brands is often scattered and you might have to search to find a favorite bottle. One brand that's worth seeking is The Dalmore, an aromatic 12-year-old single malt packaged for the holidays with two snifters depicting The Dalmore's Clan MacKenzie stag's head crest. Glenmorangie is marketing a medium-strength 10-year-old malt, a fuller-bodied 18-year-old that's been aged in sherry casks and a delicious 21-year-old that's worth every penny of its $180 price. The Macallan's 12- and 18-year-old bottlings also offer the dry, sweet-smoky flavor of sherry cask aging, as does 12-year-old Glendronach. (Glendronach also offers an "original version" that has been aged in non-sherry casks.) Glenfiddich has its Special Reserve, a classic single malt with no age statement.

Winter's glass act.

Sipped slow and easy, these winter warmers will cut the chill.

And for toasting your winning lottery ticket, there's 21-year-old The Glenlivet for $675.

The lone non-Scottish exception to our lineup for winter is Bushmill's 10-year-old, a fine single-malt Irish whiskey that is triple-distilled.

PORTS IN THE STORM

When the hearty meal has been consumed and the fire dips into the embers, the time is right for port, a Portuguese fortified wine (brandy has been added to it). Cockburn's (pronounced COE-BURNS) produces a variety of bottlings, including the popular Special Reserve. Aged four to five years in the cask, it can be decanted and drunk immediately, or be aged further to deepen the taste. Cockburn's 10- and 20-year-old tawny ports—nutty, toffee-flavored and bottle-aged—also can be enjoyed immediately. But vintage ports (those with the dates of the bottlings printed on their labels) generally need additional aging before they're ready to drink. Cockburn's 1960, 1963, 1967 and 1970 vintages are ready for your glass. The 1983 and 1985 bottlings, however, should be aged another ten years. Cockburn's 1991 vintage has just been released and further aging will magnify its already abundant flavors.

OTHER EVENING DRAMS

Cognac is the classic after-dinner drink. Remy Martin, which claims to own the largest reserve of vintage cognac in the world, offers many different bottlings. Among our favorites are the 25-year-old XO Special, the 35-year-old Extra Perfection (it's aged in 200-year-old casks) and the 75-year-old Louis XIII, a cognac that's sold in a hand-blown Baccarat crystal decanter. (The price: more than $1000 a bottle—if you have to ask.) Others to try include Hennessy's superb XO and Paradis, and Courvoisier's VSOP, Napoleon and XO Imperial offerings. And for a cognac-based liqueur, there's none better than Grand Marnier, the distinguished French after-dinner drink.

Somewhat lighter in taste and aroma than cognac, Armagnacs have an appreciative audience of their own. Look for Sempé's six-year-old VSOP and—if you feel like splurging—try Grande Reserve, a 50-year-old, $160 spirit that's sold in a distinctively cut prism bottle too handsome to throw out.

Stateside, Germain-Robin in Ukiah, California is producing "cognac-style brandies"—a reference to the similar European method of double-distilling in alambic stills and aging in 50-year-old Limousin oak barrels. Two Germain-Robin bottles to try are its ten-year-old Special Reserve and its Cigar Blend. The latter is a $100-a-bottle, eight-year-old brandy that is particularly suited to accompany a fine cigar, such as one of the brands listed below.

ONWARD INTO THE NIGHT

For something truly different on a long winter night there's Goldschläger, a spicy cinnamon-flavored 107-proof spirit laced with flakes of 24-kt. gold. Serve it chilled as an aperitif, pour it in a cappuccino so the gold glitters on the foam or concoct a holiday-inspired cocktail, the gingerbread man, by mixing equal parts of Goldschläger, Bailey's Irish Cream and DeKuyper Buttershots butterscotch cordial.

Domaine Charbay of St. Helena, California is a family-owned and -operated distillery that specializes in unusual liqueurs and brandies made from native fruits and vegetables. For example, its Pachanga liqueur, created from double-distilled sunflower roots, is aged in oak barrels for three months. And Domaine Charbay has also released a triple-distilled single-barrel black-walnut liqueur named Nostalgie that's subtly flavored with 18 spices and herbs.

SPIRITS AND SMOKE

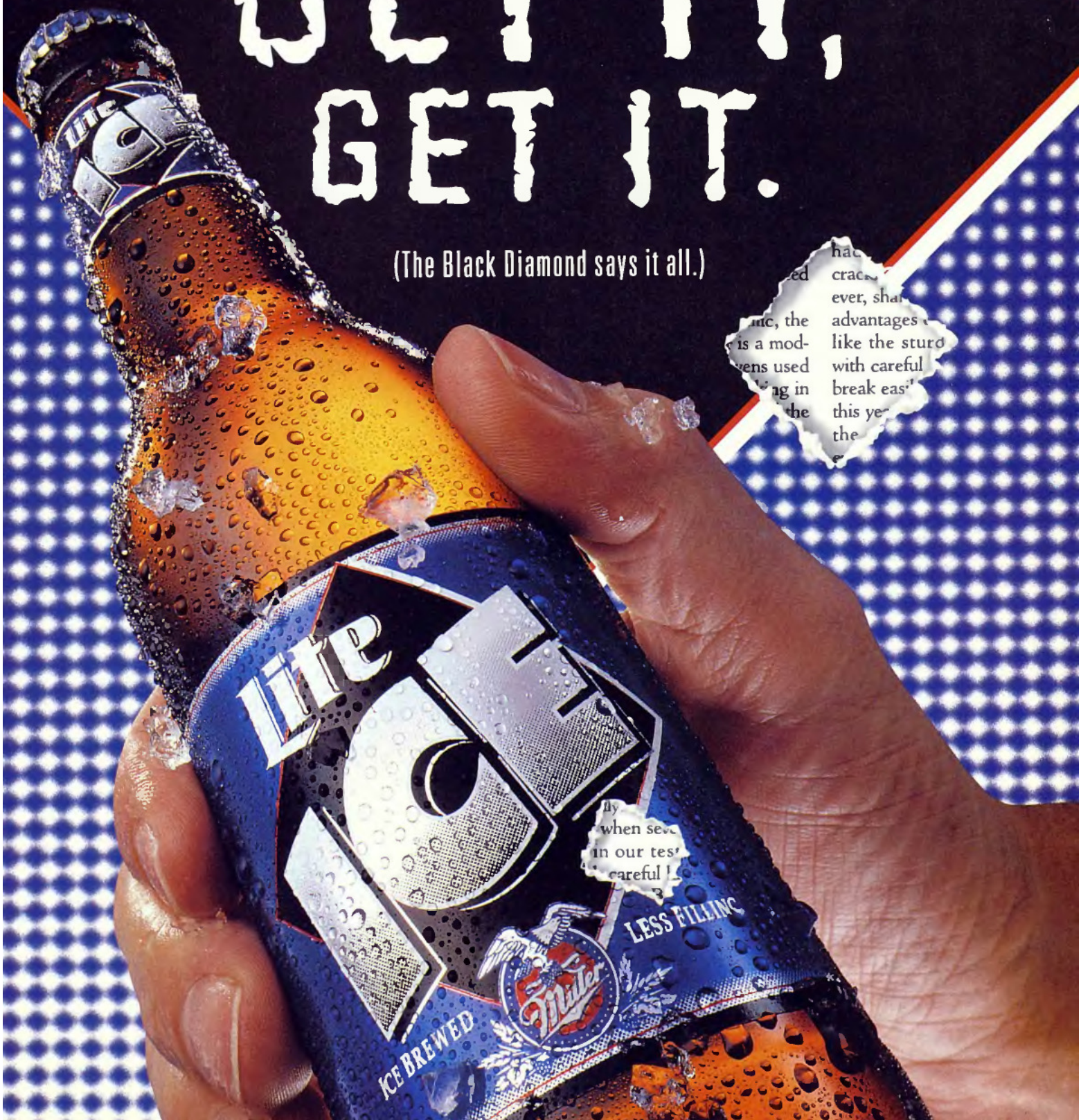
A hand-rolled cigar is the perfect complement to a winter drink. So settle back with a flavorful Diana Silvius Churchill, a mellow Dunhill Aged Romanas, a spicy Fuente Hemingway Classic or a rich-tasting Davidoff Robusto. Spring is just around the corner.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY REMINDS YOU TO PLEASE THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

©1994 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

IF YOU GET IT, GET IT.

(The Black Diamond says it all.)



STRIKE UP THE BAND

Tired of being just another trussed-up Antarctic fowl at black-tie affairs? Then lose the bow tie and go with a banded-collar tuxedo shirt instead. Available in traditional white or super-hip black, this style will instantly update an old suit or personalize a rented one. Try Robert Talbott's textured-cotton piqué banded-collar shirt ($215) or the classic white cotton style with pearl buttons by Ike Behar ($165). If you're reluctant to give up that touch of color at the neck, Lazo has sewn a black fabric stripe at the base of the banded collar on his tuxedo shirt ($140), and Donna Karan has trimmed the collar of her white cotton model in black and added smoked-pearl button French cuffs ($100, pictured here). Prefer to emulate the tux style of the rich and famous? Check out Gianni Versace's black fine-cotton banded-collar shirt, a simple-yet-elegant variation that has been spotted on actors such as Sylvester Stallone and Jeff Bridges. But be warned, this celebrity style will set you back a cool $545.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

If your holiday spirit demands something flashier than a banded-collar shirt, accessorize in silver. Among the designers who have put a spin on formalwear is De Vecchi, whose dressy matte leather belts feature sculpted rectangular brushed-steel buckles ($105). There are also dapper silver-dotted suspenders by Edgar Pomeroy ($95) or, for a hint of shine, Nancy & Risë, Ltd.'s sterling silver disk-shaped cuff links with black onyx centers ($90 to $165). Vests are still hot this season, and Daniel Craig has created silk styles with silver geometric motifs and zigzag patterns ($150). For black-tie-optional occasions, Tino Cosma's silver silk neckties, available in woven Jacquard patterns and solids ($65 to $85), will add panache to a business suit. Or you can dress daring in Gaspar Saldanha's sheer gunmetal-gray shirt with pewter buttons. Made of a metallic sheen fabric, it'll light up the dance floor ($225).

HOT SHOPPING: MANCHESTER, VERMONT

Plan on skiing in Vermont this winter? If so, you may want to break from the lifts for some thrift shopping in Manchester—a mecca of design outlet stores, a holiday wonderland boasting 40 upscale outlet stores and superb ski areas just minutes away. Calvin Klein Company Store (Rte. 7A, Manchester Center): A huge selection of Calvins, including this season's signature threads, underwear and fragrances. • The Coach Factory Store (Jct. 7 & Rte. 11-30, Manchester Center): Fine leather goods priced 25 percent to 45 percent below retail. • Polo Ralph Lauren Factory Store (Jct. 7A & Rte. 11-30): Lauren's latest clothes, crystal and bedding. • Orvis Sale Room (Rte. 7A, Manchester Village): Enjoy Orvis' catalog classics up front, with great deals on sportswear and sports hardware. • The Equinox (Rte. 7A, Manchester Village): This romantic 163-room hotel has a fitness spa, cross-country ski trails and lots of fireplaces.

CLOTHES LINE

Ex–Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback **Terry Bradshaw** insists he's "not a fashion plate," but the four-time Super Bowl champion turned sportscaster does have a penchant for flashy colors. His Cavelli sports coats span the color spectrum from gold to aqua, and he has "tons of ties" from Ermenegildo Zegna on Fifth Avenue. "I'm terrible at matching things, and they take good care of me," Bradshaw says. Cold weather doesn't suit the Louisiana native: "I hate winter and I don't believe in overcoats." But he does believe in baseball caps—particularly a New York City fire department one and another that promotes his new TV show, *NFL on Fox*.

SCENTSATIONAL HOLIDAY GIFTS

Men's toiletry companies are getting into the spirit of gift giving by offering a lot more than scents for your dollars. Drakkar Noir ($33), Horizon for Men ($33) and Davidoff's Cool Water ($50) all offer duffels with their purchase. Not your bag? Then check out Ralph Lauren's Safari for Men ($40), a scent that is packaged with a set of four cut-glass drinking glasses. Aramis cologne spray is boxed with fun toys such as a Forties-style radio ($43) and a scale model Harley-Davidson motorcycle ($60). And Jil Sander's Feeling Man fragrance comes in a toiletries kit stuffed with tubes of shower gel and body lotion, plus a full-size bottle of eau de toilette ($50).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

LEATHER JACKETS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Three-quarter-length car coats; hip lengths; peacoat styles	Anoraks with drawstring waists; aviator bombers with top-gun patches
DETAILS	Thick, well-worn skins; button closures; patch pockets	Lightweight deerskins; oversize zippers; knitted cuffs and waistbands
COLORS	Black; natural browns; suede earth tones	Two-tone jackets or styles with color blocking; brights or primaries

Where & How to Buy on page 213.

The Diamond Engagement Ring. How else could two months' salary last forever?

Call the Jewelers of America at 1-800-497-1480 for your free guide on "How to buy the perfect Diamond Engagement Ring."

De Beers

A diamond is forever.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IRREVERENCE, indolence and a Generation X scorn for the status quo are the qualities that charmed young audiences who caught ***Clerks*** (Miramax) at film festivals in 1994. Shooting in black and white on a meager budget, writer-director Kevin Smith introduces Brian O'Halloran and Jeff Anderson as Dante and Randal, two guys tending to business when they feel like it at a Quick Stop convenience store in New Jersey. Bizarre customers come and go, notably Dante's current girlfriend (Marilyn Ghigliotti), who shocks him by admitting she has given blow jobs to 37 men, and his former girlfriend (Lisa Spoonauer), whose sex life takes an unexpected turn into necrophilia. The others include a gum salesman, drug dealers and a creepy passerby who just wants to use the toilet. Smith's characters speak the arch, stylized dialogue with varying degrees of success. As inspired amateurism executed with aplomb, *Clerks* is at its least believable when a stream of customers keeps asking for cigarettes, never specifying which brand. ¥¥½

•

French director Claude Chabrol's ***L'Enfer*** (MK2) is a chilling study of a pathologically jealous husband (François Cluzet) who can't believe that his beautiful wife (Emmanuelle Béart) isn't bedding every horny man around. Since the couple operates a popular country inn, suspects are legion. Cluzet's abusive obsession builds sympathy for Béart, whose performance is, by itself, the kind that reaps acting awards. It's a role originally written more than three decades ago by Henri-Georges Clouzot, famed for the classic shockers *Diabolique* and *The Wages of Fear*. Despite a disturbingly ambiguous ending, the updated *L'Enfer* ranks right up there with the best Gallic psychodramas. ¥¥¥½

•

Nearly three hours long and worth every minute, ***Hoop Dreams*** (Fine Line) is a true-life chronicle that follows two inner-city Chicago boys through five years of basketball. Arthur Agee and William Gates are the kids recruited from the street-corner courts for scholarships at St. Joseph High School. Legendary coaches, scouts and then Detroit Pistons player Isiah Thomas are the mentors and role models who guide the youngsters through high hopes and bitter disappointments as they aspire to slam-dunk their way to success. While both have supportive moms, Gates gets his girlfriend pregnant, and Agee's father has a drug problem. Director Steve James, co-producing with Frederick Marx and Peter Gilbert, presents an intimate and compelling close-up. The gritty, real issue of *Hoop Dreams* is how the big business of sports encourages and exploits young hopefuls who swiftly become yesterday's news if they fail to produce points. You don't have to be a basketball fan to relish this shrewd view from the sidelines of a classic American dream. ¥¥¥¥

Cluzet, Béart: *L'Enfer*'s hellish pair.

New directors warm up, Chabrol's still cooking, and Marshall puts Rice on the back burner.

•

There is an updated Romeo and Juliet angle to ***Federal Hill*** (Trimark), a highly promising debut for Michael Corrente, who wrote, produced and directed it. Corrente is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and he clearly knows the turf—from Brown University to his own roots in the Italian Federal Hill section. Wendy (Libby Langdon) is a cloistered but adventurous Brown senior who meets Nicky (Anthony De Sando) while buying drugs for a frat party. It turns to love when Nicky and four of his buddies crash the collegiate get-together. They are a don't-fuck-with-me pack of street kids, doomed by mob connections and a wild card named Ralph (Nicholas Turturro of TV's *NYPD Blue* on a hiatus from the law). When Ralph robs a local underworld capo and even breaks into the hotel room occupied by Wendy's white-bread parents, Nicky loses his last dim chance of winning a princess from the right side of the tracks. Briskly filmed in black and white, *Federal Hill*'s not-so-merry band comes to a believable bitter end, but they stick with you as thugs to remember. ¥¥¥

•

France's idiosyncratic filmmaker Luc Besson, whose *La Femme Nikita* enjoyed international success, brings the same visual razzle-dazzle to his first American movie, ***The Professional*** (Columbia). He also introduces a budding starlet in Natalie Portman, a precocious and beautiful 12-year-old whose screen debut as a kind of Junior Miss Nikita should guarantee her film future. There hasn't been a more magnetic child actress since Jodie Foster in *Taxi Driver*. Natalie plays Mathilda, a New York waif whose entire family is wiped out by corrupt Drug Enforcement Administration agents. She is saved by a friendly foreign-born neighbor named Leon, who lives down the hall. Leon turns out to be a cleaner—or hit man—a prodigiously efficient killer played by Jean Reno. The warm, growing relationship between the hit man with a passion for Hollywood musicals and his young friend—who wants to be Leon's assistant if only to avenge her kid brother's murder—adds to *The Professional*'s nervous energy. The drama is highly stylized and over the top, particularly in Gary Oldman's performance as a crazed DEA agent who imagines he's hearing Beethoven during his lethal rampages. Danny Aiello adds a cooler note as a Mafia player privy to everyone's dirty secrets. Besson's brilliant cinematic storytelling is more bewitching than believable—but never, ever dull. ¥¥¥

•

Fans of Anne Rice's intensely erotic novel ***Exit to Eden*** will find the kinky soul of it missing from the movie adaptation directed by Garry (*Pretty Woman*) Marshall. Totally recycled as a spoof, *Exit* (Savoy) has an irrelevant new subplot involving Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Aykroyd. They're undercover cops who slip into chains and leather and wisecrack about bondage while tracking down diamond smugglers. The nominal star of the film is Dana Delany as Mistress Lisa, the dominatrix in charge of an island paradise where clients work out their fantasies of sexual enslavement. Delany is a fairly docile whip-cracker who manages to keep her clothes on even during love scenes with her main squeeze, Paul Mercurio, the Australian dancing star of *Strictly Ballroom*—who for a woman tamer seems rather light on his feet. Finally, O'Donnell and Aykroyd

Your tongue is surprisingly close in color to our new cranberry vodka. Coincidence? Or is this just a calculated attempt on our part to suck up to your tongue?

Finlandia. Cranberry vodka from the top of the world.

"Finlandia®" is the Registered Trademark of ALKO LTD. 30% Alc. by Vol. (60 proof) Distilled from Grain. Imported by Palace Brands Company, Farmington, CT © ALKO LTD, 1994

Hatcher: From TV to *Heaven's* gift.

OFF CAMERA

Teri Hatcher is flying high as Superman's feisty partner in the TV hit *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*. But now she has a shot at movie stardom as well, with a major role opposite Alec Baldwin in the upcoming *Heaven's Prisoners*. Insiders were reportedly blown away by Hatcher's performance as a wily, manipulative Cajun woman married to crime boss Eric Roberts. "It was pretty intense," says Hatcher. "When I told Baldwin on the set that I'm better known for doing comedy, he said, 'You won't be after this.'"

Hatcher is just 30, married this year to actor Jon Tenney ("He was the sheriff in *Tombstone* and the dad in *Lassie*") and itching for assignments beyond her steady gig as indomitable Lois Lane. She spoke with us on the set of the TV show. "I've just been stuffed into a barrel of toxic waste and thrown off a pier. I call Lois the pie-in-the-face girl. I try to add a little goofiness to the character."

California-born Hatcher intended to major in mathematics and engineering. "I think of myself as artistic but also gifted in math. My father is a physicist and my mother is a computer programmer—and I grew up in Silicon Valley, surrounded by chips." She ultimately chose Chekhov over chips, auditioned for San Francisco's prestigious American Conservatory Theater and was accepted. "Annette Bening was my acting coach at ACT. She probably doesn't know it, but she made a big difference in my life." Bening may know by now that Hatcher is making a big difference on her own.

take over with wry comments about the passing parade of boobs and buns. They're funny enough, but the essence of Rice has been frittered away in a standard Hollywood shuffle. ¥¥

•

What do women do while their men serve time behind bars? According to ***Across the Moon*** (Hemdale), they turn a dilapidated house trailer into a makeshift home so they can get to the nearby prison on visiting days. Christina Applegate (of TV's *Married With Children*) and Elizabeth Peña portray Kathy and Carmen as ethnic opposites who fume, fight and sweat it out. Kathy gets a job and finally marries her guy, Lyle (Peter Berg), so they can enjoy conjugal visits. Carmen tries to raise her child and fools around a bit with a local fireman (James Remar). Before this dusty down-home comedy works to a climax, even Lyle's shifty lawyer is in jail. *Across the Moon* has an appealing and capable cast and will probably wind up as a satisfying home video that you can savor along with a cold beer. ¥¥

•

Providing a showcase for some fresh new talent appears to be the principal aim of ***Love and a .45*** (Trimark). Writer-director C.M. Talkington's brash first feature stars Gil Bellows as Watty and Renee Zellweger as Starlene—a couple of charismatic, hell-bent fugitives on the run through the Texas heartland. Rory Cochrane plays their nemesis, Billy Mack, a vicious thug spewing violence as he seeks revenge. It makes the vintage *Bonnie and Clyde* look like a couple of kids on a prom date. ¥¥

•

With a producing credit on such cult classics as *Sid and Nancy* and *Repo Man*, Peter McCarthy can now take a bow as writer, director and producer of his first independent feature, a seriously subversive social comedy called ***Floundering*** (Strand Releasing). Set in and around Los Angeles after the 1992 riots, the movie focuses on an unemployed guy named John—coolly played and narrated by James LeGros in a performance that would jump-start any actor's career. As his drug-addicted brother, Ethan Hawke freaks out in a stunning cameo, and Lisa Zane plays Jessica, a free spirit who seems to require sex several times a day. "Am I losing my mind?" the hero asks himself, musing that his fucked-up existence "doesn't leave a lot of time for spiritual bullshit." Despite its nihilistic meanderings, *Floundering* winds up as a witty, upbeat satire about survivors who are caught in an all-American California dream so weird that they can't help wondering who the hell they are. ¥¥¥

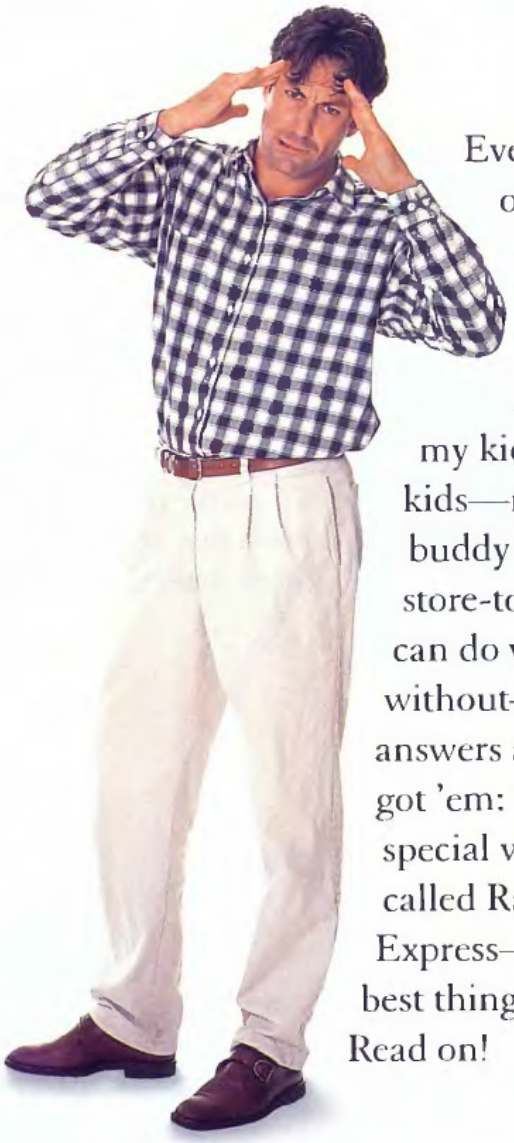
MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Across the Moon (See review) Women in waiting for a couple of jailbirds. ¥¥
Blue Sky (Reviewed 10/94) Lange and Jones shake up Army brass. ¥¥½
Bullets Over Broadway (11/94) Woody Allen's hilarious take on showbiz back when mobsters got into the act. ¥¥¥
Café au Lait (10/94) Paris when it sizzles—with a love triangle. ¥¥½
Clerks (See review) Diverting low jinks in a Jersey convenience store. ¥¥½
Exit to Eden (See review) Just OK erotica—but Rice had more spice. ¥¥
Federal Hill (See review) Some Rhode Island tough guys go wrong. ¥¥¥
Floundering (See review) California dreams—right after the riots. ¥¥¥
Forrest Gump (9/94) That's Tom Hanks as America's winning dim bulb. ¥¥¥¥
Fresh (9/94) Chess-wise ghetto kid cons his way into the main game. ¥¥¥
A Good Man in Africa (10/94) Emerging from the colonial era with an all-star cast headed by Sean Connery. ¥¥¥
Hoop Dreams (See review) Compelling true tale of two Chicago basketball recruits and how they grew. ¥¥¥¥
I Like It Like That (11/94) Lively Bronx-style marriage-go-round. ¥¥¥
L'Enfer (See review) A French couple consumed by his jealousy. ¥¥¥½
Love and a .45 (See review) More grisly violence on the road. ¥¥
Natural Born Killers (Listed only) In a frenzied attack on the media's coverage of violence, Oliver Stone sledgehammers home his message. ¥¥
Only You (11/94) Tomei meets Downey during a comic Italian romp. ¥¥½
Princess Caraboo (10/94) An is-she-or-ain't-she royal masquerade. ¥¥½
The Professional (See review) Hunted waif taken in by a hit man. ¥¥¥
Pulp Fiction (9/94) Classic seriocomic gangster epic by Tarantino. ¥¥¥¥
Quiz Show (10/94) Redford's vivid exposé of the bad old days when TV game players sold out. ¥¥¥¥
Rapa Nui (11/94) A scenic Easter Island saga with egg on its face. ¥¥
The River Wild (11/94) Streep keeps it afloat and then some. ¥¥¥½
S.F.W. (11/94) Wry spoof of media vultures whose meat is violence. ¥¥¥
The Shawshank Redemption (11/94) Top-notch jailhouse blues. ¥¥¥½
To Live (11/94) Chinese drama about family values in a chaotic land. ¥¥¥
True Lies (11/94) Schwarzenegger fans couldn't ask for anything more. ¥¥¥¥
What Happened Was (10/94) Weirdo duo suffers through a first date. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

IT'S CHRISTMAS AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE!



Every year it's the same old questions: What can I get that's cool, that's different for my dad, my mom, my sister, my wife, my kids, someone *else's* kids—not to mention a buddy or two. It can be a store-to-store marathon you can do without. So do without—just look for the answers at Radio Shack. We've got 'em: Great gifts and a special way to deliver them called Radio Shack Gift Express—just about the next best thing to Santa himself. Read on!

THAT'S OKAY. YOU'VE GOT

Radio Shack®

A GIFT FOR THE TWO OF YOU.

You like the Stones and the Spin Doctors. She's into Country & Western. Give her an Optimus portable CD player. Both of you will get the most remarkable sound and features at a most remarkable price. It has an Extended Bass switch, a 20-track programmable memory, a 3-beam laser pickup, preview scan, random play and auto search. She can listen to her "stuff" privately through headphones, and you can do the same. It comes with a special cable—hooks up easily to your home stereo. (42-5042a) Regularly $119.99 **Special $99.99***

A SURE BET FOR FUN.

Do you have an Uncle Al, or anyone else on your list with an unbridled sense of fun and adventure? We've got the perfect gifts: Radio Shack's line of handheld casino games that run the gamut from the $24.99 two-player poker and blackjack combo shown here to $9.99 mini-slots and card games. (60-2431a) **$24.99***

A CHIP OFF THE OLD ANSWERING MACHINE.

No more tapes to tangle or break, no more lost messages. Radio Shack's new totally digital answering machine records announcements and messages on a computer chip. It has state-of-the-art features found in more expensive machines like voice-assisted operation to help program, time and day "voice stamp" to tell exactly when each message was received, and the ability to retrieve messages by a secure remote code. (43-741a) **$99.99***

STICK IT ON YOUR EAR.

If you know someone who thinks traditional personal portables are too bulky and too heavy, doesn't want to carry cassettes, and complains about tangled headset wires, Radio Shack has the answer: this ultralight. AM/FM Stereo Headset. It only costs $39.99 and it only weighs 2 ounces, yet it delivers sensational stereo sound, including switchable Extended Bass. And, it easily folds into a pocket for easy carrying. (12-103a) **$39.99***

THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

Here's a gift idea that's thoughtful, considerate and purposeful. It's a keychain remote system that turns on a light in the home from a driveway, porch or sidewalk. Never walk into a darkened house again. Leave the light on when leaving home, and turn it off when safely in the car. It's only $24.99, including the keychain remote and lamp module. See?—thoughtful, considerate, purposeful. Just like you. (61-2663a) **$24.99***

NO SNAP, NO CRACKLE, NO POP.

No kidding! Our 900-MHz Digital Spread Spectrum cordless telephone is the ultimate in sound quality and security, as well as in range away from the base. It's so powerful, you can take it out to the garden, to the yard or to a neighbor's. A warning light lets you know when you've gone too far. And it has a lighted dial for easy nighttime use. It scans 100 channels for the clearest path, and offers 100,000 security code combinations. At $299.99, it's one of the most versatile, powerful cordless phones available anywhere. (43-1014a) **$299.99***

HOW ABOUT A PICTURE THAT CAN PRACTICALLY HIDE IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND?

Here's a picture-perfect portable color TV just 5½ inches tall. You won't believe how good this little color picture is: digital technology locks in both VHF and UHF stations. The backlit LCD provides a crisp, clear picture. The earphone jack allows for private listening. The set shown here has a 2.2-inch screen and runs only **$139.99*** (16-164a)

HELP HER RUN FOR IT.

Especially if she's just started a fitness program—Radio Shack's precision digital pedometer can help her chart her progress. It accurately measures up to 99,999 steps and 999.99 miles—and if she can do that, get her an agent and a good lawyer as well. It costs only $14.99, clips to a belt or waistband, weighs practically nothing and has a large LCD readout that's easy to check in mid-jog. Run, do not walk, to Radio Shack! (63-682a) **$14.99***

WEATHER THOU GOEST...

It might be romantic to go walking hand-in-hand in the rain, but you can bet that most times, you don't like getting caught short by the weather. This $39.99 Weatheradio® with Alert not only receives the government's official NOAA radio broadcasts on the 162 MHz band (from up to 50 miles away), it receives special alert signals and sounds an alarm to warn of coming bad weather—even when the radio is off. Just touch the play button and be forewarned and forearmed. A special battery backup system keeps the radio working, even if bad weather causes an AC power failure. (12-240a) **$39.99***

BIG ON TALK, SMALL ON SPACE.

And now just $49.99. Thanks to its upright handset design, Radio Shack's value-priced cordless phone will fit almost anywhere—in a crowded kitchen, a small studio apartment, on a jam-packed worktable. Move around freely while talking, without giving up handy features, like a redial button and a flash button for services, such as Call-Waiting and 3-Way Calling. (43-1004a) Regularly $59.99 **Special $49.99***

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE ORGANIZATION AROUND HERE. START WITH RADIO SHACK GIFT EXPRESS.

Radio Shack's personal data organizer does so many different things. It stores over 250 names, company names, addresses, phone and fax numbers; searches for entries for her or lets her scroll through the list; schedules appointments and sounds an alarm as a reminder; displays the date and the time; has a world-time clock for 32 major cities (pause here for breath); and has a 10-digit calculator and a password code that protects sensitive information. (65-830a) **$39.99***

THE PORTABLE PARTY MACHINE.

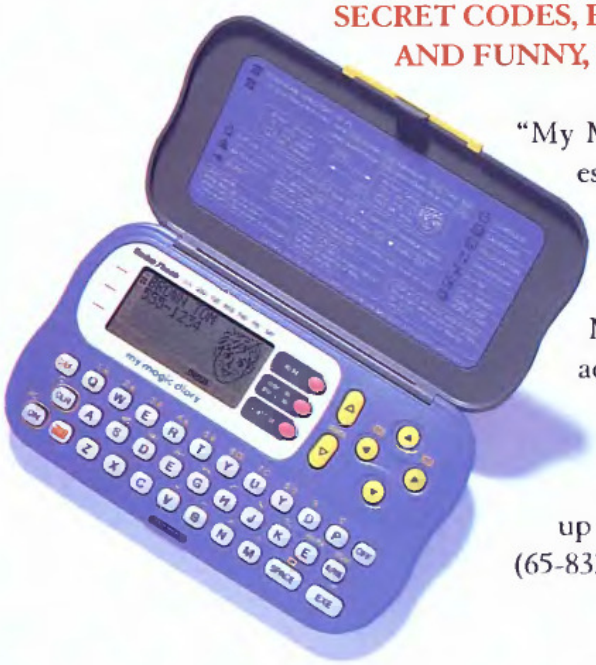
Radio Shack's integrated portable audio system is a hard-to-beat value. It's a CD, tape, and AM/FM stereo system for home or on the go. Can make tapes of CDs for use in the car or personal cassette player; tape off the radio, as well. The CD system is easy to use, yet offers the important bells and whistles—programmable memory, track or disc repeat, intro-scan for previewing each track. Two 4-inch speakers deliver clean, powerful sound—or add headphones for private listening. That's a lot of audio for only **$139.99*** (14-537a)

WHOSE TOY IS THIS, ANYWAY?

Radio Shack is America's HQ for the sleekest, hottest, most fun- and fantasy-filled radio-controlled cars you can find. They start at just under $12, complete with controller. There are elegant, glossy racers, rugged all-terrain 4-wheelers and fantastic specialty cars and trucks, like the 4x4 Off-Road Tiger shown here for $49.99. It even has high gear for speed, low gear for climbing power.

(60-4113a) Regularly $59.99
Special $49.99*

SECRET CODES, FORTUNE TELLERS AND FUNNY, FUNNY FACES.



"My Magic Diary" is a data organizer that's organized especially for kids. They can put in their friends' names, addresses and phone numbers—and "draw" silly faces for each of them on its display! They can type in their secret thoughts, or consult with The Matchmaker or The Fortune Teller for important advice. And only their own secret password can open the Magic Diary. It's 59.99, and it also has a built-in calculator, alarm clock, scheduler and a world-time clock with map. It makes youngsters feel grown up at the same time it provides them with hours of fun.

(65-832a) $59.99*

YES, BUT WILL IT CLEAN THEIR ROOM?

Radio Shack's $29.99 Super Armatron is a robot that will sharpen kids' agility and dexterity while it delights and beguiles them. The robot arm moves up and down, left and right; the pincer "hand" rotates, opens and closes to pick up and move objects. It even has a countdown timer so the kids can compete with each other, picking up objects before the buzzer sounds. (60-2558a) $29.99*

YAKKITY YAK.

Some things kids love: talking, having secrets, being cool. Radio Shack's Headset Walkie-Talkies give them all three. They can stay in touch while they're playing or just play at staying in touch. They can talk their heads off and no one will hear but them. And cool?—these are voice-activated, hands-free walkie-talkies with a high/low volume switch and an adjustable headband. Best of all, they're only $24.99 for the set. (60-4023a) **$24.99***

A HIGHLY PERSONABLE PERSONAL PORTABLE.

Only $19.99 fetches a child his or her very own personal stereo tape player. The buttons are big enough for little fingers, and different colors so kids can easily operate it by themselves. It comes with its own headphones and carry-strap and it has Auto-Stop to save battery wear—because you know how kids never turn anything off. (14-864a) **$19.99***

A RADIO-CONTROLLED TOY FOR THE LITTLEST ENGINEER.

Why shouldn't your littlest Christmas angels enjoy radio-controlled toys like their older brothers and sisters? The Choo Choo is one of several toys that preschoolers will find easy to operate and great fun to play with. It chugs, it whistles, it goes straight ahead, it spins—just $19.99, complete with controller. The smiles and giggles and wonder it elicits are free of charge. (60-2517a) **$19.99***

With Radio Shack Gift Express, It's Easier Than Ever To Give The Gifts People Love To Get.

You just buy it. We can wrap it. We can pack it. We can have it shipped, virtually anywhere in the USA. We can even add a personalized greeting card.

And since there's a Radio Shack on almost every corner, returns, exchanges, service and information are easy.

Radio Shack Gift Express—the easiest way to send the gifts people love to get.

- FedEx® Delivery Service
- Personalized Card and Gift Box Available

For the store nearest you, or to order, CALL 1-800-THE SHACK

FedEx trademarks used by permission
* Sales prices guaranteed through 12/24/94.
For product warranty information write: Customer Relations, 1400 One Tandy Center, Ft. Worth, TX 76102

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Although he's back on TV with his own NBC show, **Martin Short** maintains his love affair with the big screen via video. "I'm happiest when lost in a black-and-white movie," he says, "such as *To Kill a Mockingbird*, *On the Waterfront* or *Brief Encounter*." On the color side, Short admits to a weakness for any installment of the *Godfather* trilogy, adding: "I know what you're thinking, but I still go for *Part III*." His main criterion is quality. "I subscribe to the Oscar Levant line in *Humoresque* when he says, 'When they're good, I'm jealous. When they're bad, I'm bored.' And there are comedies I adore: *Some Like It Hot*, anything with Peter Sellers—the *Pink Panthers*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *The World of Henry Orient*—or Jerry Lewis in *The Nutty Professor* and *The Delicate Delinquent*. Then there are *The Wizard of Oz* and *Terms of Endearment*. They all fit a pattern," he concludes. "I'm just not sure what it is." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: seasonally correct stars

Judy Holliday: Dumb-as-a-fox comedian holds her own with Hepburn and Tracy in her debut, *Adam's Rib* (1949).

Klaus Kinski: Un-Santa-like as a demonic Israeli intelligence chief in the spy thriller *Little Drummer Girl* (1984).

Marianne Faithfull: Oh, come all ye doubters: Jagger's ex-squeeze does a decent Ophelia to Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet* (1969).

Holly Hunter: Deck the halls with bows to Holly, as a small-town beauty-queen wanna-be in Beth Henley's minor masterpiece, *Miss Firecracker* (1989).

Dana Wynter: South African beauty keeps her ardor on ice as her British beau sails off to *Sink the Bismarck!* (1960).

Leo G. Carroll: Hollywood often went a-Carrolling for Leo throughout his 30-year career, aptly so in *A Christmas Carol* (1938). —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDBITS

Has resurrecting the careers of legendary crooners become a bona fide trend? Just in time for the holidays comes ***The Andy Williams Christmas Show*** (White Star), recorded live last year at the Moon River Theater in Branson, Missouri. The program features 25 Yule songs and appearances by Lorrie Morgan and the ripening Osmonds. . . . You know those op-art drawings you're supposed to stare at until something, like a picture of an elephant, appears? Now you can do it on your TV. ***Magic Eye: The Video*** (Cascom) features loads of mind-numbing, eye-straining 3-D art puzzles for just $14.95. Two volumes for adults, one for kids. . . . ***In the Groove: Music From a Drummer's Perspective*** (DCI Music Video) is a 75-minute lesson from Anton Fig, stickman extraordinaire and nine-year Letterman show veteran. The program features the Paul Shaffer Band, former Beach Boy Blondie Chaplin and a top ten list from Dave. Can't beat it.

WORLD-CLASS CARTOONS

Disney be damned, America hasn't cornered the market on animation. Courtesy of Expanded Entertainment's impressive cartoon collections—notably the ***International Tournée of Animation*** series—here's a sampling of animated shorts from around the globe.

Zwisch: An entire life—birth to death—in 80 seconds. School, sleep, work and sex are all meaningless in this dark distillation from Norway.

Tarzan: Satirical Japanese view of a tourist Tarzan on a wild video safari. The kicker: Back home, his Tokyo friends diss his amazing home movies.

Rrringg!: Noted Dutch animator Paul de Nooijer mixes variable-speed and still photography in this slapstick boy-wants-girl tale. He beds her, then she becomes a foldout and fades away. Bummer.

The Prayer: Prisoner burning at stake gets his wish for rain—then wishes he hadn't. Today's headlines give this Yugoslavian parable extra punch.

Balance: Five stark figures on a tipsy slab suspended in space risk upsetting their world to retrieve a mysterious box. Allegorical Oscar winner from Germany.

Still Life: Gorgeous computer animation graces this too-brief French fantasy about silverware chasing a peach that fell from an oil painting.

Welcome: Pushy forest creatures inhabit a moose's antlers, taking advantage of his generosity. Pointed commentary on freeloaders in former Soviet Union.

Next: If all the world's a stage, could Shakespeare pass the audition? In this stunning English puppet show, the Bard enacts his greatest hits. —CHRIS BALL

LASER FARE

Among the top films appearing in gilded holiday wrapping this month are ***Breakfast at Tiffany's*** (Pioneer), ***Midnight Cowboy*** (MGM/UA) and ***Dr. Strangelove*** (Columbia Tristar). While all three films are digitally remastered, letterboxed and include the original trailers, *Breakfast* goes the extra yard by including a reproduction of Audrey Hepburn's annotated script. . . . Roman Polanski's kinky dark comedy ***Bitter Moon*** (1994) has made it to laser, courtesy of Image Entertainment. The shipboard sex story (one critic called it "*Love Boat Meets Last Tango in Paris*") stars Peter Coyote, Hugh Grant and Polanski's real-life wife, Emmanuelle Seigner. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	***Maverick*** (Gibson, Garner and Foster breathe life into dusty TV oater; Jodie's sexy con woman is a delight), ***Beverly Hills Cop III*** (Murphy rids amusement park of bad guys; more thrills thon loughs, but dependable Ed).
COMEDY	***Renaissance Man*** (DeVito teaches Shakespeare to grunts; no *Dead Poets*, but worth a look), ***The Snapper*** (knocked-up Irish lass has town in a stew trying to ID the dad; endearing, with tart take on family values).
ACTION	***Speed*** (the barreling bus blows if it goes under 50; Keanu Reeves saves the day, joins cinema's testosterone elite), ***A Better Tomorrow*** (good cop–bad brother face-off vio Hong Kong auteur John Woo).
SLEEPER	***Backbeat*** (life ond deoth of Stuart Sutcliffe, the "lost" mop top who chose love over Beatlemania), ***The Inkwell*** (upscale block youth comes of oge during family's Cape Cod vocotion; mid-Seventies feel is dead-on).
HOLIDAY FLASHBACK	***A Charlie Brown Christmas*** (scruffy little tree gives Chuck inspirotion—and we still love that jozz piano), ***Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol*** (Backus does Dickens in musical spin on Yule clossic; very hip for 1962).

MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

ANITA BAKER'S ***Rhythm of Love*** (Elektra) is the kind of record they don't make much anymore. It's not built around the producers, though some fine ones contribute to this collection (Tommy LiPuma, George Duke, Arif Mardin, Barry Eastmond and Baker herself). It's not dominated by the songs, though there are some enduring old ones (*The Look of Love*, *My Funny Valentine*, *You Belong to Me*) and a couple of sweet new ones (*I Apologize*, *Plenty of Room*). No, this record is about the singer's voice.

Baker's thick, rich tone, controlled passion and simple warmth make hers one of the best sounds in contemporary pop. She communicates great emotion that seems anachronistic in an age of highly processed recordings. Moreover, this is a woman's voice: Baker's sound is lived-in and she translates her experiences into her art. Baker's first album in more than two years affirms her unique place in Nineties music.

FAST CUTS: Billy Lawrence is a soft-voiced young singer whose debut, ***One Might Say*** (Eastwest), is promising. She has a mainstream pop-soul sound and wisely avoids the pitfalls of beat-oriented new jill swing. This release probably won't make her a star, but *Favorite One*, *Boyfriend* and *Good Times and Bad* suggest Lawrence has surprisingly good taste for someone so young.

•

VIC GARBARINI

Most tribute albums wind up honoring their subjects by revealing just how difficult it is to capture someone else's vision. ***Beat the Retreat: Songs by Richard Thompson*** (Capitol) is no exception. Each participant captures only a sliver of Thompson, whose doleful laments are buoyed by the grace of his melodies and his whirling guitar solos. R.E.M. captures his grace under pressure with an elegant reading of *Wall of Death*. Bonnie Raitt and Los Lobos center on the sweet gravity of his ballads. But the real surprise here comes from the second team. X delivers a roaring rendition (with a howling guitar solo) of the classic *Shoot Out the Lights*, while Graham Parker turns in his best performance in a decade on the hypnotic *The Madness of Love*. The Five Blind Boys of Alabama turn *Dimming of the Day* into a stirring Celtic gospel revival tune. Dinosaur Jr. and Bob Mould also deliver searing performances. But Syd Straw and the Lemonheads' Evan Dando steal the show with a surprisingly passionate romp through *For Shame of Doing Wrong*. So, what's missing overall? Thompson's special ability to wed haunting Celtic tunes to rock and roll mayhem.

CAROLYN VAN HOEEN

Anita Baker moves to the *Rhythm of Love*.

Great new sounds from Anita Baker, a Thompson tribute and two all-female quartets.

FAST CUTS: If *Retreat* whets your interest for the real thing, go right to ***Shoot Out the Lights*** and ***Pour Down Like Silver***, Richard and Linda Thompson's masterpieces reissued on Hannibal/Rykodisc. The label has also resurrected Richard's early Fairport Convention material, featuring the incomparable vocals of Sandy Denny. ***What We Did on Our Holidays***, from 1968, rivals the Byrds' best. ***Unhalfbricking*** could be the English version of the Band's *Basement Tapes*. My personal favorite is the hauntingly delirious Celtic dance rock of ***Liege & Lief,*** still available from A&M.

•

DAVE MARSH

Jimmy Smith is more identified with the sound of a single instrument than any contemporary musician this side of Jimi Hendrix. And while musicians have found ways of working around Hendrix on guitar, no one has ever since played the Hammond B-3 organ (still the most expressive of all electric keyboards) without using the Smith vocabulary.

Mosaic Records, the mail-order jazz kingpin, establishes all this and more with this three-disc wonder, ***The Complete February 1957 Bluenote Sessions*** (available from 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902). Smith puts his instrument through all the paces, from the basic organ-guitar-drums trio to a series of swinging jazz tracks with hornmen such as Donald Byrd, Lou Donaldson and Hank Mobley to improvisations that suggest Sun Ra. And this represents a mere three days' work.

Smith was the last jukebox hero that jazz produced. His playing on soul-jazz recordings from 1954 onward helped to define that idiom—and established many of the conventions that define funk forevermore. Plus, we would never have had *Like a Rolling Stone* without him. The seeds of all this are in the Mosaic box. Listen up.

FAST CUTS: Sir Mixalot, ***Chief Boot Knocka*** (Rhyme Cartel/American): Mixalot is not only the friendliest sex fiend in hip-hop, he's also the funniest, even if the success of *Baby Got Back* tends to crowd out fetishes not involving butts. I wish he'd go back to writing car songs and forget the defensive shit about internecine hip-hop wars, though.

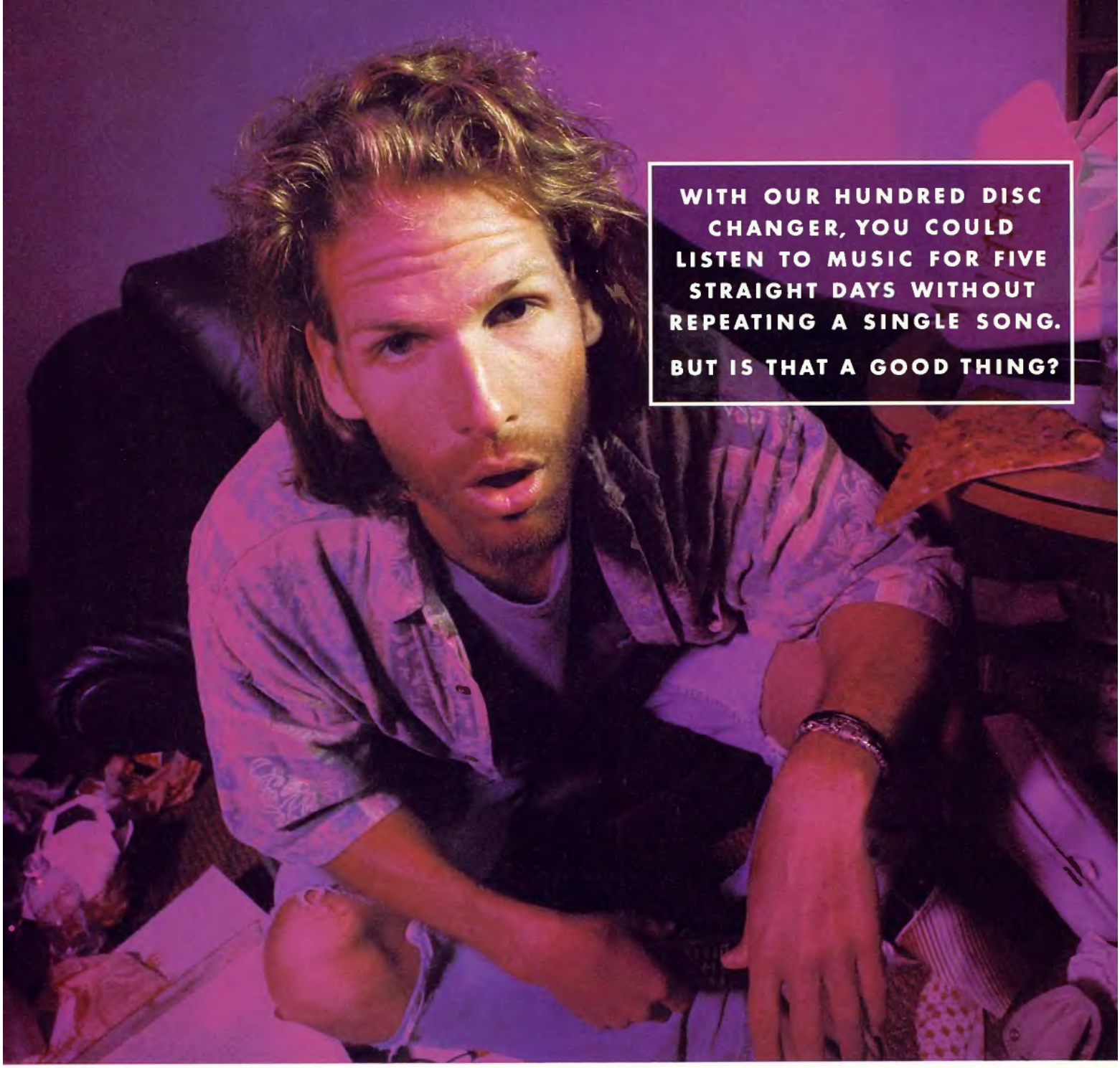
Melissa Etheridge, ***Maggie Mae*** (live) (Island): I'd pay big bucks to see the expression on Rod Stewart's face as Etheridge drags his all-but-inimitable masterpiece out of the closet with as much power and feeling as the original. (The track appears on the CD single of *I'm the Only One*.)

Dick Dale, ***Unknown Territory*** (Hightone): Same stuff he did on the last one, which was the stuff he's been doing for 40 years or so. As you'd expect from all that wear and tear, the tone gets dirtier until the liquid riffs resolve into essential grunge.

•

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Now that country and western has become as much of a visual medium as other forms of popular music, talent must be accompanied by tight buns in tight Levi's. Well into middle age and well past middleweight, Don Walser isn't going to knock out audiences by swiveling his hips anymore. And that's sad for those audiences. Much like an old guitar sounds better than a new one, Walser's vocal cords have aged themselves into a state of damn-near perfection. In fact, I'd rate this guy the Pavarotti of the plains. I never even suspected that I like yodeling until I heard this guy last year in Austin at a Mexican restaurant and had one of those life-changing esthetic epiphanies: Yodeling is better than sex, I thought, and have backed off only slightly since. Walser's ***Rolling Stone From Texas*** (Watermelon) makes me think I was right the first time. If his rendition of *Cowpoke* doesn't send more chills up your spine than the last time you had the


WITH OUR HUNDRED DISC CHANGER, YOU COULD LISTEN TO MUSIC FOR FIVE STRAIGHT DAYS WITHOUT REPEATING A SINGLE SONG.
BUT IS THAT A GOOD THING?

Nonstop music for the better part of a week may be a little extreme, we admit. But it's entirely possible with Pioneer's new 100 Disc CD Player. The changer that stores all of your CDs in a regular rack space and gives you instant access to any song on any disc. In fact, all you'll ever need to touch is the remote. It lets you cue up individual tracks, and even create customized banks of songs or discs. So you'll be getting to more of your music than ever before. Just don't blow off eating, sleeping and bathing regularly.

PIONEER®
The Art of Entertainment

For the nearest dealer, call 1-800-Pioneer, ext.003. © 1004 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Anita Baker *Rhythm of Love*	5	7	9	5	8
L7 *Hungry for Stink*	9	6	8	8	8
Sir Mixalot *Chief Boot Knocka*	6	6	7	8	7
Various artists *Beat the Retreat*	8	8	8	6	7
Don Walser *Rolling Stone From Texas*	4	6	6	5	9

ART IMITATING LIFE DEPARTMENT: **Snoop Doggy Dogg** stars in *Murder Was the Case*, an 18-minute movie directed by **Dr. Dre.** It's based on a song from *Doggystyle* in which Snoop is ambushed, makes a deal with the devil and ends up going to prison. Could this have anything to do with real life? No word yet on when it will be released.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Judy Collins** has a role in the new **Danny DeVito–Arnold Schwarzenegger** movie, *Junior*, and her first Christmas album is coming out about the same time. . . . Not only was **Juliana Hatfield** the first musical guest on ABC's new series *My So-Called Life*, she will also be contributing music to the series, which will have its own soundtrack album out in 1995. . . . **John Lydon** plans to make the definitive documentary on the **Sex Pistols** for theatrical release and home video. He is also working on the CD-ROM version of his autobiography. . . . **Jill Mazursky,** the daughter of director **Paul,** has just sold her screenplay, *Rockers*, to the movies. In it, an aging rock star is accidentally stranded by his band in the middle of nowhere with no money. All he has is the phone number of a crazed fan.

NEWSBREAKS: What happened to the release of the **Police** live album? It's off the schedule again. . . . A **John Lennon** tape of *Baby Let's Play House* and *Puttin' On the Style* that was made at a church social in 1957 went for $123,000 in September at Sotheby's rock memorabilia sale in London. . . . Look for a **Mariah Carey** holiday television special. . . . Get **Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band's** greatest-hits album and brush up on your *Night Moves*. . . . Actor **Christopher Walken** has written a play about **Elvis** called *Him* that will premiere during the 40th annual New York Shakespeare Festival. . . . **Crystal Waters** has signed with the Ford modeling agency, and her song *100 Percent Pure Love* was chosen as the theme song of Ford's Supermodel of the World contest. . . . **Stephen Davis,** author of the **Aerosmith** biography, also wrote the **Led Zep** tome *Hammer of the Gods*. . . . The first five classic-rock albums headed to CD-ROM, audio only, will be ready by Christmas. **Todd Rundgren** and his manager, **Eric Gardner,** have formed an interactive label, Waking Dreams. All the major labels—except Time Warner—have signed with Waking Dreams to make their catalogs available for conversion to interactive. The artists involved have been invited to work on the project, though their permission isn't always necessary. The CD-ROMs allow the user to change things such as arrangements and rhythms by choosing from menus. The titles will also be available to users of Full Service, the Orlando, Fla.–based interactive TV network. . . . *Purple Rain*, on its 10th anniversary, is the first noncompilation soundtrack album to be certified for sales of 11 million copies. Old what's-his-name must be pleased.

—BARBARA NELLIS

THE VELVET FOG

Now that the MTV generation has discovered Tony Bennett, we hope they tune in to **Mel Tormé.** The consummate singer's singer, he just keeps getting better with age. His latest, *A Tribute to Bing Crosby* (Concord), is a lush interpretation of 16 Crosby classics such as *Thanks*, *Soon*, *Pennies From Heaven* and *Learn to Croon*. Very romantic stuff, and Hef wrote the liner notes.

flu, I personally will eat six handfuls of dirt from LBJ's ranch. Furthermore, *(The Party Don't Start) 'Til the Playboys Get Here* ought to be the official theme song of this magazine.

FAST CUTS: James Christopher, ***Authentic Sound Effects, Volume 4*** (Elektra): Incredibly useful for recording annoying messages on your answering machine, especially the wide array of Bronx cheers. Why wasn't I sent volumes one through three?

Danny Gatton and Joey DeFrancesco, ***Relentless*** (Big Mo): Gatton's stinging Telecaster is equally at home in rock, country or jazz. Here, it's soul-tinged jazz, with DeFrancesco's Hammond B-3 organ added for some exhilarating improvisations. For all the advances in synthesizers since the Sixties, nothing sounds better than a B-3, and DeFrancesco knows what to do with it.

•

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

In theory, rock fans are pleased about the overdue surge of female-dominated groups. But in their secret hearts, the fans are still suspicious. Take the Breeders, of *Cannonball* fame. Aren't they kind of light? A novelty act? Do they really rock?

L7 rocks. Spurred by an uncommonly quick and muscular drummer, Dee Plakas, this all-female quartet rocked on 1990's punky *Smell the Magic*. They rocked plenty on 1992's better-manicured *Bricks Are Heavy*. And on the loud new ***Hungry for Stink*** (Slash/Reprise), they keep on rocking. Let suspicious souls mutter about the grunge bandwagon, L7's buzzing textures and heavy hooks have been in their sonic arsenal for years. Sure, they're politically astute, but after eight years on the club circuit, it's clear what they live for. The lyrics matter too, whether they're about fear, anger or triumph (race-car driver Shirley Muldowney is their designated speed queen). What I love about this album is how many ways it finds to push the beat.

On ***¡Viva Zapata!*** (C/Z), another all-female quartet, Seattle's 7 Year Bitch, shows similar commitment but less versatility and power. They get points for attitude. Maybe when they get to the promised seven years, they'll have skills to match.

FAST CUTS: ***Monkey Hips & Rice: The Five Royales Anthology*** (Rhino), which documents the soul and surprising raunch of R&B's first great guitar band, and ***The Drifters' Greatest Hits 1953-1958: Let the Boogie-Woogie Roll*** (also Rhino), which showcases the frankly sexy falsetto of Clyde McPhatter, are the two-CD retrospectives the two greatest doo-wop groups deserve.

AUSTRALIAN FOR MALE BONDING.

AUSTRALIAN FOR BEER.™

IMPORTED BY CENTURY IMPORTERS INC., RESTON, VA. © 1994

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

A SPRAWLING portrait of three generations in an Irish family, ***All Our Yesterdays*** (Delacorte) is Robert Parker's first non-Spenser novel in 11 years, and it is a resounding success. It resonates with historical insight, complex personalities, dramatic events and a powerful story that carries the reader from Dublin in 1920 to present-day Boston.

This fresh cast of characters and the unaccustomed span of time and geography will be unfamiliar to Parker's Spenser fans, but there are several recognizable stylistic elements—notably Parker's dialogue and his skill at establishing moods and scenes with a few precise sentences.

Freed from the mystery format, Parker thrusts us into the angry tensions of the Anglo-Irish war as seen through the eyes of Conn Sheridan, a young IRA captain. After Conn is seriously wounded, his passion turns toward a young married woman, Hadley Winslow, who supports the Irish cause. Their relationship is a study of love and sexual obsession, and it ends with a betrayal that forces Conn to go to America.

In Boston, where Conn becomes a policeman, his life becomes a spiral of violence, marital unhappiness, alcoholism and psychological ruin. Conn's son, Gus, becomes head of the homicide division of the Boston Police Department and unwittingly mirrors his father's life in almost every aspect.

The story is bracketed by a conversation between Gus' son, Chris, and Hadley's granddaughter, Grace, about the intertwined family histories that haunt their relationship. Also drawn to police work, Chris fights to shed the family baggage. In all, this book is a richer dose of Parker fiction than his Spenser fans may be used to.

Generation Xers have been stereotyped in the media as pathological slackers, kids who don't care, "greedy, apathetic and unconcerned with higher ideals." In ***Generation at the Crossroads: Apathy and Action on the American Campus*** (Rutgers), Paul Rogat Loeb looks at students on more than 100 campuses and concludes that the reality is—big surprise—far more complex than the stereotype.

What makes Loeb's book more than a dull sociological probe or an overblown op-ed piece is his talent for presenting the people behind the opinions. Like Studs Terkel, Loeb is empathetic. He allows his subjects to explain themselves and gives us a sense of their lives. None approves of the current social and political structure. The apolitical "adapters" want to get along in the system; they focus on grades and future jobs. The few activists feel isolated but committed to changing things. As we learn more about their muddled lives, we develop a greater understanding of the confused social climate that shaped them.

Robert Parker's *All Our Yesterdays*.

A family saga, what Generation X really thinks and congressional malfeasance.

Perhaps the Xers should take a look at what voter apathy hath wrought thus far. In ***Club Fed: Power, Money, Sex and Violence on Capitol Hill*** (Scribner's), Bill Thomas details the brazen state of corruption in Congress and leaves no doubt that we have the finest government money can buy. With an estimated 149 lobbyists for every member of Congress, the needs of foreign governments, large corporations and special-interest groups come ahead of the needs of taxpayers. Thomas, a longtime Washington observer, documents the cynical way we are misruled.

Peter Maas has explored the world of crime in nonfiction best-sellers such as *The Valachi Papers* and *Serpico*. Now he reveals the inner workings of the Chinese heroin rackets in a new novel, ***China White*** (Simon & Schuster). In this fast-moving story, a young male lawyer and a female FBI agent team up to battle tong societies and Mafia killers in a race to stop a shipload of pure heroin bound for New York. In a wry author's note, Maas observes, "This book is a work of fiction, but it is by no means based on fantasy."

The satirical art of Charles Bragg has appeared in many magazines, including PLAYBOY, and in galleries around the world. He now unleashes his bizarre sense of humor in a collection of irreverent tales and observations, ***Asylum Earth*** (Tuttle). The centerpiece of this book is a report from *Art Heaven*, where Peter Paul Rubens and Erté paint the same models and 6'6" El Greco shares a studio with 4'8" Toulouse-Lautrec. In *Heritage*, Bragg describes the Las Vegas Museum of Natural History, which houses a 40-foot gallery of framed Pete Rose IOUs and a tape of the only laugh Marty Allen got in his 312 appearances at the Riviera. Bragg's comic musings are illustrated with his paintings and etchings.

BOOK BAG

Blackface: Reflections on African Americans and the Movies (HarperCollins), by Nelson George: Award-winning author and PLAYBOY critic George completes his trilogy on black culture with this movie memoir, in which he explores the African American screen image from a historical and personal point of view. *Blackface* takes us from George's childhood moviegoing experiences in 1963 to his work as screenwriter and film producer of *CB4* in 1992.

The Last Shot (Houghton Mifflin), by Darcy Frey: The story of a group of Coney Island high school boys whose only hope of escape from a life of crime and poverty is through basketball.

Spare Parts (Kensington Books), by Rick Hanson: A very funny first novel about a mild-mannered dentist missing from an orthodontists' convention in Seattle.

Complete & Utter Failure: A Celebration of Also-Rans, Runners-Up, Never-Weres and Total Flops (Doubleday), by Neil Steinberg: *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter Steinberg's comic meditation on a universal experience—failure. Advice for those who are already doomed: If at first you don't succeed, have a scotch and forget about it.

The New Beats: Exploring the Music, Culture and Attitudes of Hip-Hop (Anchor), by S.H. Fernando Jr.: A comprehensive survey of hip-hop from its raw rumblings in the Bronx to its saturation of suburbia.

Bad Sex (Serpent's Tail), edited by John Hoyland: Twenty-one contributors write with great wit about the many ways in which sex can go wrong.

The King Is Dead: Tales of Elvis Postmortem (Delta), edited by Paul M. Sammon: Joyce Carol Oates, Harlan Ellison and Roger Ebert are among the 31 literary voices in this anthology about the world's most famous dead celebrity.

Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads (Doubleday), by David Shenk and Steve Silberman: An in-depth look at Deadhead jargon, history and humor as seen through the eyes of dedicated fans.

Christmas Club
Canadian Club
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
CLASSIC
AGED 12 YEARS
CANADIAN WHISKY
Canadian Club
C.C.
Canadian Club
THE WORLD'S
FAVORITE CLUB.
OH WHAT FUN IT IS...
To send a gift of Canadian Club or
Canadian Club Classic,
where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.
Canadian Club, Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% alc./vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI

MEN

By ASA BABER

Not long ago, our society was filled with masochistic exercise advice. We heard slogans such as "No pain, no gain," "It hurts so good" and "Take it to the max."

Those were the days when women in aerobics class danced for hours in imitation of Jane Fonda, while men sweated out their penance on treadmills, Stair Masters, running tracks and weight machines. Health clubs became versions of Dante's ninth circle of hell ("Go for the burn"—remember?), and it seemed as if everybody wanted to bake in the flames of self-immolation.

Did you ever ask yourself where all of those people were headed as they bounced through their endless exercise routines? By now you know the answer: Most of them were headed, with a variety of sports injuries, to their chiropractors, orthopedic surgeons and massage therapists. There was a lot of pain and not much gain, and the burn that they achieved was somewhere near the sciatic nerve.

Don't think I was above the inferno workout, my friends. I was once a member in good standing of that rat pack from hell. I exercised like a madman, but like so many of my peers, I became one of the ninth circle's walking wounded. Every day I worked out at the local YMCA with a bunch of manic guys, and in an hour or so we would truly pump it up. We did several hundred sit-ups, scores of push-ups and a prolonged series of presses and curls. As if that weren't enough punishment, we then ran a few miles.

I admit that I got an adrenaline high as I huffed, puffed and lifted, and there were times when I needed that workout as badly as some people need nicotine. But my addiction to intense exercise came at a hidden price: The physical stress of those workouts gradually wore down my body, and some of my injuries—including past afflictions—became chronic strains and sprains.

"You can run but you can't hide," Joe Louis said. To which I respond, "Joe, my man, I can't even run that well anymore. My knees won't allow it." My knees went first, and I know I am not alone when I say that.

Sports injuries are like the rings of a tree: They date us. We often remember the specific time and place they occurred. Knee problems plague a lot of us because the knee is—excuse the metaphor—our Achilles' heel.

BRIAN FUJIMORI

FROM FIRE TO WATER

Ask any man in any health club for advice about treatment of sports injuries and you will meet an instant medical expert: Ice it, heat it, knead it, stretch it, soak it, ignore it, rest it, work it, cut it, inject it, truss it, MRI it, X-ray it—there are a million theories about how we should heal our wounds.

Ask your compatriots at the gym about the care and preservation of the knees and you will be shown surgical scars, you will be handed doctors' phone numbers, you will hear hospital stories and malpractice stories and tales of experimental medicine. There is no fanatic more fierce than the man who has had a successful knee operation. He will want you to use his surgeon, his crutches, his knee brace and, if he can arrange it, his hospital room.

As I winced and gimped along on my bad wheels, I knew that my problems were my own doing. After excessive and unnatural punishment, my knees rebelled, the pain increased and the treadmills and Stair Masters went off-limits. The time had come for me to admit to my own limitations, and I assure you it was not easy to do. I was grounded.

When I found myself wondering aloud how I could stay in shape, the unsolicited advice from my peers began. I saw doctors, heard conflicting opinions, thought a lot about the subject and finally decided to improvise my own workout routine, one that would help me, not hurt me.

I decided to make use of the swimming pool, something I had never done before. Water is the body of life, they say, and water is an antidote to fire. After months of pool work, I maintain that water is also the preserver of the body. I just wish someone had told me about water workouts a decade ago.

Those of you who are furtively harboring sore joints and torn muscles should join me in the pool. You will be surprised at how effective and therapeutic this cooler form of exercise is.

I don't swim laps. Mostly, I jog in place in water that is about chest deep. I wear a Styrofoam belt that takes some of the weight off my knees (the belt is not a life preserver; I have to work to stay afloat), and I wear gloves with webbed fingers to increase the resistance on my arms and shoulders. Sometimes I tread water, and if that sounds stupid, don't knock it until you've tried it. Treading water for a long time tests your endurance.

To some people I look like a fool, but I don't care. The water supports my knees, cradles them and allows me to make moves that I could never make on land. I have more flexibility in the water, and the pace of my exercise can be easily varied to cut boredom. There is a peacefulness to my water workouts that I had never experienced before. No noisy machines, no slamming weights, no blasting tape decks or radios. Just the pool and the silence and the thoughts of a former landlubber who is now a water lover.

For the initiate, I offer one warning: When you start to work out in a pool, it may seem too easy. Your heart rate may not soar (unless you decide to make the pool your next version of Hades and go for the burn there, too) and your muscles will not feel as tested. But I promise you, after several days you will notice a pleasant fatigue, a gentle loosening of your system. Your body will know that it has been working, but it will also know you are not trying to kill it. And it will thank you.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Nope!

At their price...*

You got taste!

©The American Tobacco Co. 1994.

Manufacturer's Coupon | Expires 3/31/95

$1 OFF 3 PACKS OR A CARTON

To be placed on our mailing list complete the following (Please Print)

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms. ☐ _____

Street Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

1) SEX: ☐ Male ☐ Female 2) Date of Birth: Mo. ___ Day ___ Yr. ___

3) MY REGULAR BRAND IS: _____

4) FLAVOR: ☐ Menthol ☐ Non-Menthol

5) LENGTH: ☐ Regular or King ☐ 100's/Long ☐ 120's/Extra Long

6) TYPE: ☐ Ultra Light ☐ Light/Low Tar ☐ Full Flavor ☐ Non-Filter

Signature (required) X _____

By signing this I certify that I am at least 21 years of age, a smoker and that I wish to receive free cigarette samples, offers and/or other incentives in the mail subject to applicable laws and regulations.

Consumer Caution! This coupon is good only when brand style(s) specified is purchased. It cannot be copied, transferred, or assigned. Any other use constitutes fraud. OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED, LICENSED, TAXED OR OTHERWISE RESTRICTED BY LAW. LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE AND TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. CONSUMER PAYS SALES TAX, IF ANY. Coupon offer expires 3/31/95. Retailers may redeem coupon at face value plus 8¢ handling and actual postage costs incurred if coupon is redeemed in strict accordance with The American Tobacco Company coupon terms, incorporated herein by reference. Copy available upon request. Cash value 1/20th of 1¢. Mail to: The American Tobacco Company, P.O. Box 12012, Nogales, AZ 85662-2012.

43300 13890

*Based on manufacturers' list prices.

15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I got a frantic call in the middle of the night from Dido. She was falling to pieces. Please, please, please could I come over? I fell out of bed and drove over in my nightgown. Dido, flooded with tears, let me in. She was a cloud of gin fumes. Oh, fucking Jesus. After six months locked up in an alcohol treatment center in Oklahoma, and then a year of going faithfully to AA meetings, Dido had catapulted off the wagon.

Her apartment was a showcase for overflowing ashtrays and wadded, used tissues. A mound of dirty underwear sat in one corner.

"See that?" asked Dido, pointing to the underwear mountain. "That's what Chris left behind."

And here, I have my own problems. Just today I had a double session with my shrink. Over a guy. Men.

"I don't know what he thinks of me" was my mantra to my shrink.

"What do you think of him?"

"He's so smart and funny and wonderful and accomplished. Do you think he likes me?"

"How do you feel when you are with him?"

"Stupid and lumpish and not good enough. Do you think he'll call me?"

"What do you think?"

"No, I know he won't."

"You're right, he probably won't."

My shrink is anything but Freudian. He has newfangled methods. He gets right into my life and mixes it up. Also, he has methods of taking me back into my past. Memories flood out. All the pain and terror and sadness come out too. It's a horror movie. It exhausts me completely. After such a session all I want to do is sleep. Oh, Dido.

I refused to talk with her until she drank a quart of coffee. She sat on her velvet sofa and shook. I watched as she grabbed her hair and tried to pull it out of her head, and my heart opened.

"It's the pattern," she said. "The goddamned pattern. I can't stand the pattern." She launched into a two-hour story. It was boring, full of unpleasant people I don't know. Here's the salient point: Men always leave her. Sometimes they die to do it, but usually they just go out for a pack of Camels.

"And now Chris. Chris was never going to leave. We were in therapy together. He wanted to marry me once."

MARY JONES

WHY WE NEVER LEARN

"Once?"

"About two years ago. We were at Disneyland. He said, 'When we get married and have children, let's never bring them here.' That was a proposal."

On such slender, lame jokes many of us pin hopes for an entire existence.

Dido decided all men are like this. They abandon you and force you to take up drinking again.

In my world, all men are not like this. In my world, all men stick around but are annoyed about it. I'm never good enough. If I were only an infinitesimal bit better, they would really love me. And I try and try and they always remain tantalizingly just out of reach. Men, the goddamned brass ring.

"Dido, let's talk about the repetition compulsion."

"I don't want to talk about the repetition compulsion. That's all they talked about at the drunk tank. Repetition this, repetition that. They were the ones who had the fucking repetition compulsion. Leave me alone. Go home. Where did I put that gin?"

Nobody wants to talk about the repetition compulsion. Nobody wants to admit there is such a thing. Except shrinks, who are not quite human. But I am going to try right now, even though my skin is crawling.

OK. As grown-ups, we have the capacity for objectivity. We compare and contrast. If, say, we have a father who goes off on week-long binges, we can look around at the vast panoply of human behavior and think, Hey, I have a really fucked-up dad!

As children, we do not have this luxury. Our reality is defined by whatever is around. If Dad goes off on week-long binges, this is our norm. This is our imprinting. This is all we know. And when Dad goes, we feel desolate, that it's our fault. We do everything we can so he won't ever leave us again. But then he leaves us again. And again. And the wound never quite heals.

"Dido, you have to stop choosing men who are replicas of your father."

"Believe me, I want to. But they're so goddamned attractive. They're candy."

You know how when you see someone across a crowded room and your heart starts to race and you *just know*? That's because your brain is constantly throwing special repetition-compulsion molecules into the air, looking for a target. When I see someone across a crowded room and *just know*, I've found a critical, withholding narcissist. Dido finds men who bolt. Nobody else will do.

When my shrink takes me back in time and all the feelings flood, I feel exactly like I do when another romance doesn't work out, only squared. I feel the origin of my fuck-ups. I think this is making me healthier. I no longer have relationships with shitheads. Then again, I no longer have relationships with anyone.

"It's slightly possible that you'll find someone," says my shrink, the eternal optimist.

"How," I asked Dido, "do I manage to get all men to act like my goddamned mother? What do I do to them?"

"Oh, please," she said. "You just pick the ones who are already like your mother. And then you try to change them, which is impossible. It's a bitter, endless cycle. You know what? You're as fucked up as I am. I feel a lot better."

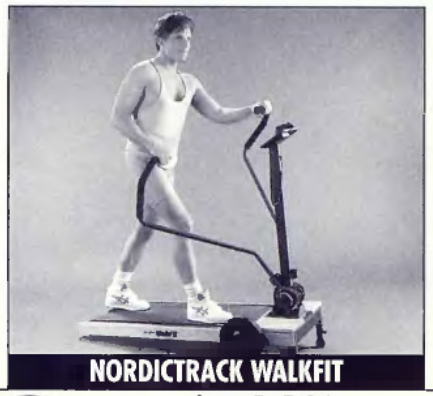
People who were physically or sexually abused as children have something like a 90 percent chance of doing the same thing to their children. That's one hell of a repetition compulsion. Which makes Dido and me the lucky ones.

HEALTHMAX® TREADMILL BEATS NORDICTRACK™! COSTS $300 LESS!

Both **HEALTHMAX** and NordicTrack WalkFit give you an upper and lower body workout along with the superior exercise of a non-motorized treadmill.

But there are 11 powerful reasons to choose **HEALTHMAX** TREADMILL:

HEALTHMAX TREADMILL



NORDICTRACK WALKFIT

		HEALTHMAX TREADMILL	NORDICTRACK WALKFIT
1	Low Price	YES **$299** (plus $59 shipping/handling)	NO **$599.95** (plus $49.95 shipping/handling)
2	Superior Workout of a Non-Motorized Treadmill	YES Non-motorized means you set the pace for a better workout and greater calorie burn. No motor means safety and no maintenance, too.	YES NordicTrack knows they're on to something here. **BUT...** **HEALTHMAX** gives you as much and more for about 1/2 the price!
3	Total-Body Muscular and Cardiovascular Workout	YES Works upper and lower body for most effective total-body workout. Ordinary treadmills only work lower body.	YES **BUT...**Why would you pay $300 more than **HEALTHMAX** TREADMILL?
4	Full 44" Tread Length and 7 Incline Positions	YES Long tread designed for running *and* walking. 7 different tread incline angles give a full range of workout intensity.	NO Shorter 41½" tread limits stride length machine can accommodate. Only 6 incline positions.
5	Variable Resistance on Arm Exercise Poles and Tread	YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial. Arm pole resistance is 2-way—push *and* pull—for maximum workout.	YES **BUT...**WalkFit costs almost *twice as much* as **HEALTHMAX!**
6	Adjustable Height on Arm Exercise Poles	YES Adjust to fit your height for most effective workout.	NO Not adjustable. You'll have to use the one height they give you.
7	Electronic Workout Monitor	YES 7-function monitor tracks your workout progress.	YES **BUT...** Are you sure you want to spend $300 more than **HEALTHMAX** TREADMILL?
8	Pulse Monitor Included	YES Monitors your heart rate for optimum—and safe—workout.	NO Not included. To get one, you must pay an extra $149.95 for their optional "workout computer."
9	Folds for Easy Storage	YES Easily folds to just 49" long by 19½" wide by only 11" high!	YES **BUT...**When folded, it's still 52½" long by 21" wide by a cumbersome 17" high.
10	Comes Virtually Fully Assembled	YES Simply attach monitor and 2 knobs, and you're ready to go!	NO Requires more extensive assembly.
11	Payable in Installments	YES 8 easy credit card installments of just $37.38! ($59 shipping/handling added to first installment.)	YES **BUT...**You start by paying $169.90, then you must pay $39.95 per month for 12 months, then a final $34.54! (includes 12% interest)

You set the pace for a superior upper and lower body workout!

By exercising your entire body simultaneously—the muscles in your arms, shoulders, back, chest, abdomen, buttocks and legs—**HEALTHMAX** gives you a non-motorized muscular and aerobic workout that ordinary treadmills, rowers or exercise bikes can't match! And it does all this at a price that's *half* that of NordicTrack's WalkFit! So don't delay, pick up the phone and order your **HEALTHMAX** TREADMILL today. And while you're using it, you can think of all the things you can do with the $300 you've saved!

CALL TOLL-FREE FOR A 30-DAY NO-RISK IN-HOME TRIAL: 1-800-458-4652 Ext. 762-094

HEALTHMAX®
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

WalkFit is a trademark of NordicTrack, Inc.

©1994 MBI

FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

After watching an expert skier carve turns in virgin powder, it would be easy to conclude that skiing doesn't require much strength. Ripping graceful arcs down the mountainside, spraying up a rooster tail of frozen smoke, the skier seems to be engaged in a languid dance. It looks effortless.

The person who's shredding that slope knows better. After a dozen turns his thighs are burning, his lungs are heaving, his heart is pounding. During the off-season we tend to forget that skiing is strenuous work. To ski well and avoid injury, a person needs to be fit. And getting fit involves training specific muscles—the ones that are required to move in different ways than they normally do, which is why you ache in such unusual places after the first day on the slopes if you haven't trained properly.

Skiing is largely a matter of maintaining balance. The rule about bending your knees—which lowers your center of gravity, shifts weight to the balls of your feet and transforms your legs into shock absorbers—is simple, but you'd best heed it if you want to make it downhill on your skis instead of your backside.

Although bending your knees sounds easy, try standing for 60 seconds with deeply bent knees and an erect spine—the fundamental skiing posture. You will appreciate that skiing makes tremendous demands on the body's main muscles: the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and lower back. These muscles need to be strong to resist the forces working to hurl you beak-first into the snow.

One of the best ways to build iron thighs is an exercise called leg squats: Stand on your left leg and place your right foot on a chair behind you for balance, with the right knee bent at a 90-degree angle. Keeping your back straight, slowly flex the left knee, lowering your body until the left thigh is parallel to the floor. Hold for five seconds, then slowly raise your body until the left thigh is back up to a 30-degree angle. Hold for five seconds and repeat. Do three sets of ten to 15 repetitions, then switch legs.

To avoid knee injuries, you should balance your musculature by working the backs of the legs as hard as you work the thighs. You can accomplish this by doing hamstring curls on a leg extension machine, which also develops the buttocks. Build the muscles in your lower back by doing trunk raises on a bench while a partner holds your feet. Strengthen your abdomen with stomach crunches. Develop endurance by running hills—or better yet, ride a bike up steep grades or into a stiff head wind. If you stand on the pedals and stay out of the saddle, you will come close to working the same muscles you use while skiing.

ISTVAN BANYAI

TRAINING FOR POWDER HOUNDS

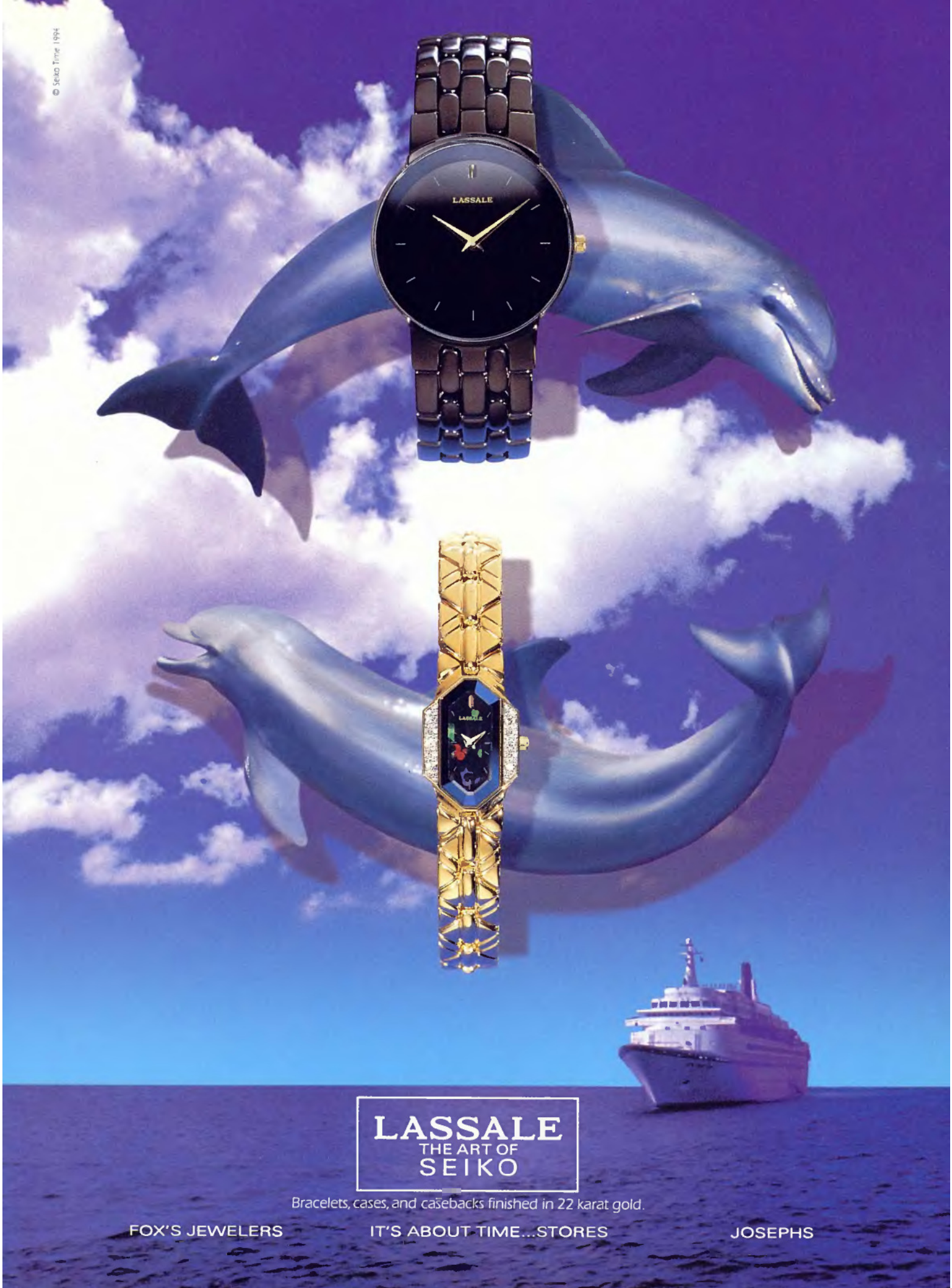
Ideally, you should start working out at least six weeks before you hit the slopes and exercise for a minimum of 40 minutes two or three times a week. No matter how diligently you've trained, show a little restraint when the snow finally falls. Ski conservatively during your first few days back on the boards. Spend a good ten minutes stretching your muscles at the top of the mountain before heading down on your initial run. Warm up with a slow cruise down an easy trail to clear the cobwebs away. And quit early: Remember that most injuries happen late in the day, to tired skiers with flagging concentration. But even if you start a training regimen six months before the first snowflake appears, you may still find yourself winded and sicker than a dog the first days of your annual ski holiday in Colorado or Wyoming. The problem probably isn't your lack of fitness. It's the altitude.

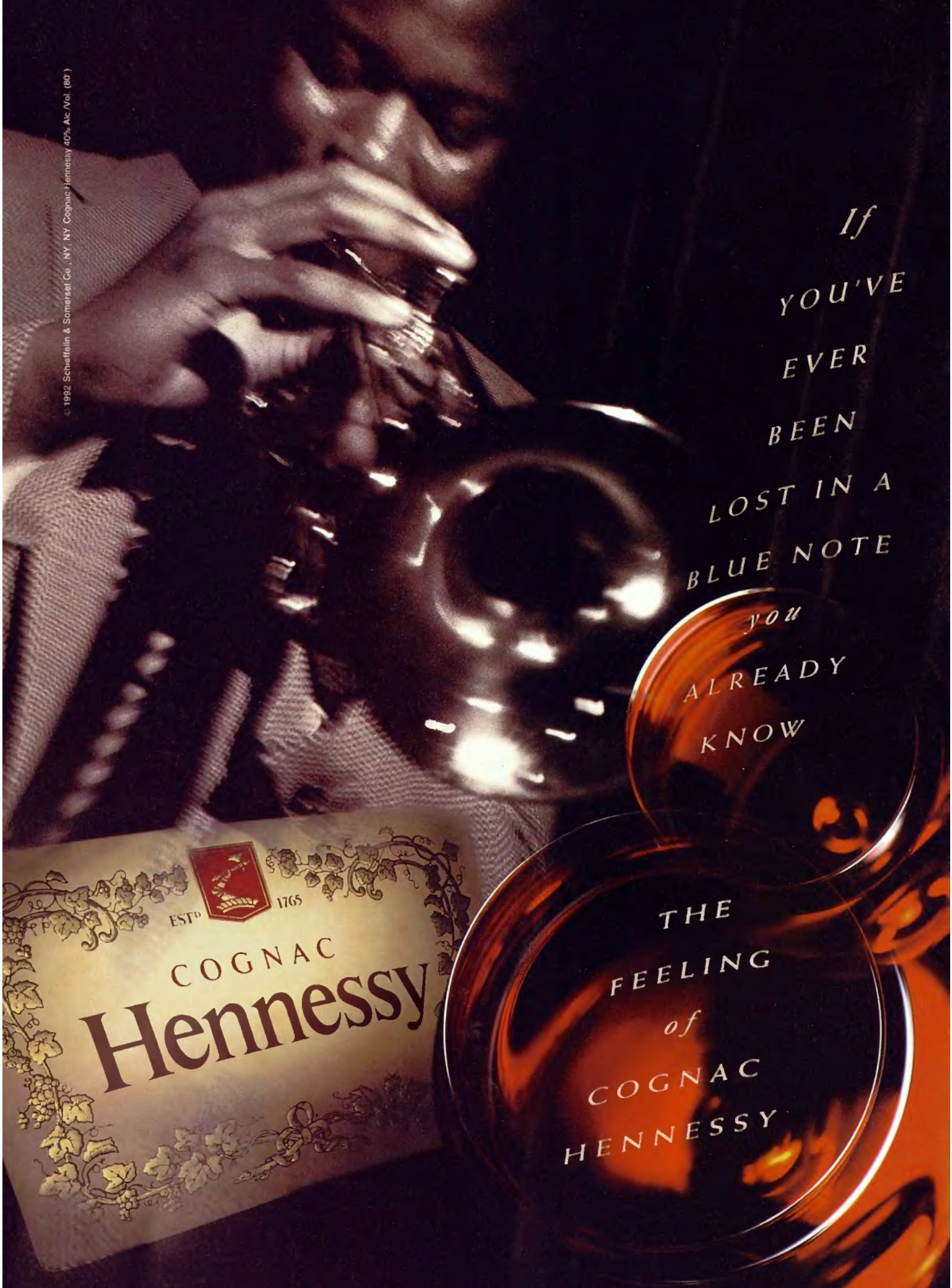
Aspen and Vail are 8000 feet above sea level; Breckenridge, Keystone Mountain and Copper Mountain are more than 9000 feet. And those are just the base elevations. High-speed lifts can whisk skiers to altitudes greater than 11,000 feet the same day they've flown in from sea level, giving the body little chance to adjust to the thinner air. According to a recent study published in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, 25 percent of the people who visit Colorado ski resorts come down with an ailment known as acute mountain sickness within 36 hours of their arrival. Symptoms include shortness of breath, headache, lethargy, nausea, insomnia and general malaise.

According to Dr. Robert Schoene, a professor of medicine at the University of Washington and an authority on altitude-related illness, "AMS feels like a bad hangover. Anybody, no matter how fit or well-prepared, can be hit with it if they go too high too fast. Younger people—fit skiers in their teens and 20s—actually seem to come down with AMS more often than older folks. The symptoms subside in a day or two, but until they do, you won't want to do anything except lie around." Because sick skiers don't buy lift tickets or spend money in bars and restaurants, it has been estimated that AMS costs Colorado ski resorts $50 million to $75 million a year.

"The best way to prevent altitude sickness," says Dr. Colin Grissom of the University of Utah Medical Center, "is to acclimate properly. If you're headed to Vail from sea level, it might help to spend a night at an intermediate level en route. If you have a history of AMS, ask your doctor to prescribe acetazolamide." It is sold under the trade name Diamox. High-altitude trekkers have been using it for years to prevent AMS.

"Take half of a 250mg Diamox tablet before you get on the plane," advises Dr. Grissom, "and the other half after you arrive. Continue to take it twice a day for the first two or three days of your vacation, until you've acclimated. Don't take Diamox if you're allergic to sulfa drugs. It has a few minor side effects—it makes you urinate a lot and causes beer to taste flat—but that's a small price to pay to save your vacation. The point of a ski trip, after all, is to ski hard and have fun, not lie in bed with a splitting headache."


© Seiko Time 1994
LASSALE
LASSALE
THE ART OF
SEIKO
Bracelets, cases, and casebacks finished in 22 karat gold.
FOX'S JEWELERS
IT'S ABOUT TIME...STORES
JOSEPHS


© 1992 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)
If
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
LOST IN A
BLUE NOTE
you
ALREADY
KNOW
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Why is it that affectionate or sexual behavior toward women's feet is portrayed as abnormal or kinky? I love massaging my wife's feet or lifting her legs in the air and kissing them while we have intercourse. The feet can bring an erotic aspect to lovemaking, considering how sensitive and ticklish they are. What do you say?—N. A., Centreville, Virginia.

We think you're right. An aroused woman often has very sensitive and ignored feet, especially the arches, insteps and toes. The right attention from fingertips or gently nibbling teeth can mean the difference between a suborbital flight and a gravity-free adventure.

How does one foil a bike thief? I have a Specialized Stumpjumper that I ride in the woods on weekends and around campus the rest of the time. And it's almost not worth it. Thieves seem to prefer these bikes and will steal anything—from seats to front wheels. Any recommendations?—F. P., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Think like a thief. Most use bolt cutters to sever a padlock (it takes about ten seconds), a crowbar to pop a cheap U-lock or a modified car jack to spread a tough U-lock, which takes about a minute and a half. The best defense is to leave your good bike at home and ride a beater for city commuting. The next best defense is to use two different kinds of high-quality locks (say, the thief-resistant Quadra Chain and a Kryptonite New York lock) and to put both wheels and the frame inside the U-bolt to minimize access. As for bike parts—if you can remove them, thieves can too. "Bicycling" magazine reports that some thieves steal handlebars for the Shimano parts. Take what you can in a backpack.

My girlfriend and I like to use furniture in our lovemaking. Our favorite trick is to find a chair or couch of just the right height so that she can sit on the edge and recline slightly with cushions or pillows behind her for support. After performing oral sex, I enter her while on my knees. We also do this with tables, desks and countertops that are high enough to allow me to stand. This way we can enjoy the visual pleasure of each other's bodies while our hands are free to roam and explore. It's now our secret obsession to look for such furniture when we walk into a room. Which brings me to the point of this letter: I recall seeing a specially designed chair that can be adjusted to accommodate sexual improvisation. Any idea on where to find one?—D. E., Richmond, Virginia.

Have you tried garage sales? We featured a special "love chair" almost a decade ago.

Since then, a host of similar (and less expensive) products have become available. Check an erotic boutique for leather chairs that hang from the ceiling, or fur-lined swings with arm and ankle straps. A lot of home gym equipment (a reclining bench in particular) can be made to do double duty. And then there are always hospital beds. Perhaps you could contact a medical supply house. For the time being though, learn to live off the land. We have found that staircases (both indoor and outdoor) offer similar support. Your girlfriend can use the rail or the stairs. And have you tried the jungle gym at the local park?

I had been seeing the same woman for the past five years, but we parted ways six months ago. She immediately began dating several men she knew from work. Now she says she realizes that I am the only one for her, but she's two months pregnant with another man's child. I love her and we've remained friends and are closer emotionally than ever before. What should I do?—R. W., Madison, Wisconsin.

It sounds like you should give yourself more time to clear your head (a five-year relationship can't be wrapped up in a few months). Foremost, decide if you want to continue a relationship that will involve one and possibly two other people—the child and its father. We'd say you're probably looking at heartache. A child, unlike a relationship, is a lifelong commitment, and if the father expects to be taking the kid to the zoo on weekends, you'd better evaluate who should be in the family photo.

My lover is of the opinion that oral sex is unclean if done after intercourse. That usually means we must interrupt our lovemaking for a bath before he will bring me to orgasm with his tongue. I find this to be annoying. How can I get him to change his views?—D. J., Houston, Texas.

This attitude is not uncommon. Unfortunate, but not uncommon. You need to alleviate his anxiety while you teach him to stop thinking of sex as a workout followed by a shower. Take a warm, wet sponge to bed and use it on each other. It will feel good and ought to freshen things up enough to make sex continuous. Or launch your next adventure in the shower and see what progresses. A little creative thinking can help you knock down his inhibitions without increasing his resistance.

The other night, my wife turned the tables on me. She sucked my nipples the way she likes it done to her, and she was able to bring me to orgasm without even touching my penis. Is this normal for a guy?—R. B., Columbia, South Carolina.

Tit-for-tit, we always say. It's infrequent, but it is normal. Many men love to have their nipples caressed, and sex researchers are still looking for the man whose nipples don't become erect just before orgasm. Although a woman's nipples are generally more sensitive, we've talked to men who say pinching or rubbing their own nipples enhances sex immensely.

My husband and I have been together for nearly two years. He's a fantastic lover and takes good care of me, but for some reason he won't kiss me anymore, not even during sex. My friends insist I don't have bad breath, and when I ask my husband about it, he just shrugs or smiles or changes the subject. What am I doing wrong?—M. S., South Bend, Indiana.

Unless your friends are lying or never stand close enough to recognize a case of killer halitosis (visit your dentist to ease any doubts), your husband has the problem, not you. He may be trying to distance himself from you emotionally. If so, it sounds like it's working. Continue asking about his odd refusals until you get an answer. Make it clear that his lack of intimacy is hurting your relationship.

I would like to know whether it is more common for a woman to have an "innie" or an "outie" (her clitoris, not her belly button). My wife says that fully exposed clitorises are rare, and my friends say some clits are partially exposed. Which of the three is most sensitive?—N. U., Detroit, Michigan.

Think of the clitoris as a tiny, uncircumcised penis that becomes erect when it is

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

stimulated. Too much stimulation can be annoying, which is why nature saw fit to provide a protective hood of skin for the clitoral glans. (That's the small, shiny button that really gets her going when you find it with your fingers or tongue. It retracts shortly before orgasm. Maybe it's shy.) The size and shape of the glans varies among women, but technically, nearly all women have "innies." The size or shape of the glans has no effect on the pleasure a woman experiences, just as the size or shape of a man's penis has no effect on the quality of his orgasm.

I have many favorite, irreplaceable cotton T-shirts that have shrunk over time. How can I stretch them back?—S. E., Lawrence, Kansas.

Once they meet the heat, most T-shirts are never the same. To avoid shrinking new ones, wash with cold water and air dry (cotton fabric can also get coarse when washed in hot water repeatedly). As for your classics, ask your lover to try them on—preferably wet—while you snap photos for your album. You'll find the tight fit flatters her figure more than yours. Once you have your shirts preserved on film, you won't feel so bad using them to wash your car.

How is a guy supposed to position his penis when wearing bikini swim trunks, briefs, workout clothes and similar fashions? I've always been a boxers man, but my wife says she likes me to wear tighter trunks once in a while.—K. D., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

For most men, the "Australian" (down and under) seems to be the position of choice—though we're not basing this on any long-term study of men's crotches. This method has been known to scrunch the testicles into a dark and lonely place, however, and you'll probably feel the need to bring them up for air sooner or later. Experiment to find out what's comfortable, and let others gawk if they will. Remember: It's not important how the package is wrapped, but who opens it.

I have been doing all of my shopping at one store. The reason? I go there to see a certain cashier. I invariably go through her line and we exchange a few words each time. I want to ask her out, but the problem is that the only time I see her is when she's working, and even then we have only a few minutes. How should I ask her out? I've thought of writing a note, but that seems childish. How do you know if you've established a rapport?—M. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

Dating is not an exact science, thank God. This is not an impossible situation. Does she address you in a friendlier manner than do the other cashiers? Are you using first names? If so, simply steer the conversation toward the outside world. Ask if there is a good place to eat in the neighborhood (or if you want to seem more assured, choose a location in advance). Ask if you can meet her there for lunch or dinner. (One of our friends suggests offering to bring back some coffee for her break.) If she hesitates, back off. Maintain a friendly demeanor, then ask again. Another strategy: Ask what she likes to do off work—ride bikes, go to the beach, dance till dawn? Indicate that you enjoy those activities too and that perhaps you could do them together.

My girlfriend and I have a disagreement. I say that sperm dies when it comes in contact with air. For instance, if I were to come on her stomach and semen trickled down to her vagina, I say she couldn't get pregnant. She says she could. Since she's a virgin and the possibility of pregnancy is one of her holdbacks, I'm very interested in your answer.—W. A., Orlando, Florida.

Sperm are hardier and more tenacious than you think. They can live for days within the vagina and long enough once in contact with air to trickle down and impregnate her. It takes only one sperm cell to fertilize an egg, and there are millions of sperm in one drop of semen. So your girlfriend's concerns about a trickle-down conception are valid (though, to be honest, the chances of success are about the same as those of trickle-down economics). If you're getting this close to intercourse, you'd better start taking birth control seriously.

What's your take on air bags and antilock brakes? I recall reading stories about how neither has reduced the rate of accidents and injuries, and that the use of air bags has even increased claims for personal injury. Are they worth the expense?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Seat belts reduce a driver's chance of dying by 45 percent; adding an air bag to the seat belt drops the chance of dying by 50 percent. But even with a seat belt and air bag, survivors will probably have injuries, so don't expect that figure to change dramatically. As for antilock brakes—the brakes do what they are told, exceptionally well. They offer no protection in accidents where someone blindsides you or plows into you from behind. They offer no protection if you drive off the road drunk, or if a highway overpass crushes your car in an earthquake. And if you forget you have them and pump the brake instead of applying steady pressure during a skid, you could make the skid worse. Because air bags and antilock brakes do save more lives and because most insurers discount premiums on cars with them, we'd say they are worth the expense.

Sometimes I experience an odd sensation while making love. I feel that my vagina is a penis, and that my male lover has the vagina. Have you heard of this before?—R. K., Mobile, Alabama.

Yes. It's a powerful image—an intense reversal that can be experienced by men as well as women. You've stumbled (or tossed and turned, wriggled and writhed) your way into a controversy among sexologists. Rebecca Chalker, editor of "A New View of a Woman's Body," says that some researchers now characterize the penis as the male clitoris—pointing out that the clitoris comprises "not just the glans but a complex organ system that includes bodies of erectile tissue, glands, nerves, blood vessels and muscles, just as the penis does." In other words, the clitoris is an organ that's capable of producing great heaving and shuddering and, not surprisingly, an occasional fabulous confusion.

My wife recently had a mastectomy and is self-conscious to the point of keeping her shirt on during sex. How can I reassure her?—H. A., New York, New York.

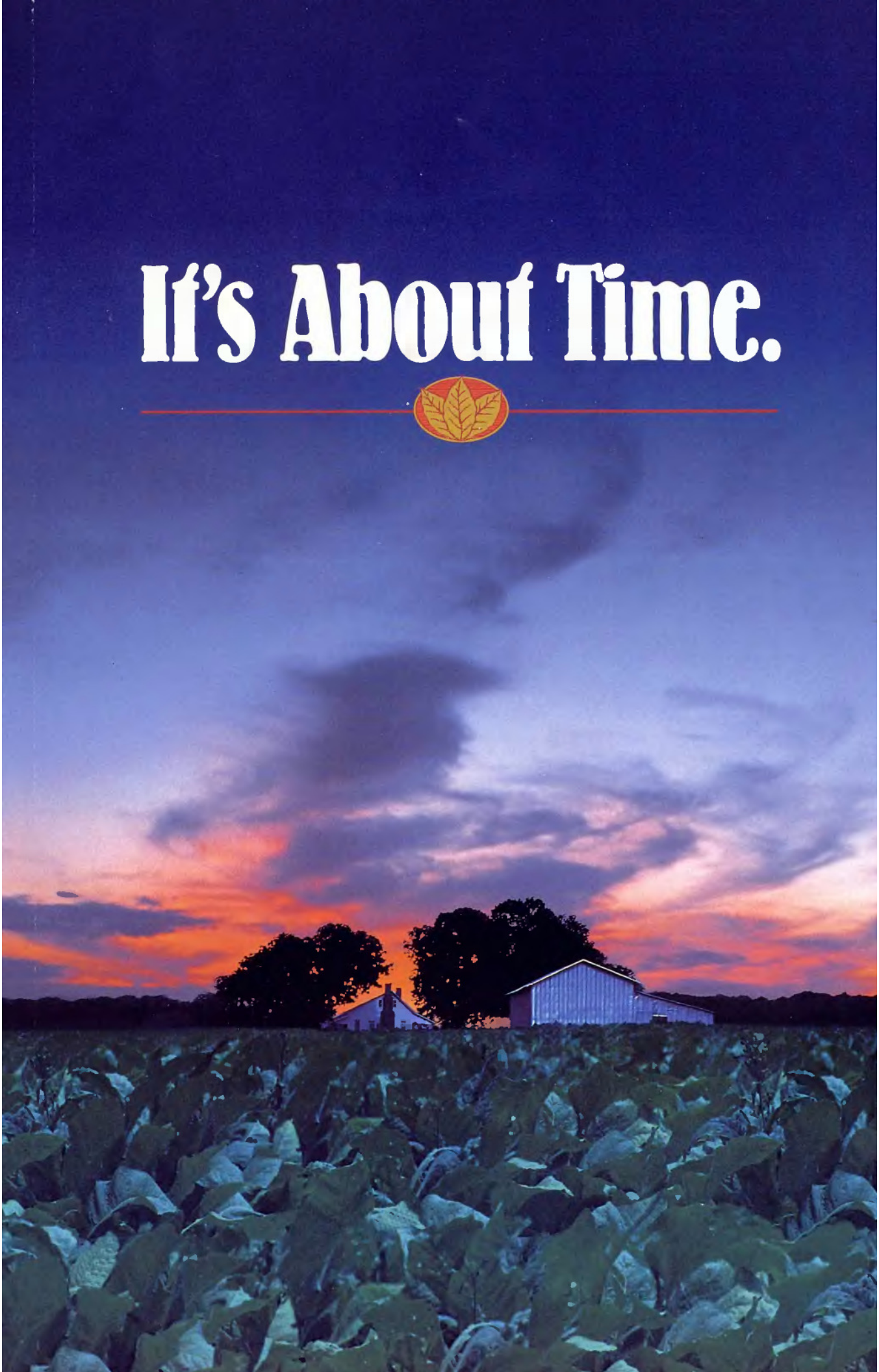
If she doesn't buy your pledges of unconditional love, then write them down on nice stationery and leave them on her pillow. Don't tell her you love her anyway, still or despite. Tell her you love her now, forever and because. She feels she has lost a part of her identity and is afraid you see her as damaged goods. Words are necessary but may not be enough to calm her anxiety. Touch her with her shirt on. Touch her underneath her shirt. Touch her until she wants to take her shirt off herself. Time is on your side. Having said this, we must also warn you that an event as traumatic as a mastectomy affects both partners in a sexual relationship. You may find that your own desire is tied to certain cues, the memory of how she looked, the pleasure that certain forms of foreplay gave you. Be sensitive to the changes you experience.

Why is it that when my boyfriend and I are hung over we get so incredibly horny? I become totally orgasmic and he can go six rounds.—B. R., Las Vegas, Nevada.

Here are some theories: the more time you spend in foreplay and anticipation (e.g., the night out drinking), the longer you can make love. Also, you are already in bed, don't want to move too far, too fast, and anything louder than the sound of an orgasm would be fatal. Actually, there is a physiological explanation: Almost all drugs produce what is known as a rebound effect. A stimulant produces a rush, followed by a depression. A depressant (such as alcohol) mellows you, then leaves you wired. And there's nothing like sex for the edgy.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail address: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

It's About Time.



19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Perfect Aging Is The Key To Smoother Flavor!

Like fine wine or whiskey, tobacco mellows as it ages. So Select takes extra time to age its tobacco for smoother flavor.

It's A Difference You Can...

SEE

Perfectly Aged Tobaccos Are A Rich, Golden Color.

SMELL

Perfectly Aged Tobaccos Have A Rich Aroma.

TASTE

Perfectly Aged Tobaccos Taste Smoother.

©1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You Can't Rush Smooth Flavor.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS STINGS TWICE

uncle sam takes on sex in cyberspace

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

David Dirmeyer is a postal inspector in Memphis, Tennessee. He dreams of a better life, one in which he is "Lance White," crime fighter.

Not long ago, Dirmeyer, using the name Lance White, discovered cyberspace, the wonderful world of computer bulletin boards where people can exchange ideas, pictures and opinions without buying a stamp. In cyberspace he discovered the one thing that postal inspectors since the turn of the century have been obsessed with: sex.

Lance White found a bulletin board called Amateur Action, operated by Robert and Carleen Thomas of Milpitas, California. It offered some 17,000 computer-scanned images, or GIFs. For $99 a year, subscribers could download images of, well, some really weird shit.

White took the six-month membership for $55. He ordered a bunch of fetish videos depicting such acts as urination, three women and a Great Dane, a mock rape (the victim giggles throughout the attack), female torture (like a Jane Fonda workout tape, but with everyone wearing leather masks) and enemas. The videos were sent UPS, which must have really pissed off the postal inspector. White also downloaded GIFs showing a woman having intercourse with a pony, someone fucking a pig, someone else performing oral sex on a horse and—shining like a beacon of normality—a come shot on a woman's face.

Amateur Action claims to be the nastiest place in cyberspace, and it had attracted attention before. The high tech squad of the San Jose, California police department, which, when it is too tired to go after offenders in its own neighborhood, likes to cruise computer networks looking for deviants, had already seized (and returned) the Amateur Action computer system. It found no images of child porn. There was some stuff labeled "young girls"—but they recognized the 18- to 25-year-olds as both young and adult.

Lance was not to be stopped.

He went through Uncle Sam's private stash of child porn. He contacted Robert Thomas and mentioned that he had some "unusual stuff," some "action magazines." (Apparently the government thinks everybody knows these are code words for child porn.)

Shortly after this enigmatic exchange, Thomas received an express mail delivery (Lance was at least true to his employer). Inside were magazines showing kids engaged in sex. Dirmeyer, now going by his real name, followed the delivery with a search warrant for, among other things, all records of business dealings with Lance White.

The case was tried in Memphis. Of the 70 citizens in the jury pool, only a few had computers, one had a modem and none had cruised the Internet. One had a son who had recently been cured of an addiction to pornography, but that, insisted the father, wouldn't keep him from being fair. A jury was chosen and members were asked to judge the videos and GIFs by local community standards.

The only person in Memphis who had ever done business with Amateur Action was Lance White. In fact, the person who had brought obscenity into Memphis was Lance White. It's not as if the Thomases were dispensing this stuff on street corners or preempting *Roseanne* with enema videos. There was no threat to the local community at all.

But Memphis prides itself on setting the moral tone for the nation. In the early Seventies prosecutors hauled the cast and crew of *Deep Throat* all the way from Hollywood to Memphis for a months-long obscenity trial and media circus. *Deep Throat* had never been shown in Memphis. It's called venue shopping—what postal inspectors do to make life a little more interesting in towns that have no Times Square. Create a crime, then arrange to have it committed in the most conservative town in America. The porn posse had dragged Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, to Wichita, Kansas. It waited until the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit (artistic photos of S&M and gay sex) reached a Cincinnati art museum to make a bust. Juries in those trials found the accused innocent.

The Memphis jury found the Thomases guilty of 11 counts of obscenity, including the come shot. They face up to 55 years in jail and millions of dollars in fines.

The jury saw through the bogus kid porn charge, and held that Lance White–David Dirmeyer had entrapped the Thomases.

How many self-important postal inspectors does it take to subvert the Constitution? One.

OOPS— YOU'RE DEAD

the body count from no-knock drug raids is climbing. are you next?

By JAMES BOVARD

On March 25 of this year, 13 heavily armed Boston police wearing fatigue outfits smashed into the apartment of a 75-year-old retired minister, the Reverend Accelynne Williams. Williams ran into his bedroom when the raid began, but police smashed down the bedroom door, shoved Williams to the floor and handcuffed him. Williams may have had up to a dozen guns pointed at his head during the scuffle. Minutes later, Williams died of a heart attack. No drugs or guns were found in Williams' apartment. The police had carried out the raid based on a tip from an unidentified informant who said that there were guns and drugs in the building but did not give a specific apartment number. A policewoman simply took the informant's word, did a quick drive-by of the building, got a search warrant and then gave the go-ahead to her fellow officers to charge. An editorial in *The Boston Globe* later observed, "The Williams tragedy resulted, in part, from the 'big score' mentality of the centralized Boston Police Drug Control Unit. Officers were pumped up to seize machine guns in addition to large quantities of cocaine and a 'crazy amount of weed,' in the words of the informant."

The Boston police commissioner apologized.

The press coverage made the event look like an isolated tragedy in the war on drugs. It was not.

No-knock police raids destroy Americans' right to privacy and safety. People's lives are being ruined or ended as a result of unsubstantiated assertions by anonymous government informants.

As early as 1603, English courts recognized that law officers were obliged to knock and announce their purpose before entering a citizen's home. Early American courts, such as the New York Supreme Court in 1813, adopted similar requirements.

Unfortunately, contemporary law enforcement practice does not reflect the patience or respect for individual rights that the founding fathers had. Police do not keep statistics on warrants served at the wrong address or of the innocent bystanders killed or maimed in the war on drugs. But a search of newspaper files turns up a litany of law enforcement agencies gone berserk.

At two A.M. on January 25, 1993, police smashed down the door and rushed into the home of Manuel Ramirez, a retired golf course groundskeeper living in Stockton, California. Ramirez awoke, grabbed a pistol and shot and killed one policeman before other officers killed him. The police were raiding the house based on a tip that drugs were on the premises, but they found no drugs.

County Sheriff's Lieutenant Dan Lewis later tried to justify the raid's methods: "Our problem is that a lot of times we're dealing with drug dealers, and their thought processes are not always right from the start. That's when things get real dangerous for us."

Police told reporters the next day that, though the drug raid was a complete failure, they did find $8500 in cash—much of it in $50 and $100 bills, which the police asserted was consistent with drug dealers' cash-handling methods. Maria Ramirez, Manuel's daughter, said that the money was from the family business of selling jewelry at flea markets. She had receipts to prove it.

•

On August 25, 1992, officials from the U.S. Customs Service and the DEA, along with local police, raided the San Diego home of businessman Donald Carlson, setting off a bomb in his backyard (to disorient Carlson), smashing through his front door and shooting him three times after he tried to defend himself with a gun. Police even shot Carlson in the back after he had given up his gun and was lying wounded on his bedroom floor. Amazingly, Carlson survived the raid.

The Customs Service mistakenly believed that there were four machine guns and a cache of narcotics in Carlson's home. Carlson related in congressional testimony in 1993 that even after agents failed to find any drugs, "No one offered me medical assistance while I lay on the floor of my bedroom. Eventually, paramedics arrived and took me to the hospital. I was shackled and kept in custody under armed guard for several days at the hospital.

During that time, I was aware of hospital personnel referring to me as a criminal and of police officers and agents coming into my room."

The raid was based on a tip from a paid informant named Ron, who later told the *Los Angeles Times* that he had never formally identified a specific house to be searched.

Customs officials had Carlson's home under surveillance for many hours before they launched the raid. The agents could easily have arrested Carlson when he arrived home at ten P.M. but instead watched and waited to attack until after midnight, when

Carlson was asleep, in order to maximize the surprise. Although they had a search warrant based on the house being a drug storehouse, agents carried out the raid even after it became obvious that Carlson was living a normal life there.

The government finally admitted limited liability for Carlson's medical costs in March 1994, but the chief federal prosecutor, Alan Bersin, simultaneously hailed the "courageous law enforcement efforts in the area of drug interdiction" involved in the case. "The tragedy for everyone involved is that no one acted other than in good faith," Bersin asserted. "We were deceived by our informant and must accept responsibility for that."

Bersin's statement implies that when federal agents launch a raid on someone's home based solely on an allegation by a government informant, a "tragedy" occurs only when the informant deceives the agents. The Justice Department has indicated that no federal agents will be prosecuted for their actions before, during or after the raid.

DARREN THOMPSON

In March 1992 a police SWAT team in Everett, Washington killed Robin Pratt in a no-knock raid while carrying out an arrest warrant for her husband. (Her husband was later released after the allegations on which the arrest warrant was based turned out to be false.) *The Seattle Times* summarized the raid:

"Instead of using an apartment key given to them, SWAT members threw a 50-pound battering ram through a sliding-glass door that landed near the heads of Pratt's six-year-old daughter and five-year-old niece. As deputy Anthony Aston rounded the corner to the Pratts' bedroom, he encountered Robin Pratt. SWAT members were yelling, 'Get down,' and she started to crouch to her knees. She looked up at Aston and said, 'Please don't hurt my children.' Aston had his gun pointed at her and fired, shooting her in the neck. According to attorney John Muenster, she was alive another one to two minutes but could not speak because her throat had been destroyed by the bullet. She was then handcuffed, lying facedown."

In 1991 Garland, Texas police dressed in black and wearing ski masks burst into a mobile home, waving guns. They kicked down the door of a bedroom that Kenneth Baulch shared with his 17-month-old son. The police found Baulch holding an object in his hand. A policeman shot and killed Baulch. The object turned out to be an ashtray. The police say Baulch was advancing on them. The subsequent lawsuit contends he was shot in the back.

In 1989 Titusville, Florida policemen conducted a nighttime no-knock drug raid on the home of a 58-year-old painter, Charles DiGristine. The raid began as the police set off a concussion grenade and smashed through DiGristine's front door. When DiGristine's wife screamed, he hurried to his bedroom to get a pistol. A policeman dressed in dark clothing and a black mask crashed into his bedroom, gunfire was exchanged and the officer was killed. The local government prosecuted DiGristine for first-degree murder, but a jury acquitted him. (The police believed—based on bogus information from an anonymous informant—that the DiGristine home was a center for heavily armed drug dealers. The only drug they found in the raid was a small amount of marijuana owned by DiGristine's 16-year-old son.)

DEA agents used an ax to break down the door of an innocent man's home in Guthrie, Oklahoma in 1991 and then handcuffed and kicked the man in front of his wife and daughters before the agents realized they were at the wrong address. They left without apologizing.

Unfortunately, no-knock raids are becoming more common as federal, state and local politicians and law enforcement agencies decide that the war on drugs justifies nullifying the Fourth Amendment. As Charles Patrick Garcia noted in a 1993 *Columbia Law Review* article, "Seven states, favoring strong law enforcement, have chosen a 'blanket approach,' which holds that once police have established probable cause to search a home for drugs, they are not required to follow the constitutional knock-and-announce requirement."

Even liberal states are jumping on the no-knock bandwagon. The Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled in February that police could forcibly enter a home without knocking in any case in which there was "evidence of drug dealing." Unfortunately, "evidence of drug dealing" can be the uncorroborated assertion of a single anonymous paid government informant. The Wisconsin court said that the "possibility for violence" can be minimized by allowing police to rely on "unannounced, dynamic entry"—though it's a good bet that the judges don't expect police to carry out such raids in the judges' neighborhoods.

Even in states where search warrants require a knock on the door before entry, police routinely disregard that formality. In a 1991 corruption trial, a former Los Angeles policeman testified that the accused officers falsely reported that they had complied with the knock-and-announce rule. In reality they violated the rule in 97 percent of the search warrants they executed.

No-knock raids in response to alleged narcotics violations presume that the government should have practically unlimited power to endanger some people's lives in order to control what others ingest. The right to batter down a door apparently includes the right to kill any citizen who tries to stop the police from forcibly entering his or her home.

The ACLU and the National Rifle Association have jointly called for President Clinton to appoint a commission to investigate "lawlessness in law enforcement." Better yet, Congress should establish explicit rules to limit the arbitrary and violent behavior of federal agents carrying out searches and raids, and state legislatures should repeal their laws granting unlimited no-knock-search powers to police in their jurisdictions.

James Bovard is author of "Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty."

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

The clients of Terence Flynn and Jane Larson should go to court—criminal court ("The Law & Love," *The Playboy Forum*, August). If women have sex with men and expect something in return, whether it be marriage or lawsuit money, they should be charged with prostitution. Likewise, Flynn and Larson, who condone the actions of their clients and seek profitable gain, should be charged with pimping and pandering.

David Lane
Wasco, California

TIJUANA BIBLE BELTERS

I applaud Chuck Shepherd's examination of the Michael Diana obscenity trial ("Loony Toons," *The Playboy Forum*, August). Diana is possibly the first cartoonist in memory to be convicted for his art and the first artist ever to be ordered to stop drawing "material that could be considered obscene" as part of his punishment. I am executive director of the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, the nonprofit organization that has raised and paid $36,000 for Diana's defense and more than $150,000 in legal fees for others in the comic-book industry whose freedom of speech has been threatened. On June 29, 1994 a circuit judge in Pinellas County, Florida denied the ACLU's motion to argue the constitutional rights of the artist. If this is an indication of the attitude the court will take, we are headed for a frustrating and extensive appeal. I urge anyone who is interested in fighting censorship and protecting First Amendment rights to contact me.

Susan Alston
Comic Book Legal Defense Fund
P.O. Box 693
Northampton, MA 01061

Pinellas County's video-store raid is consistent with Michael Diana's comic-book controversy and the banning of thong bikinis in St. Johns County. It is in direct conflict with the Supreme Court's mandate for determining obscene material. Florida's crusade to curtail crime by "cracking down on dangerous acts wherever and however they may appear" is a waste of tax dollars and an attempt to legislate morality.

D.W. Taft
Largo, Florida

I don't fear Florida's criminals—I fear its law enforcement and legal system. Michael Diana's sentence is cruel and unusual. I am a member of the Small Press Syndicate, an organization that brings artists together to create a variety of comics. Diana's work would not be forbidden by us, but would not appeal to our members simply because it is not within our tastes. If not fought now, a few insensitive, ultraconservative individuals and organizations who fear diversity will destroy a wonderful hobby.

Dan Beck
Lehi, Utah

I am a child-adolescent psychologist who has been following the Michael Diana story. There is no question that some media can affect some individuals in some ways, under some circumstances. However, perpetuating the myth that popular culture is responsible for society's ills is Beavis and Butthead mentality.

Joseph Crum
St. Petersburg, Florida

PENN FOR PREZ

Penn Jillette is right on the mark ("Warning: This Is a Violent Article," *The Playboy Forum*, September). Fiction does not cause violence. Look at the American Revolution. All of that violence was caused by taxes. Not one of Washington's men played Mortal Kombat or Street Fighter II.

Thomas Knox
Conyers, Georgia

LOST RIGHTS

Stewart Baker, the National Security Agency's general counsel, is an idiot ("Privacy From Whom?" *The Playboy Forum*, September). He asks where in the Constitution Americans find a right to unbreakable encryption. The Constitution is not about rights of citizens, it's a blueprint for government. Along with the Bill of Rights, this document gives us the power to limit the actions of government. In addition, the Tenth Amendment states that the U.S. government cannot assume powers that are not specifically listed.

George Knoblauch
San Antonio, Texas

TOO LATE FOR TONYA

"Know where your tapes are at all times. Treat your personal erotic videos like you would a loaded gun. Keep them in a locked cabinet or drawer, particularly if you have inquisitive children. If you're the least bit worried that your tapes may fall into the wrong hands, erase or destroy them.

"Many states still have outdated antisodomy laws that make a crime out of any sexual act beyond the missionary position, and you can be prosecuted for making love in ways not deemed fit by the state.

"Don't use a tape as a weapon. If a relationship has a rocky ending, it might be tempting to hurt or embarrass your partner in some way with your erotic recordings. To avoid the temptation, or if you're worried that your partner might want to use your erotic tapes against you, simply erase your tapes."

—FROM *Video Sex: Create Erotic and Romantic Home Videos With Your Camcorder*, BY KEVIN CAMPBELL

RESPONSE

The Tenth Amendment has severely eroded over the years. Groups from both the left and right have found the seductive lure of government benefits sufficient to override the concerns for increasing government power. Until the ACLU and the NRA start worrying about the entire Constitution and not just their favorite parts, the feds will feel neither political nor legal pressure to obey this amendment.

Jim Kanuth
League City, Texas

Mike Godwin correctly points out that without the right to use a telephone and the right to keep communication private through encryption if necessary, our guarantees of free speech, association and privacy won't mean much. The argument also applies to self-defense. Safety in your own home means nothing if you are not able to exercise the right to defend yourself. How am I safer after you've taken my gun away?

David Barber
San Diego, California

JUDY, JUDY, JUDY

Do you get the feeling that Dr. Judith Reisman may have been smoking a little too much funny stuff ("For the Record," *The Playboy Forum*, September)? Her assertion that PLAYBOY is a homosexual magazine is twisted. God help us all if anyone ever tells Dr. Reisman that war is peace, ignorance is strength and slavery is freedom. Where, oh where, are the nice men in white coats when we need them?

Dennis Anthony
Los Angeles, California

TEXAS TEXTBOOK TAMPERERS

In response to the board of education's pressure to reform Texas high school health textbooks ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, July), here is a sampling of the more than 500 proposed revisions that ran in the *Austin American-Statesman*:

- Delete sexually transmitted disease hotline numbers.
- Replace a section on working mothers with "a discussion of current research indicating that infants under the age of one who are in day care develop insecure bonds with their parents and that those bonds are crucial to intellectual and emotional development."
- Delete illustrations of condom on an erect penis in teacher edition.
- Delete picture of Magic Johnson in a happy mood in student editions. Add photographs of a person ill with AIDS. AIDS is death.
- Delete from glossary the entries on conception, ejaculation, erection, monogamy, semen and vagina. Delete penis and semen from index.
- Add abstinence to the glossary.
- Add the following reminder: "If you limit the number of your partners and use latex condoms during intercourse, you are still at risk from defective products."
- Delete "Thanks to appropriate prenatal care and tests such as amniocentesis, the overwhelming majority of babies are born normal." The education commissioner suggested deleting the reference to amniocentesis.
- Delete "It is the law in every state that anyone can be treated for a communicable disease. You will not be required to get permission from your parents and your parents will not be notified."
- Delete "Choosing to have fewer children is seen by some as a positive sign because it may enable parents to better provide for the children they already have."
- Delete "Overpopulation can lead to poverty."
- Delete illustrations and explanation of breast self-exam.
- Delete section on "What is the function of the clitoris?"

Nathaniel Bynner
Chicago, Illinois

Do we detect something of an agenda here? Welcome to the Nineties. The religious right also objected to discussions of masturbation, condom shopping, anal intercourse, the difference between a circumcised and uncircumcised penis, yoga, meditation, athlete's foot, jock itch and whether gays should be allowed to adopt. One columnist claimed that a page describing the stages of sexual response could "lead uninitiated teenagers through the mechanics of the sex act." God forbid.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.

Marcia Pally, author of *Sex & Sensibility: Reflections on Forbidden Mirrors and the Will to Censor*, on the roots of the culture war: "Censorship in the United States is offered to the public as an elixir of safety. Like the traveling salesmen whose tonics would cure what ails you, proponents of book banning (and movie, magazine and music banning) suggest their cure will bring an improvement in life: Rid yourselves of pornography, *Catcher in the Rye* or the *Maja Desnuda*, and life will be safer, happier, more secure. Get rid of bad pictures and one is rid of bad acts. This promise of a better life, if only some magazine or movie is banished, is one reason so many people of good intentions are lured to the bonfires. The social-benefit rationale for censorship has smoothed a progressive patina over older, religious sanctions against sex. It makes the banning of books and movies seem reasonable to many Americans who would laugh at threats of brimstone and hellfire."

FORUM FYI

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

a one-on-one encounter with a would-be martyr
By CRAIG VETTER

The morning I saw Paul Hill's mug-shot smile on the front page of a newspaper a chill crawled over me. Then a rage. You slimy bastard, I thought. You miserable coward. You were going to have your copycat martyrdom and the limelight that goes with it no matter what it took. Two dead, almost three. And you, in that police photo, grinning with the knowledge that those ambush murders would be celebrated, openly and in secret, throughout the movement that calls itself pro-life.

My anger can be traced to a conversation that I had with Hill five months earlier in Pensacola, Florida at the trial of Michael Griffin, the man who assassinated Dr. David Gunn at a clinic called Women's Medical Services. Hill was at that trial every day. He wore a suit and an obsequious smile that never seemed to leave his choirboy face. He carried anti-abortion placards on the sidewalk in front of the heavily guarded courthouse. He loitered about the hallways telling everyone who would listen, especially members of the media, that when Griffin shot the doctor three times in the back he was delivering the Lord's vengeance and that what this godless country needed was a few more Christian soldiers with courage enough to pick up a gun and carry out what he called "biblically justified homicide." Then he'd smile as if he were still a Presbyterian minister (he had been defrocked for his fundamentalist extremism), as if he were standing on the church steps Sunday morning receiving congratulations for his sermon.

He balked politely when I asked him for an interview. "I just think talking to PLAYBOY would be more trouble than it's worth," he said. Then he mentioned that he was a big fan of Rush Limbaugh and that he had heard the radio-show host say something disparaging about his contacts with the magazine. "Still," he told me, "I am almost conservative enough that I want to do it."

"Well," I said, "I can understand if you're running the kind of ministry that preaches only to the converted. But I don't respect it. Think of Daniel in the lions' den, and let me know if you change your mind."

I'd reached into the Old Testament for an image, because I knew that was where Hill's heroes lived. I'd read his screed, including an article in the August 1993 issue of *Life Advocate*, a nasty, militant anti-abortion magazine that is published in Portland, Oregon. Hill's article was titled WHO KILLED THE INNOCENT—MICHAEL GRIFFIN OR DAVID GUNN? In it he paraphrased Numbers 25, which contains the account of a celebrated murder that pleased the Lord enough for him to lift a plague that had killed 24,000 people. It's a classic Old Testament moment: Moses weeping outside the tabernacle, telling his flock that the plague had fallen on them for the sins of those Israelites who were whoring around with Moabite women. As Moses preached, the son of an Israeli prince and the daughter of a Midianite chief crawled into a nearby tent and began to get it on. At which point a man named Phinehas broke from the crowd, grabbed a javelin, stormed into the tent and speared the couple where they lay. The wrath of an angry God was lifted from the people, and a holy hero was made who would inspire Paul Hill to commit murder 3000 years later.

"You can argue that of all the acts in the Old Testament, that one received more approbation from God than any other," Hill told me as we talked in a park across the street from the courthouse. He had called me the day after our first conversation to say he'd consulted with his mentor, Andrew Burnett, the publisher of *Life Advocate*, who had told him that talking to PLAYBOY was a good idea. It was important to confront as many people as possible with the hard, angry truth.

"Most Christianity is mealy-mouthed," said Hill as we talked about the radical anti-abortion agenda. "It's like cafeteria-type Christianity. It supports the law that says we should be loving but neglects the law that says we should act decisively against the guilty. Which is what I believe Michael Griffin did. What he did was incredibly brave and audacious."

In fact, Hill's activism against abortion didn't take fire until after Griffin shot Dr. Gunn. Until that time he was a minor player in the Pensacola abortion

battles, which had included clinic bombings, relentless demonstrations and vicious harassment of anyone involved with the clinics. John Burt, the militant leader of an organization called Our Father's House, was the man the police watched most closely. He owned property adjacent to the Ladies Center, another clinic at which Gunn had performed abortions. Every week he and his followers, including Griffin, stood on platforms so they could look over the clinic fence and yell about hellfire at staff and patients. One of the bumper stickers on Burt's van read EXECUTE MURDERERS/ABORTIONISTS.

Last June, Hill was arrested for what he called "informing the public of the evils of human abortion." By shouting "Mommy, mommy, please don't let them kill me!" and "Don't let them make you the mother of a dead baby!" to women entering the clinic, he violated the city's noise ordinance.

Michael Hirsh, a lawyer for Pat Robertson's American Center for Law and Justice, tried unsuccessfully to persuade a judge that Hill's taunts were constitutionally protected speech. *The New York Times* would later report that Hirsh had written an article for the *Regent University Law Review* "asserting that killing doctors who perform abortions was fully justified, perhaps even obligatory for a good Christian." (Regent University was founded by Pat Robertson.)

In the wake of Gunn's murder Burt backed away from the rhetoric he had spouted for so long. When testifying at Griffin's trial, he denied having inspired Griffin and insisted he did not condone the killing of doctors as a tactic for the anti-abortion movement. As far as Hill was concerned, Burt's timidity left the radical pulpit empty, and he stepped into it with the kind of sermon he knew would draw the media to him.

"And God looked down from Heaven and saw all these babies being murdered, and then he looked down and saw this one bloody murderer finally getting what he deserved. It was like—I don't know how to say it. . . ."

I watched him search for words, and I felt, as I sometimes do, like a copyboy in a nuthouse, hoping he'd say the craziest thing possible so that I could put it in my story (*Death at the Clinic Door*, PLAYBOY, July 1994) as one more reminder that religious fanatics are the scariest fanatics of them all. It didn't take him long to find the words that described his feeling when he heard that Gunn was dead. He smiled as he said them. "It was like a sense of righteousness had prevailed, the truth had been vindicated and justified, that the righteous indignation of God had been expressed."

I decided to ask Hill a question: "Since you seem to believe so deeply in the righteousness of Dr. Gunn's murder, would you do as Michael Griffin has done?"

"No," he said. "I want to save as many children as I can, and I honestly believe that I can accomplish that better by preaching, which is my calling, than by taking up a weapon. An illustration of that might be that you can believe in the justice of Operation Desert Storm without actually taking up an M-16 and going off to fight. I might go as a minister to encourage the troops, for instance."

At that point in the conversation I called him a coward. It makes me clammy to read the transcript now, but after an hour of listening to Hill quote and misquote every Biblical character from Moses to Jesus in justification of murder, I couldn't help telling him that sending others to do the killing he believed in while he stood outside the courthouse smiling and making sermons to the media was a hollow, sleazy dance. He looked at me, using his sheepish smile to hide the wolf, and said, "Craig, there is no question in my heart that I am not a coward. If anything, my problem is that I'm too forthright, too reckless."

When he compared his radicalism to that of Jesus, I threw a little more grease on the fire. I suggested that he was making his radical speeches under the free-speech protection of this country and that if he were living under Roman law, as Jesus had, he'd find himself nailed to a cross.

"And I may end up there, too," he said.

I didn't believe him. I didn't know at the time that he and Burt had already stalked the Ladies Center with cameras to identify the new doctor—John Britton—who had taken Gunn's place. There was an article about their successful spy effort in the September 1993 issue of *Life Advocate*. It's a joyful story that trumpets the fact that, despite setbacks, the anti-abortion movement is succeeding in scaring doctors out of the work. "The war is far from over," it says. Then, after recounting the hiding and chasing that went into identifying Dr. Britton, the story ends, "John Burt is currently working on an 'unwanted' poster exposing this man for the butcher that he is and making vital information about him available to the public. Plans to visit this man at his home as well as at his private practice are now in the works."

When Griffin's sentence was announced, the media gathered in front of the courthouse for statements from Gunn's family and from other prochoice representatives. All of them were grateful for the life sentence Griffin had received, and all of them warned that the war was not over.

Paul Hill was the last to step to the thicket of microphones. He reiterated his message that Griffin was a hero and that more heroes were probably going to be necessary. "Are we going to see you on trial for murder any time soon, Mr. Hill?" shouted one of the reporters derisively. There was laughter and snickering from the press. No, said Hill, smiling his shy smile. God had called him to preach.

The next time I saw that smile it had turned to a grin on the front page of the newspaper, July 30, 1994. And two more people were dead.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DRUG-FREE ZONE

EUCLID, OHIO—*Prospective tenants are lining up for drug screening in order to qualify for apartments in a 167-unit complex. The co-manager of the church-owned property said that 450 would-be tenants have agreed to take urine tests. Housing officials and the ACLU maintain that the testing is legal because the apartment complex is privately owned.*

SOMEBODY SAY "SHUT UP"

CHICAGO—*The city's standard agreement for performers now includes an antidiscrimination clause. The addition was made after the gospel group New Joy Community Singers concluded its second number at a lakefront festival with a member adding: "And we ain't got no homosexuals, hallelujah, no fornicators, hallelujah, certainly no homosexuals, because we been saved!" Representatives of the Mayor's Office of Special Events said the ending was not on the program, and apologized for the "bigotry and ignorance exhibited."*

SMILE—YOU'RE BUSTED

DENVER—*While police departments have been combating prostitution by publishing the names of johns in local papers, the Denver suburb of Aurora has gone one step further by including the men's pictures. It is made clear that those arrested have yet to be convicted. Those found not guilty can have their pictures published a second time, reporting exoneration.*

TOP-SECRET PORN

LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA—*Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory conducts top-secret nuclear weapons research, but lab officials recently discovered that computer hackers had penetrated their security and had used their computers as a storage depot for distributing pornography on the Internet. The Livermore computers yielded more than 1000 hard-core images.*

AND NOT-SO-SECRET PORN

LONDON—*A TV set playing in the window of an electronics store somehow picked up the satellite transmission of an X-rated Italian film. Cab drivers and pedestrians had the street so jammed that police had to reach the scene via a side street. The film played until four A.M. because the store had closed for the night and the key holder could not be found.*

HONOR THY DONOR

BOLLNÄS, SWEDEN—*A Swedish court has ruled that a sperm donor does not qualify as a father since he never had intercourse with the mother. The decision arose from a case in which an artificially impregnated woman sued a man to establish paternity, thereby forcing him to provide child support.*

DOWN UNDER DEVIANTS

SYDNEY—*Australia is going the extra mile to discourage adults from having sex with minors. Since the government's discovery of organized efforts to promote pedophilia abroad, Australian citizens who travel to Thailand and other Third World countries to engage in sex with young girls or boys are subject to prosecution and 12 to 17 years in prison. Under the Child Sex Tourism Bill, arranging such ventures is also illegal.*

SEX ED?

DENTON, ENGLAND—*The mother of an 11-year-old boy complained that until her son went to the Duke Street Young People's Center, he knew nothing about oral sex. Besides providing explicit sexual information, the center has given youngsters flavored condoms. Health authorities defended the organization, saying that the purpose of the clinic is to provide free sexual advice to children who are reluctant to consult teachers or parents.*

MOONLIGHTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS—*An instructor at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism is out of a job, apparently because his extracurricular publishing activities offend the administrators who renew teaching contracts. As founder and co-editor of a quarterly magazine called "Libido: The Journal of Sex and Sensibility," Jack Hafferkamp had been pictured naked with his life partner. The exposure might have been tolerated but for an episode of HBO's "Real Sex" in which Hafferkamp identified himself as an instructor at the school. Soon after, he was advised that his teaching services would no longer be needed.*

UP THE ORGANIZATION

NEW YORK CITY—*A survey by "Men's Health" magazine indicates that 68 percent of 1400 respondents had engaged in sex with a co-worker, and that the most popular place to do the deed was on top of a supervisor's desk. Editor Mike Lafavore commented, "Obviously, throwing darts at a photo of the boss just doesn't satisfy some employees the way it used to."*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

"The applause was deafening when Mr. Jenkins told the pianist if he didn't end his "Feelings" medley, he'd find himself wearing Mr. Jenkins' martini."
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
How refreshingly distinctive.
Imported English Gin. 47.3% Alc/Vol(94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1994 Schieffelin and Somerset Co. New York, N.Y.

Merit Awards are here!

Make the switch to Merit and get FREE Merit Awards with pack UPCs. Call 1-800-884-5777 for a catalog with these items and more.

Free with 300 pack UPCs.

Free with 400 pack UPCs.

Free with 400 pack UPCs.

Low Lower Lowest

You've got MERIT

Offer limited to smokers 21 years of age or older. Offer good in USA only. Offer void in Kansas. Offer void to Philip Morris and its advertising agencies' employees. Catalog requests must be received by 3/31/95. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Ultima: Kings 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: Kings 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994

UPLIFTING NEWS

the wonderbra signals a return to sexual flirtation—and this reporter couldn't be more delighted

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

"Would Hillary Clinton wear a Wonderbra?" That weighty question was posed by no less than a writer for *The Washington Post*, who, like others in the media, was carried away by the recent falsie craze. *The Seattle Times*, for example, sent out three reporters "to test-drive" uplift bras. The reporters did not use their real names, writing coyly, "just call us 32B, 34B and 36B."

The media coverage rivaled that of the crime bill, though it didn't come close to the Simpson trial. I counted 352 newspaper articles on the bra before I wearied of the task. Perhaps one explanation is that a lot of full-page newspaper ads have been bought by the makers of the Wonderbra and its competitors, the Miracle bra, the Super Uplift bra, the It Must Be Magic bra and the It Really Works bra, all promising to put cleavage where God had not provided it.

Little was heard from the women's movement about all of this emphasis on breasts. As long as cheesecake appears in newspaper ads and not men's magazines, it's kosher. Falsies were given an added push by the FDA's irrational restrictions on silicone implants. Although recent studies confirm that the leaking-implant scare was more the work of lawyers out for big settlements than of medical researchers concerned with health, the restrictions stand. No great loss, except to those women who want larger breasts and who now are left to mob department stores for the latest in push-up bras.

The Wonderbra got the most attention, and its arrival in city after city was marked by billboards, armored-truck delivery and even a helicopter delivery in Westwood, California. It's not a new product. It has been marketed in England for some 30 years. And an investigation by *The Washington Post* documents that "push-up bras have been around since 1948, when Frederick's of Hollywood introduced the Rising Star." But give Sara Lee credit for having grasped the potential of what is clearly the biggest advance in the long history of corset engineering.

The key innovation is not merely in the 54 separate pieces of latex, wire, lace and filling in this complex construction, or the "fiberfill lining plus removable pads (cookies) for maximum volume and lift." Marvelous effects in their own right, but I think the secret ingredient is the "precision-angled underwire for deep-plunge effect."

Any woman can create cleavage by pushing in her breasts from the sides and the bottom. The technology is now more sophisticated, and there are lots of volume-enhancing and cleavage-inducing bras out there. But the Wonderbra has all that and plunge to boot. Indeed, the little yellow card that comes with the Wonderbra warning the buyer to "accept no substitutes" bills the "one and only Wonderbra" as a "satin push-up plunge bra." The point is for the breasts to peek out and tease. "It holds your bosom up higher and makes you look—I guess you could say—perkier," department store exec Elisa Iacono told *The Washington Post*.

But how should a man respond to perky breasts? Far be it from me, in this venue, to challenge America's fascination with breasts. But where, in this time of rampant sexual harassment suits, do we want cleavage? Is there a proper bra for work and another for home?

Mimi, my neighbor, who claims a wardrobe of more than 40 bras, says that there are two basic bra needs: "one for wearing around the bedroom or on a hot date, which is pretty but uncomfortable, and the other for looking good in clothes at work. Push-up bras are for the bedroom."

I can't comment on the comfort issue, but I agree with Mimi that cleavage in the workplace is problematic. In fact, it's downright dangerous for men. Just say something innocent like, "Hey, I see you have one of those bras they've been advertising" or "nice plunge," and you're up on charges at personnel.

Women have demanded a workplace in which the mildest flirting is a no-no, and they should dress accordingly. "If I put all this stuff in my blouse and then men stare at my breasts, should I be surprised?" one department store worker told the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

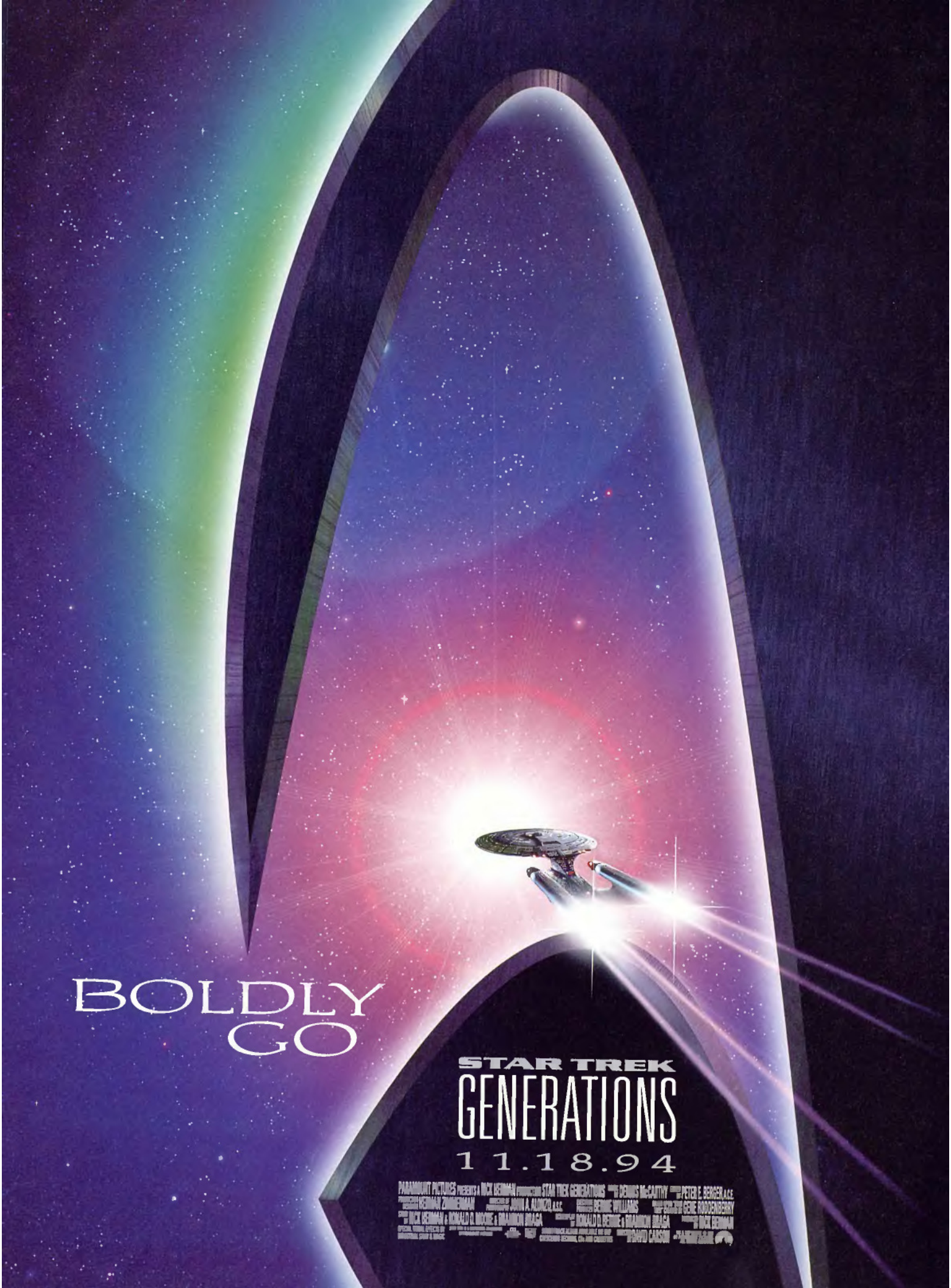
No. What is needed are consistent rules of conduct and dress. I think the workplace is a great place for men and women to socialize. It's where we spend most of our waking hours. It is safe, people are accountable for their behavior and they have some similar interests. But the sexual harassment lawyers have mucked it all up by turning the rare legitimate violation into a parade of absurd but actionable threats.

I hope we will get past this legal madness to a place where consenting adults, male and female, work out mutually acceptable rules for behavior and dress. Sexual stimulation, not harassment, should also be a personal choice.

The Wonderbra illustrates our never-ending and profound hypocrisy about sex. Is it OK to provoke sexual arousal or not? Check out those seductive jeans ads where zippers are partially opened and women are on their backs. The fall fashion supplement to the pristine *New York Times* has a spread on "Luscious Looks" that seems to be based on scenes from a suppressed Victorian gender-bending novel. The Gianni Versace ad on the inside back cover features four bobby-soxers in orgasmic poses, faces frozen in preclimax mode, hoisting the scantiest of miniskirts. The same newspapers that stay in business by running page after page of such titillating clothing advertisements—some with models who appear well under the age of consent—ban ads for sexually explicit movies and strip clubs.

It's time to fess up. Sexual titillation sells because it is in tune with the mating rituals of humans. Long before the first newspaper ad or TV commercial, men and women checked each other out and enhanced their allure with an arsenal of tricks essential to survival. Is it sexist for the male peacock to flaunt its feathers or a female dog to give off the scent of sexual heat? Hardly. Humans, for the same reason, have a primordial need to tease.

This fact has been denied by the anti-sex puritans who make us feel guilty every time our head is turned by a part of the human anatomy. The recent bra craze should indicate that the pendulum is swinging back to a more reasonable place where we acknowledge that sexual flirtation, and teasing, is a basic form of human communication. Cleavage—I love it.


BOLDLY
GO
STAR TREK
GENERATIONS
11.18.94

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARRY SHANDLING

a candid conversation with the faux prince of late night about the real talk-show wars, choosing a shrink and what the tabloids don't know about larry sanders

God must be a fan of "The Larry Sanders Show." Ever since the second season of HBO's brilliantly droll sitcom, talk of talk shows has consumed the media. As Leno and Letterman jockeyed for Johnny Carson's throne, the public got an unprecedented dose of backbiting and brinkmanship. There followed Conan O'Brien's rise, Arsenio Hall's farewell and, this fall, the resurrection of Tom Snyder. It all gave Garry Shandling's show a spooky backstage veracity that made the inside humor all the more telling.

In addition, Shandling, a permanent guest-host on "The Tonight Show" in the mid-Eighties, was reportedly offered millions to host an authentic talk show in Letterman's old NBC spot. (Even now, Shandling's name is always mentioned when there's a talk-show vacancy.) After serious consideration, he said no, claiming he didn't have enough time to prepare. Next, CBS supposedly went after him to follow Letterman. Shandling again declined, leaving the spot for Snyder. In fact, in one "Sanders" episode, Larry hired Snyder to follow his show after Letterman (playing himself in a guest appearance) told Larry he was thinking of hiring Snyder for the slot after the new "Late Night." No wonder "The Larry Sanders Show" seems like a maze of mirrors and TV monitors.

Such disorientation has its compensation. "USA Today" called "The Larry Sanders Show" the ultimate talk show, and in "The Washington Post," critic Tom Shales wrote, "'The Larry Sanders Show' is brilliantly brilliant, wonderfully wonderful and hilariously hilarious, the next step in the evolution of the television talk show and a contribution to the betterment of viewerkind." The proof is also in the show's awards: the 1993 Ace for Best Comedy Series, as well as eight 1993 Emmy nominations and four 1994 Emmy nods. The show also won the 1993 Peabody Award, the most coveted award in television.

"The Larry Sanders Show" is just the latest peak in Shandling's career, which began in the early Seventies when he found work writing episodes of "Welcome Back, Kotter" and "Sanford and Son." When an automobile accident landed him in the hospital, Shandling reconsidered his life and emerged determined to pursue stand-up comedy. He finally got his start at the Comedy Store in Los Angeles. His topic that night, as usual, was his nightmarish single life. Although his delivery was low-key and unashamedly whiny, his material had a fresh and sophisticated appeal. It is difficult to dislike a guy who once said that over his bed he had a mirror with the message OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE LARGER THAN THEY APPEAR.

Shandling quickly became a "Tonight Show" regular after his first appearance in 1981. Five years later, when Joan Rivers bolted for her own talk show, Carson gave Shandling the regular guest-host spot.

Shandling eventually abdicated that plum position for his own sitcom. He wanted to be on a major network, but just like his hapless bachelor persona, he ended up kissing himself goodnight. NBC didn't want a series about a comic—at least not until four years later, when "Seinfeld" came along.

So Shandling took his wares to Showtime, where, in 1986, "It's Garry Shandling's Show" debuted. Cable proved to be a blessing. Unfettered by advertisers or network constraints, the show was inventive and uncensored. It was also the most narcissistic series ever put on television. Shandling played Shandling, a guy who lived in a house just like his and who had the same problems with his hair, his lips and his love life. Occasionally he even spoke directly to the camera and commented on the action. Critics lined up behind him, and "It's Garry Shandling's Show" ran four seasons, until Shandling burned out.

An episode of that show, in which Shandling was the guest on a talk show hosted by Cristina Ferrare, gave the comedian the seed of the idea for a talk show done as a sitcom. Together with Dennis Klein (head writer of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and writer and producer of "Buffalo Bill" and last season's lauded "Bakersfield P.D."), they

"Do you know something I don't? If so, please tell me. In fact, for anyone reading this who knows something I don't and can help me get to these answers quicker, I am available and begging for your feedback. Please write in."

"My first therapist was a woman, and my current one is a man. Both seem to have maintained their sanity through my many visits. And they both have cable, which is a prerequisite for me in selecting a therapist."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

"I was not the class clown. Class clowns make a farting sound just when the teacher bends over. I was the guy who would lean over to someone when the teacher bent over and mumble, 'Nice ass, huh?'"

designed the series and then wrote the pilot.

Although "The Larry Sanders Show" exists in a fictional world, it's a canny reflection of reality. It competes with Letterman and Leno. It has a wily producer, Artie (Rip Torn), and a bumptious sidekick, Hank "Hey Now" Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor). Even Shandling's real-life fiancée, Linda Doucett, gets in on the action as Kingsley's assistant. Plus, all of Sanders' too-numerous-to-list-here guests are bona fide celebrities willing to poke fun at late-night conventions and, refreshingly, at themselves. Viewers also get to see Sanders' private life as he deals with ex-wives, staff and female guests he's sleeping with. It's just as you hoped life behind the cameras would be: jaundiced, duplicitous, indiscreet, backstabbing, ambitious, driven by fear and very funny.

Shandling, 45, was born in Chicago, but the family moved to Tucson when he was two. When he was ten, his 13-year-old brother, Barry, died of cystic fibrosis. Perhaps as a result, Shandling found himself pondering life and the universe when he would otherwise have been concentrating on his teenage wardrobe, grooming and figuring out how to talk to girls. "I actually thought, I don't think the other kids are thinking about this stuff," Shandling says of his preadolescence. Between existential crises, Shandling found that he was "naturally funny." When, after getting a degree in marketing and then doing graduate work in creative writing at the University of Arizona, he realized he didn't want to live in Tucson forever, he decided to take his humor to Los Angeles.

We sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin,** *who conducted our "20 Questions" chat with Shandling in July 1987, to meet with the actor–comedian in Los Angeles, since filming for the third season of "The Larry Sanders Show" was underway. Says Rensin:*

"It's tough to tell what Garry is really thinking because he never takes off his sunglasses. Even when he's being sincere, his vocal inflections and his inability to resist the wry retort can cast doubt. This can be a lot of fun, when it isn't maddening.

"Our first session took place at a Malibu Colony house he'd leased while the construction of his new home was being completed. When I arrived, Shandling didn't answer the door. But it was open, so I walked in and called for him. He was in the kitchen with his dog. After a few pleasantries, Shandling said goodbye to the dog and moved to the den. He wore dark glasses and baggy sweats, ate yogurt and kept his eyes on the television flickering over my shoulder.

"Since I sort of had his attention, it seemed the perfect time to begin."

PLAYBOY: So——

SHANDLING: How am I doing?

PLAYBOY: Excellent, so far.

SHANDLING: Good. I just want my words to be among some naked photos because that's never happened to me before.

PLAYBOY: What about when we did *20 Questions* years ago?

SHANDLING: Yeah, but that was sort of in the back, at the end of a piece of fiction. By the way, my manager said "Make sure you say the word fuck somewhere in your interview." So there, I just did.

PLAYBOY: This is clearly a move up, then.

SHANDLING: Maybe this interview could be a foldout? To read the whole thing you'd have to fold it out rather than turn the page. If there's any way to work that out, I'd appreciate it. Why can't I be the first foldout interview? Would you bounce it off the editors? I think it's a great idea. I'm trying to get my dogs to do a nude layout in *Dog World*.

PLAYBOY: If it means that much to you—and you don't mind being folded in thirds.

SHANDLING: That's OK. I know I'll never be a Playmate, so if I could at least be a foldout interview, that would fulfill my fantasy.

PLAYBOY: You might need larger breasts.

SHANDLING: Did I mention that I have breast implants in my hands so it always feels like I'm with somebody?

PLAYBOY: Frankly, it seems as if you already have your hands full. *The Larry Sanders Show* has gotten raves. Every time a real talk-show-host job opens up, your name is mentioned. In addition, you appeared in Nora Ephron's latest film and made a movie, *Love Affair*, with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening. Let's start with your newest venture. How did Warren seduce you into taking the job?

"I have never stuck to a formula. I don't know the level of my own talent, so I just have to keep working to find it."

SHANDLING: I actually agreed to do it without seeing a script. I had been offered several movies during my last series, *It's Garry Shandling's Show*. I wasn't in love with any, so I passed. When I finished the show, there were things I wanted to do, but the studios weren't really interested in me. So the bad parts were ones I didn't want and the great parts were ones I couldn't get. When they called me and said Warren Beatty was doing a remake of *An Affair to Remember*, with Glenn Gordon Caron, who did *Moonlighting*, directing, it felt right. I had lunch with both of them and we laughed a lot. It's not a big part. I'm in four or five scenes, and that's before what happened in the editing room.

PLAYBOY: Did Warren have any acting advice for you?

SHANDLING: He said, "You're too hard on yourself." But that was my first real role. I'd done a cameo in *The Night We Never Met*. Before that I did a VD training film in college, which I don't really want to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Were you the guy who says, "I have a spot down there," or the one who says, "Don't worry. I had one and it went away"?

SHANDLING: Unfortunately, it's a little more embarrassing. I'm the woman who says, "How can I trust you?"

PLAYBOY: What film roles couldn't you get?

SHANDLING: I auditioned for *City Slickers*. The first read with Bruno Kirby and Billy Crystal went extremely well. I went back a couple days later and had a bad second session. I was really disappointed. I wanted to work with those guys.

PLAYBOY: The *It's Garry Shandling's Show* movie never got made. What happened?

SHANDLING: The script was funny but too similar to the TV show. After having done four years of the show, I simply wasn't inspired to do the movie.

PLAYBOY: If the transition to movies is so unpredictable, you could always be a real talk-show host.

SHANDLING: I'm the opposite of Larry Sanders, in that Larry—like many talk-show hosts I know—wants to stay in his niche and is afraid to go outside it. I, however, am looking for the next project to force me further out of my niche and make me more frightened, because that's how I'll grow. That's why I did *Love Affair*.

PLAYBOY: Nice sentiment. Do you expect anyone, especially people in show business, to believe you?

SHANDLING: Why? Doesn't that sound right?

PLAYBOY: Well, on *The Larry Sanders Show*, you've made it clear that showbiz types don't always say what they mean.

SHANDLING: It doesn't sound honest? My projects have always been diverse. I went from guest-hosting *The Tonight Show* to doing my own series to turning down hosting a talk show so that I could do a series about a talk show. And I've just done a movie. There are many people I respect who view their careers as ways to grow.

PLAYBOY: OK, so you mean it.

SHANDLING: Steve Martin, Albert Brooks and Woody Allen have never stuck to a formula. I don't know the level of my own talent, so I just have to keep working to find it. I hope I can amass a body of work that reflects a certain degree of range.

PLAYBOY: How afraid are you that you might actually discover the limits of your talent?

SHANDLING: Thanks for bringing that up. [*Pauses*] There is some fear that I will stop growing, which is dangerous. That will be an ugly and sad day, one that I don't really want to contemplate.

Thanks again. I guess I'll follow that by saying: Do you know something that I don't? If so, please tell me. In fact, for anyone reading this who knows something that I don't and can help me get to these answers quicker, I am available and begging for your feedback. Please write in.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider hosting a talk show on a regular basis when *The Larry Sanders Show* is over?

SHANDLING: I am not in any way, shape or form interested. I think.

PLAYBOY: We know you turned down an enormous amount of money—reports have it from $5 million to $20 million—to take Letterman's place and follow *The Tonight Show*. But we also heard you passed because you thought Leno might nose-dive.

SHANDLING: That's absolutely false. One, these things are impossible to predict. Two, that's something I would never say. Three, I don't even believe that about Jay.

PLAYBOY: We heard that *Letterman* producer Peter Lassally flew to Los Angeles to persuade you not to take the NBC gig. You took a walk on the beach, talked about the show and——

SHANDLING: Not true. [*Pauses*] I hear fabricated stories and am put in the position of saying "That's fabricated" and then wondering if people believe me. Now I'm wondering if when other people say "That's fabricated," they're telling the truth. I know I'm being honest, but we're in a time when your word doesn't mean anything anymore. It started with Nixon. I believe Peter Lassally tried to persuade Nixon not to take the late-night spot, but Nixon would never have admitted that.

PLAYBOY: Should Leno have acknowledged Carson the night he took over *The Tonight Show*?

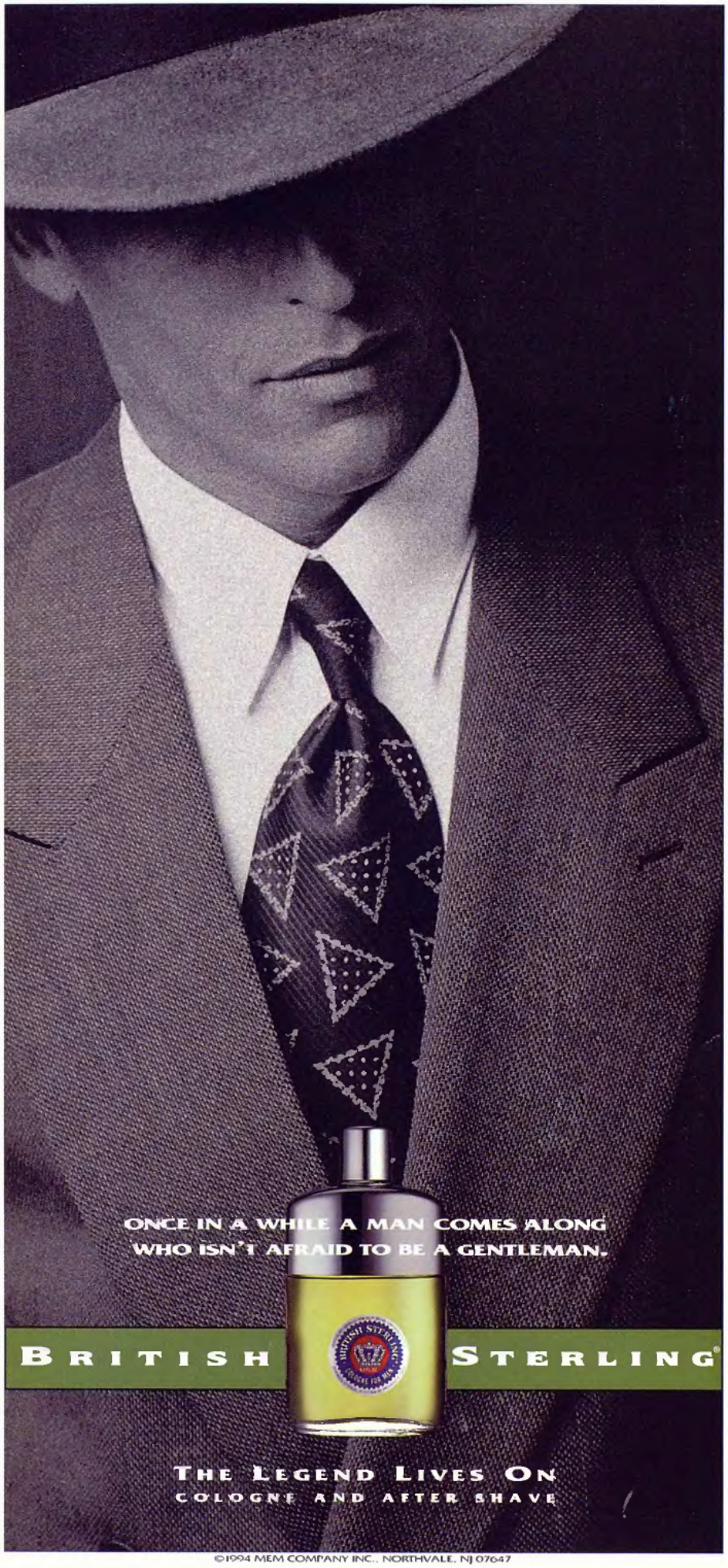
SHANDLING: I can't answer that.

PLAYBOY: What if it had been you?

SHANDLING: I honestly can't say what I would have done my first night. I am a big fan of Johnny Carson, and he has been a major supporter of mine. He's a legend—and he's underrated. However, I was a little upset that Jay didn't mention *me* on his first night. That would have been a nice gesture.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, HBO is gearing up to do a film based on *The Late Shift*, by Bill Carter, about the Leno–Letterman *Tonight Show* succession. Care to cast the film for us?

SHANDLING: I would cast Danny Glover as Letterman—because I believe in offbeat casting. I would try to get Candice Bergen to play Leno. Half of it would take place on a motorcycle—I'd just like to see that. Johnny should play Johnny. That should be the little hook. Or Hugh Hefner should play Johnny. [CBS broadcast group president] Howard Stringer would have been played by Marty Feldman, who has passed away. Now it


ONCE IN A WHILE A MAN COMES ALONG
WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO BE A GENTLEMAN.
BRITISH STERLING
THE LEGEND LIVES ON
COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE
©1994 MEM COMPANY INC., NORTHVALE, NJ 07647

should be Eric Idle. NBC chairman Bob Wright, who's actually a sweet man, should be played by Ed Asner. And I would like to be played by—it's a tough choice. I would have to see them read, but I'll pick a couple: It's between Jimmie Walker and the coroner in the O.J. Simpson case.

PLAYBOY: Who should play Paul Shaffer?

SHANDLING: Paul Lynde, who has unfortunately passed away, too, would have been perfect. So now I'd say Sting. And Bob Woodward should play the writer of the book.

PLAYBOY: You've said that one reason you resist doing a real talk show is that you need a "better idea," otherwise you would be subject to the same sort of lambasting that real hosts get.

SHANDLING: That's right: I would become Larry Sanders.

PLAYBOY: But isn't Larry Sanders the better idea?

SHANDLING: Oh, that's interesting. That's a good question. I've never seen it like that. I won't know that until I look back on it objectively, years from now. But my gut instinct is that it's not. I think there is a talk show to do that's a better idea, but I won't go into detail because you'll end up doing it.

PLAYBOY: How about a clue?

SHANDLING: Here's the clue: I think *The Larry Sanders Show* is a stepping-stone to a new way to do a talk show, one that's completely different.

PLAYBOY: Some clue.

SHANDLING: If there are going to be 500 channels, eventually we're going to see a talk show with just two hosts with their desks together, trying to force a conversation out of each other. Or the host will be on one channel and the guest on another. That's sort of interactive TV. "If you want to see Chuck Grodin answer this question, turn to channel 22. If you want to see Jeff Goldblum answer, turn to channel 47. And if you want to see Heather Locklear——"

PLAYBOY: Would you make a good talk-show host?

SHANDLING: A really good host—for the first three weeks. Then I'd throw my hands in the air and walk off like Jack Paar. On the other hand, I'm strong at ad-libbing and I actually attempt to make people feel comfortable. It's not unusual for my audience to fall asleep during a stand-up concert. That's how comfortable they are.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you avoid hosting because you don't want to wallow in the bullshit you've exposed on *The Larry Sanders Show*.

SHANDLING: Emphatically, no. I take that back: Just no. It's simple. There are other things I want to try. If I commit to a talk show, it's a daily job for as long as the show is successful and spontaneous. The greatest challenge is the spontaneity, when you have to wing a conversation or fill a moment that is totally unpredictable. I really respond to that.

PLAYBOY: When did you get the idea for *The Larry Sanders Show*?

SHANDLING: While I was doing an episode of my old series, in which Garry Shandling appeared on a talk show that Cristina Ferrare hosted. I thought, If Garry Shandling were that host, we could do a show in which that's the job. My first series had almost burned me out, and I wasn't really looking for another—at least not one that wouldn't allow me to shed layers and become more truthful as an actor and a writer.

PLAYBOY: Is that what motivates you? The perception of showbiz types is that they're driven by ego and avarice.

SHANDLING: I'm not. People tilt their heads at some of my business decisions because I don't always go for the money. And mind you, I would love to have lots of money. Instead, I'm driven to discover more of who I am.

PLAYBOY: You're not concerned that by now we might be boring people with that revelation?

SHANDLING: I've seen my dogs run away while I'm discussing this with them. I've had friends put their answering machines on. Great. Now you've made me self-conscious of my desire to grow. Maybe it would be easier if I just took the money.

PLAYBOY: When did *The Larry Sanders Show* become a reality?

SHANDLING: When Tribune Entertainment offered me the Dennis Miller spot, I told my manager, Brad Grey, that if I had to choose—though I didn't have a commitment at that time to do *The Larry Sanders Show*—between doing a talk show and doing a show about a talk show, I'd rather do the show about the talk show because I knew exactly what it would be.

PLAYBOY: How did you cast Rip Torn as Larry's producer, Artie?

SHANDLING: I was torn between Torn and another wonderful actor named John Glover. I'd met with Rip and his agent and it was very awkward. Rip was pleasant but not evocative, and I really didn't know what to say. Nothing was accomplished and we continued to look for Artie. Then I asked Rip for another meeting. He came in and I said, "I know that it's inappropriate for me to ask you to read a script, and your agent said you wouldn't read for me. But it would help me get a sense of whether this will work or not." He said, "Well, then, I really don't want to read." I said, "I respect that; let's just forget it." At which point he said, "Oh, to hell with it. Give me the script." He proceeded to blow me away—and nothing short of that. No one saw it except me. My next concern was whether a movie actor would feel comfortable working at a television pace—I thought he'd never done a series. I asked, and he said he had done *Rawhide*. I hired him. Months later, out of the blue, he came up to me and whispered, "You know, I did only two episodes of *Rawhide*." Which explains why he's the perfect Artie—that's Artie's sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: How badly do you want to get off cable? Aren't you tired of being king of a small country?

SHANDLING: No, though I like the attitude with which you delivered the question. If I wanted to be off cable I would have taken one of the late-night talk shows that were offered to me. But let's suppose NBC wanted *The Larry Sanders Show*. That would mean, I suppose, a prime-time series. Then I would have the opportunity to do a Fritos commercial, wouldn't I? I guess it's those benefits of doing a network show that I miss. I would like to be the new Frito Bandito—for a million bucks, or whatever it pays. Otherwise, I'm not sure what the advantage would be.

PLAYBOY: At one time, wasn't *It's Garry Shandling's Show* supposed to be on NBC?

SHANDLING: Yes, I had a deal to create a show. But at that time I was told that NBC didn't want to do a show about a comedian's life.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when it aired *Seinfeld* and the show became a hit?

SHANDLING: By then the public was exposed to stand-up comedy specials and *Evening at the Improv* enough to generate some curiosity about what comedians are really like. But let's not kid ourselves: George Burns had a show in which he played George Burns, who was a comedian. And Danny Thomas played an entertainer in *The Danny Thomas Show*. So it goes way back. There's no precedent for thinking that the audience wouldn't understand or want to see a comedian's life. And *I Love Lucy*, the most successful sitcom ever, had elements of show business to it.

PLAYBOY: Are you bitter?

SHANDLING: No. It's conceivable that had my show been on NBC it might have had a very short run. I was given such freedom at Showtime with *It's Garry Shandling's Show* that it helped me grow. It was the perfect place. Understand, I had written for network sitcoms: *Sanford and Son*, *Welcome Back, Kotter*, *The Practice*, *The Harvey Korman Show* and others. I already knew the formula: when you had to dissolve to a commercial and how you had to keep the audience tuned in during the commercial break by having some big cliff-hanger story point. Those elements can be constraining. I had no interest in going back to writing within that formula. If on *The Larry Sanders Show* I had to worry about where the commercial breaks were going, it would drive me crazy.

PLAYBOY: On *It's Garry Shandling's Show* you spoofed the conventions of the sitcom, reasoning that the TV-generation audience knew they were watching the

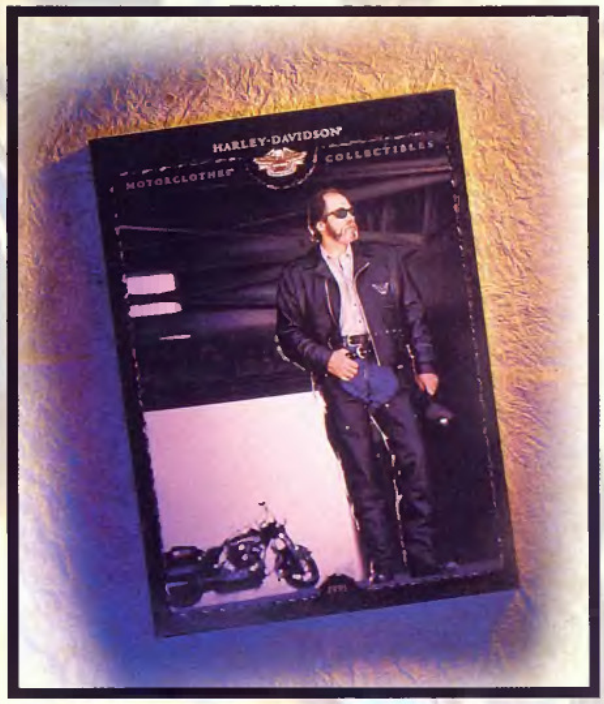
Be afraid. Be very afraid.

(yes, it's real gold.)

© The Paddington Corporation 1994. Swiss Tip #3: Eat cheese with holes.

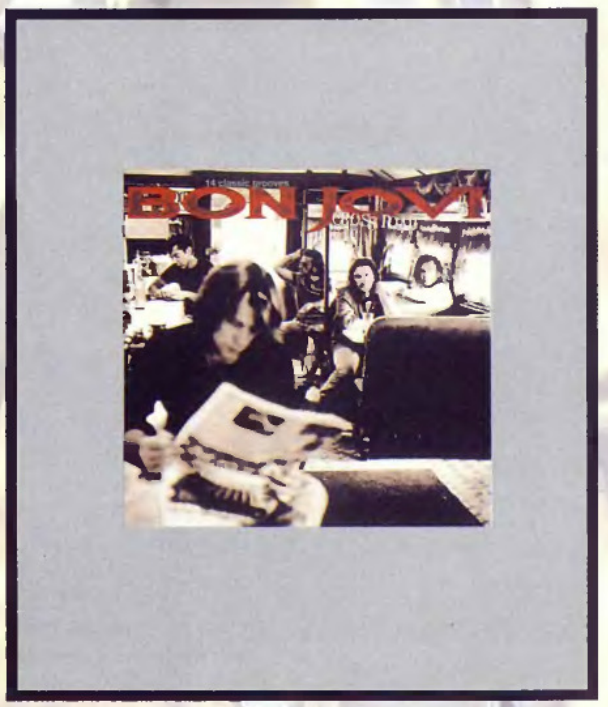
ADVERTISEMENT

HOLIDAY *Gift* GUIDE



The 1995 Harley-Davidson® MotorClothes™ and Collectibles catalog is packed with exciting apparel and collectibles in the Harley-Davidson tradition. **Call 1-800-LUV-2-RIDE ext. 315 for a catalog ($3).** Then get to an authorized dealer. You can't get MotorClothes anywhere else.

Beer Across America—The Original Microbrewery Beer of the Month Club. Every month loved ones receive a shipment of two six-packs, fresh from microbreweries located across the country. Selections include a newsletter and much more. Gifts range from 2–12 months. To order call 1-800-854-BEER (2337).

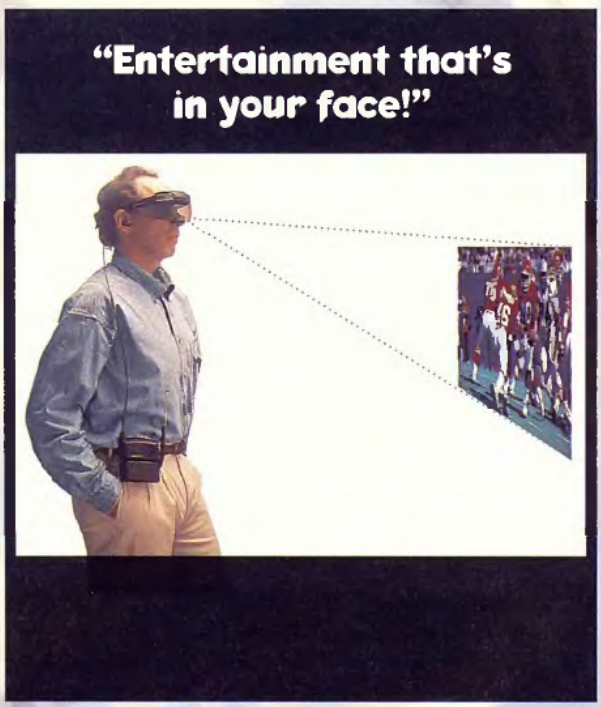


Bon Jovi Cross Road-The Greatest Hits. 11 classic grooves, a remake of "Livin' on a Prayer" and two new songs, including the new hit single "Always."
Cross Road is available on Mercury CD's, Cassettes and DCC's.

Robbie Robertson & The Red Road Ensemble Music for "The Native Americans"
The sounds of Native Americans provide the inspiration for this TBS documentary soundtrack. At record stores or call 1-800-313-3323 ($16.98 CD/$10.98 Cassette + $3.50 s&h - Canadian orders higher.)

JVC has created a new category with the introduction of the Systemax (GR-SV3). This complete video entertainment system has multiple uses. First, it is a portable **Video Recorder** (VCR); second, a **Color Television** (with optional tuner); and third a **Camcorder**. $1,099.95

Full Coverage Against Radar... Laser Too. Rated No. 1 by Car and Driver magazine again in 1994. Valentine One gives long-range warnings of all speed radars and lasers used in the U.S. **Radar Locator** (patented) points to all radar traps; you'll know where they're hiding. 30-day Money-Back Guarantee $399 plus shipping. 1-800-331-3030



Entertainment That's in Your Face! Virtual Vision™ Sport. Portable eyewear system contains projection TV. See your surroundings and your choice of entertainment. Incredibly versatile. Comes complete to connect to VCR, Cable TV, Camcorders and Computers. $699.95 **Call Micro-Vac, Inc. 1-800-729-1020.** Credit cards accepted.

tube, so why not acknowledge it? What about sitcoms these days? Are they better? Worse?

SHANDLING: I don't watch many of them. I don't watch any of them, actually. I haven't seen entire episodes of many of the top sitcoms. I have seen large hunks of *Seinfeld* and it's terrific. I've seen large hunks of *Roseanne* and it's very funny. When I was writing sitcoms, I would just sit and watch them. I knew them all—the characters, the arc of the stories over the season, where the characters were going. Now I'm so out of touch that I will be watching a talk show and a guest will be on whom I don't even recognize. He ends up being the star of some new sitcom.

PLAYBOY: Let's get specific about *The Larry Sanders Show*. There has been much analysis, but what do you think the show's about?

SHANDLING: Real people going through real experiences, reacting in human ways. They happen to work on a network talk show. I was interested in a project that allowed me to explore human behavior, both as an actor and as a writer. The subject of talk shows is funny and, needless to say, I'm writing about something I'm familiar with. But I'm not out to expose what really goes on backstage. I'm out to expose an aspect of human behavior that everybody has—the two-sided personality. We sweet-talk somebody, and as soon as he turns his back we say what we really think of him.

PLAYBOY: How deeply can you explore human nature and still entertain? After all, this is television, even if it's cable.

SHANDLING: I was going to say that, but you said it—proving that you're the asshole. Proving that we're both assholes! Sure, this is not a PBS documentary that looks at the psychology of the human condition. But let's start there and then make it funny. This isn't the first show to do that, but it's the basis of really good comedy.

Let me give an example of the behavior I'm talking about. Look at what happened to Chevy Chase. *The Larry Sanders Show* captures moments like the one when former Fox executive Lucy Salhany said in the newspaper that they were committed to *The Chevy Chase Show* and would stick by it, and two weeks later it was canceled. I was surprised that it went so quickly. I assumed from her comment that they were going to continue to work on improving the show.

PLAYBOY: You, who rips away the veil, believed her?

SHANDLING: Strangely, I'm occasionally naive about show business. It's probably what allows me to remain fascinated by what I see. I grew up in Tucson, Arizona in a regular environment, so I'm always caught by surprise.

PLAYBOY: But you've been in Los Angeles a long time.

SHANDLING: Twenty years. I think I'm up for parole soon.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you tell from how uncomfortable Chase's show was to watch that it was destined for oblivion sooner rather than later?

SHANDLING: I was surprised and, again, naive. I had read an interview in which Chevy said he was going to do a different kind of talk show, with a lot of sketches and comedy elements. Instead, it really was just a talk show. When people say they're going to do something, I assume they're going to do it. I would never say in an interview that I was going to accomplish something unless I was positive that I could. Otherwise, you leave yourself wide open.

PLAYBOY: Part of what has won *The Larry Sanders Show* such raves is that the tone is quite different from network fare. What's the major emotion at work?

SHANDLING: Fear. Show business is an unstable profession and it epitomizes an unstable world—and an unstable human existence. Larry is fearful, deep down, that one day he will wake up and not be Larry Sanders. Then who will he be? That's what scares him.

PLAYBOY: Just curious: Do you continue to go to therapy?

SHANDLING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we should listen to tapes of your sessions——

SHANDLING: They're available at Blockbuster. The complete set of *My Shrink Tapes*. Pretty soon I'll be sitting with John Tesh, talking about how we made our relationship work.

PLAYBOY: How much do you really want to change a personality that's so creative? Can you get too healthy to maintain an emotional connection to your resources?

SHANDLING: I had that fear, but it turns out that as I've gotten healthier, I've gotten better. I can, in a healthier and more objective way, look at the craziness around me and within myself. Gee, I guess I should just be writing *The Twilight Zone*. Again, I'd like to mention that though I'm self-conscious, this is an interview about me—or I would be talking about something else.

PLAYBOY: What's Larry's story?

SHANDLING: Oddly enough, I'm going to write the Larry Sanders story. His book.

PLAYBOY: Got a title?

SHANDLING: I'm flirting with *My Way*. I think it has that show business sarcasm that's so special. But maybe I'll spell it w-e-i-g-h. However, since I want everyone to buy the book, I won't talk about certain parts of Larry's life now.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SHANDLING: His cocaine problem when he was in his early 20s, his near-death experience with Sinatra, his sexual encounter with Elke Sommer in the dressing room during the taping of his first show.

PLAYBOY: Who hit on whom?

SHANDLING: Again, I don't want to divulge too much, but she came on to Larry, and Larry decided to interview her in the dressing room as well as after the show. Larry does a lot of follow-up interviews with women. He has a lot of skeletons in the closet. He once got drunk and was driving along Mulholland, and he hit Tim Conway's dog and never told anyone about it.

PLAYBOY: We can see why you wouldn't want to reveal this stuff before the book comes out. Anything else?

SHANDLING: You want to spend more time on this? OK. Larry once told his psychiatrist that he was frightened because he had kissed Rip Taylor in a sketch and liked it. That sent him reeling for a couple of months.

PLAYBOY: Was there any contact between Larry and Rip after the kiss?

SHANDLING: Larry never acted on it and is now glad he didn't, because that relationship would have been purely physical and not intellectual enough to keep Larry interested on any deeper level. Larry loves women and understands them. He's confident that he is heterosexual. He's proud of his conquests with women—Elke Sommer, Joyce DeWitt, Karen Valentine and Brett Sommers.

PLAYBOY: You mock Larry, and one of the show's highlights is that you have authentic celebrity guests who are willing to mock themselves. There's a degree of discomfort and danger for them, yet you've clearly tapped into something else as well.

SHANDLING: This show has to prove that it will not hurt or make fun of guests. When we can't get certain guests, it's because they don't believe they'll come off in the best possible light, that we'll say something bad about them, that we'll cross the line. That's not what the show is. Now, I have a good instinct for going up to the line. I am completely capable of going over the line and have done so in scripts and in shooting—and then have edited it out. Mostly, I just like going as close to the line as possible, without going over.

PLAYBOY: Like writing "Billy Crystal would suck a cock to win a sack race," as reported in a behind-the-scenes magazine story on your show.

SHANDLING: Sometimes in rough first drafts of scripts everything is in there, and what goes over the line will be taken out. It's indulgent and self-destructive to cross some lines unless one is making a philosophical point. But crossing a line just to cross a line is not my way. Sometimes actors will come in and say, "Hey, here's an idea." Sometimes ideas cross the line, but if they want to do it, I will. The first time that happened was when Carol Burnett said, "I can see your balls," referring to Larry wearing a short Tarzan outfit. When she read the script and got to that part, she just blurted it out. I was flinching because I thought, Oh, I meant to take that out. This was

BUILT LIKE OUR SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

The Swiss Army® Brand Chronograph, all-steel Officer's™ and Officer's™ Two-Tone share the same heritage, and it shows. They look distinguished, but they're tough as nails.

Water-resistant to 330 feet, they perform their tasks with split-second Swiss quartz precision accuracy. With tritium hands and markers for night. Bold easy-to-read numerals for day. And hardened mineral crystals to resist hard knocks.

These watches are built to capture time. With a history that reaches back 100 years, they're tooled to last.

SWISS ARMY® BRAND

MACY'S/BULLOCK'S

SWISS ARMY® BRAND IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD.
© 1994 SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD. A SUBSIDIARY OF THE FORSCHNER GROUP, INC. SHELTON CT.
FOR A FREE BROCHURE CALL 1-800-442-2706

only the second or third episode of the show, so I didn't know how celebrities would feel coming on and saying things that we never hear them say. But she said "I can see your balls" with such commitment that it was one of the funniest moments ever on the show.

PLAYBOY: Are you overwhelmed or underwhelmed at the capacity of celebrities to mock themselves?

SHANDLING: I'm whelmed, in the sense that I'm surprised by the number of celebrities who are wonderfully supportive spirits willing to have fun. John Ritter came on the show and played John Ritter. In the script he gets bumped off the talk show and isn't treated in a way that someone like John Ritter deserves to be treated. And he was very willing to do it.

PLAYBOY: His meeting Gene Siskel in the hall and exchanging words about how Siskel reviewed one of Ritter's films was one of the most uncomfortable scenes of the show.

SHANDLING: That's a favorite. Ritter is willing to talk about a bad review that Siskel gave him, and then willing to admit that he remembers, word for word, the review—after claiming he doesn't read reviews. Some other entertainer might have said, "Wait, I don't want to mention how bad that movie was." I think it shows Ritter's security. I respect him more for that than if he had said, "Oh no, don't mention the movie."

PLAYBOY: Has anybody else surprised you?

SHANDLING: Burt Reynolds came on after his divorce from Loni Anderson. We didn't know in advance if he'd be willing to do any jokes about the divorce, but he was more than willing.

PLAYBOY: Who surprised Larry?

SHANDLING: Alec Baldwin. Wonderful guest and a good-looking man. When you're interviewing him, you alternate between realizing those two things.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you still want to get on as a guest?

SHANDLING: I'm trying to get Albert Brooks. He is tough. I had heard for years before I knew him that he was the funniest guy in a room, which, in comedy, means sitting with a bunch of other funny people and improvising and playing. Then I got to know him, and he is the funniest person I've ever met. He can make anything funny. Albert loves the show—at least he's told me he loves it. Those are two different things in this town.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that Madonna wants to be on your show.

SHANDLING: I received a message that Madonna's management was interested. I would love to have Madonna on, but I can't believe she would be interested.

PLAYBOY: Suppose it were true.

SHANDLING: I would like to have her on. It would be a night that Larry was ill and Dave Letterman guest-hosted. Just replay the episode when she was on his show. I thought Dave was unbelievably funny. She was a difficult guest and Dave played off her perfectly. I laughed out loud several times. I think he did a better job than I would ever do interviewing her.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Johnny Carson say he wanted to do the show?

SHANDLING: Johnny said he would when he starts working again. When I called him, he said, "Not ready yet." But he told me he really likes the show, and that pleased me. After all, creatively, if the people who actually do the job think you're depicting it accurately, then you're successful as a writer and performer. Letterman and Leno and Johnny have all told me that they enjoy the show and find it close to the bone. In fact, occasionally we'll get a friendly call from Letterman's office, and they'll say, "Hey, tell me the truth. In the scene where Larry talks about cars, is that because Dave always talks about cars?" And the truth is, no. It's completely coincidental. But it's funny because I think the Larry Sanders composite possesses so many qualities the real hosts have.

PLAYBOY: One perk of *The Larry Sanders Show* is that you now get to do nude scenes. The first two seasons you were always in bed with one wife or another,

It took four million years of evolution

and now you're sleeping around.

SHANDLING: There aren't a lot. I can count them on my, let's say, hand.

PLAYBOY: Seems like more. Wasn't it exciting being sort of naked in bed with Kathryn Harrold?

SHANDLING: "Sort of naked" is the key phrase. Underneath those blankets the women are wearing flak jackets. They're completely dressed. It's hilarious and pathetic. The blanket is always pulled up around the neck. It might as well be *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. Let me put it to you this way: When I do what I think are nude scenes, I'm always nude, and I'm then pretty shocked when the actress is completely clothed. So I learned very quickly to remain clothed.

PLAYBOY: We noticed that one of those file cards stuck to the wall above your desk suggests a possible episode in which Larry dates Brazilian pop star Xuxa. Only it's misspelled Shoosha.

SHANDLING: I'm surprised that the staff spelled Larry correctly. But Xuxa does not know how to spell Larry, so it balances out. You know how Xuxa spells Larry? X-a-x-x-y.

PLAYBOY: Another card says Sharon Stone. You two are an unlikely couple.

SHANDLING: It's a funny episode. Larry goes to bed with her, but he can't get an erection because she's more famous than he is. He realizes that he can't be in a relationship with someone who's more famous than he is. Artie says, "Don't you know, Larry, that in a show business relationship where both parties are famous, it's the woman who has the dick?"

PLAYBOY: What are some other rewards of being Larry?

SHANDLING: It's fun to have people in the business mention that they're fans of the show. And then, very much like Larry, I usually say, "Why don't you come on the show sometime?" Then I wonder if we will ever be able to fit them in.

PLAYBOY: Is there a waiting list?

SHANDLING: I wish I had the list in front of me. I'd be happy to get it before we finish this interview—which, at the rate we're going, will be right after the world ends and Jesus comes back, and we'll include him in this. I'm sure you'd have some good questions for Jesus. Like, "Would you do a network show?" And, "Do you think you look like David Brenner?"

PLAYBOY: By the way, do people still confuse you with David Brenner?

SHANDLING: Oh yes. The oddest one was when I was told I looked like a cross between Jimmy Carter and David Brenner. One article about me said I had the smile of Mr. Ed. That's pretty much the only one that I thought was accurate. I just put down the magazine and continued grazing. You know, they have to put peanut butter on my gums to make it look like I'm talking, when I'm actually just licking it off. I guess that secret's out.

PLAYBOY: We see you have a pair of binoculars handy—for checking into other people's secrets, no doubt.

SHANDLING: Right now there's a plane out there that looks like a Japanese Zero coming straight for the house. [*He points, and he's right.*] Sightseers! I also have a complex telescope that I rarely use because my neighbor keeps his curtains closed.

PLAYBOY: Did you buy it for yourself, or was it a gift?

SHANDLING: It was a gift from Alan Zweibel, the producer of my first series. I'm interested in that sort of thing. Johnny Carson and I, on many a moonlit night, will sit out in the cold, examining the rings of Saturn. Dot-dot-dot, I wish.

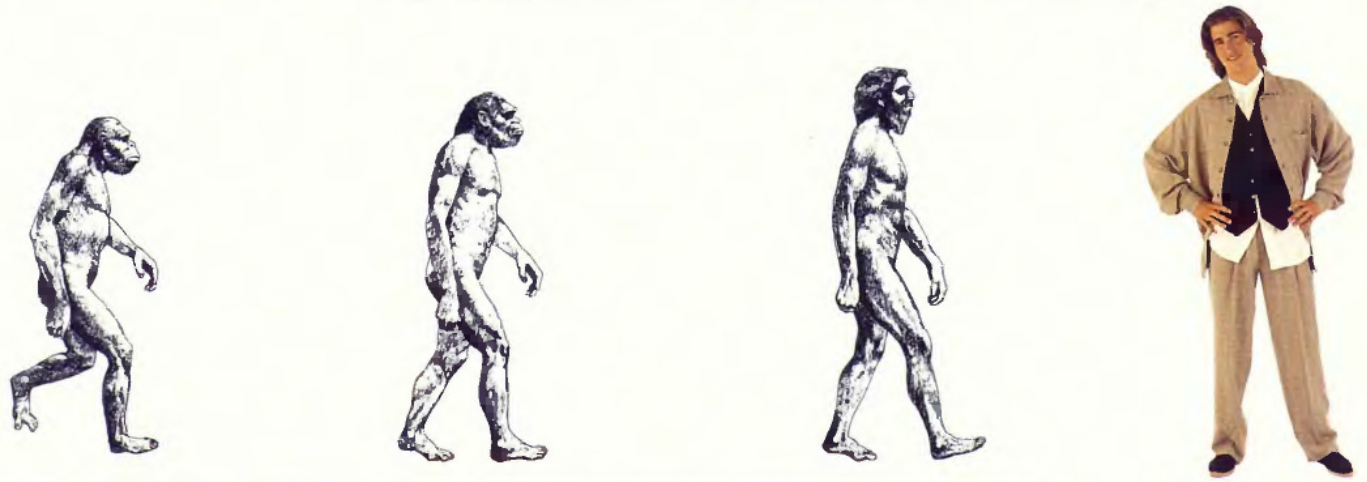
PLAYBOY: Carson lives nearby. Could you look into his house with your telescope?

SHANDLING: There's an idea. Johnny is fascinated with astronomy. When I visited him once, he showed me a large telescope. Then I showed him mine, as men will do. Comparing the size of our refracting mirrors. And I'd like to say, by the way, that my refracting mirror is a little larger than Johnny's. I know the women will think I'm bragging. I imagine that's how you know if you really are well-endowed, if you have a sight scope attached to your penis.

PLAYBOY: Can you make Carson laugh?

SHANDLING: I have, but I wish I could

to get the human body this perfect.
The least you can do
is make it look cool.



FOR TODAY'S GUY.

Dejaiz

Also shop DJ's and Attivo Stores at a mall near you.
Call 1-800-456-3336 for the nearest locations.

recall what I said. At the time, I just remember thinking, Oh, I just made Johnny laugh. Or, I just made Albert laugh. I can't believe they would think I'm funny. In my most private moments—which I guess are no longer private—I realize that I have no idea what other comedians and performers think of me.

PLAYBOY: Do you try to be funny when you're with other comedians?

SHANDLING: Yes. Often. It's both fun and competitive.

PLAYBOY: Do you get to spend any quality time with Johnny, Dave or Jay?

SHANDLING: Of them all, of all comedians, I know Dennis Miller the best. Dennis is hilarious. Dave and I didn't talk much outside of his show until one day when he called me at home—it was the first time he had ever called me at home—to tell me how much he liked *The Larry Sanders Show*. We've had some nice chats since then, but none that could be described as male bonding.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the old Dave, who was acerbic and sometimes hard on his guests, or the new Dave—friendly, energetic and in control?

SHANDLING: I like the Dave from the Mary Tyler Moore variety show. He's never been the same since then. There are other guys I'd really like to know, like Steve Martin. I sense we could at least be pen pals.

PLAYBOY: You are also friendly with Howard Stern. What's his appeal?

SHANDLING: He's developed a style, he's got a specific point of view. To a large degree, you get his stream of consciousness. Howard once said to me off camera that he doesn't edit himself in his head when he's on the radio. So anything he sees or hears in life could be repeated. That can be interesting, that can be funny, or that can be hurtful. That's what makes it so appealing. I've heard him go over the line and thought it was too easy and too low, and I've heard him be funny. Underlying all that, you see a pretty nice guy sort of laughing at himself.

PLAYBOY: Bernie Brillstein, considered the comedy czar of Hollywood, once told *The Washington Post* that you'd be the Woody Allen of the Nineties. It's 1994. Feeling any pressure?

SHANDLING: I saw a very attractive Asian woman at a shopping center the other day, and I thought for a moment that since Woody is my idol and I try to do everything like Woody . . . but then I snapped out of it and accelerated the car. [*Pauses*] How am I doing? How evasive do I sound? Up in the top tenth percentile? Well, only with that one question.

PLAYBOY: Which question was that?

SHANDLING: I don't recall. Oh, whoops! Was I being evasive again? I'm always afraid you're going to ask me something like, do I do drugs.

PLAYBOY: Do you do drugs?

SHANDLING: I tried cocaine in the late Seventies but never inhaled. I also never slept with another woman while in the office of the president of the United States.

PLAYBOY: Go on.

SHANDLING: So it's true: Your job is to push me someplace interesting. I always get that feeling when I do interviews. And that's a mistake with me, because there's nothing interesting.

PLAYBOY: What's the scariest question an interviewer could ask you?

SHANDLING: I'm fairly open, though you can tell from the way I talk that I'm somewhat protective of what I say. On the other hand, some of this is merely me searching for the words to express myself. But the reason I do lock up—after saying that I'm fairly open—is that I don't want to search for skeletons in my closet, because I don't think there are many.

I don't think I'm the sunny, bright type—a clicking-your-heels type—in real life. My characters are all close to me. My work is close to me. There's no big stretch. If you met me on the street you wouldn't be shocked at how different I am from what you see on television or onstage. Were you shocked? How would you articulate your impression of me compared with what you expected?

PLAYBOY: A saner-than-anticipated man in an insane world.

SHANDLING: Come on. Compared with what you expected?

PLAYBOY: Yeah.

SHANDLING: Really?

PLAYBOY: We're sorry to disappoint you. We could lie, if you'd like.

SHANDLING: That's OK. I don't know how people perceive me. I don't believe the average person knows what an artist is capable of until the artist presents it. I know artists who get frustrated, thinking, Don't they know I can do this or that? The answer is no.

PLAYBOY: What about your dark side?

SHANDLING: [*Smiles*] Aha. OK, let's talk about the dark side. [*Pauses*] There is no dark side. I was at my friend's house—oh, well, I may as well say it—the shrink's office, and my shrink, who sees other showbiz people, said to me, "Among my show business clients, you're the healthiest." Actually, it may have been me who blurted that out; I'm confused now. Nevertheless, I suppose the fact that I meditate and follow a fairly spiritual path, and often make choices not based on money, puts me in a tinier percentile.

PLAYBOY: How come you don't seem happier, then?

SHANDLING: I think I need more money. I think if I just had some more money, I'd be happier.

PLAYBOY: Does your therapist watch the show?

SHANDLING: The shrink I just referred to I had for many years. I've had a new therapist the past two years. Both are wonderful and seem to have maintained their sanity through my many visits. The first was a woman, and my current therapist is a man. And they both have cable, which is a prerequisite for me in selecting a therapist.

PLAYBOY: Were you screwed up before therapy?

SHANDLING: Yeah, I was screwed up. I was more confused than I am now. I'm still confused, but before, I was really confused. I thought the way to live life was to figure everything out intellectually. Now I believe the opposite. I think we instinctively know the answers and know what to do. So I would say that I've come 180 degrees, which actually is the temperature in Tucson in the summer.

PLAYBOY: If you used to be a ten on the scale of being screwed up, where are you now?

SHANDLING: Nine—with a bullet, as they used to say. You can't say that anymore about music. A "bullet" used to mean a song was popular and moving up the charts quickly; now it means that the lead singer perhaps shot somebody.

PLAYBOY: Does your therapist talk with you about the underlying meaning of each episode?

SHANDLING: Let's not make it sound as though I take the videotapes in and say, "Watch this and tell me what you think of the show."

PLAYBOY: Can we make it sound as if he knows you better than all of us know you? That he truly knows the line where Garry Shandling and Larry Sanders cross?

SHANDLING: No. I think you know me best.

PLAYBOY: Flattery won't get you out of that question.

SHANDLING: Oh no, you do. I sense that you do.

PLAYBOY: You also sense that we are secretly heading somewhere with these questions.

SHANDLING: No, I sense that you know me better than anybody I know. That should tell you something about my intimacy problem. You are now my longest-lasting relationship through the period of this interview. Here's what I like about you: You just like to talk about me, and that's the beauty of our relationship. I sense that, eventually in this interview, you will take me somewhere that makes me feel awkward. Perhaps it will be into the ocean. No, you'll start asking me about my personal life, is my guess. I think you're slowly working your way up to that.

PLAYBOY: Well, now we have a clue, at least, where we're going.

SHANDLING: Here's why I think you're going somewhere: You have to be. You're coming week after week after week, hoping to find something, I assume. Of course, I may be projecting my own searching identity.

PLAYBOY: Are you as intimate with all the people who interview you?

SHANDLING: Oh, I should say not. This is

GIVE IT EASY. JUST CALL 1-800-8E-THERE TO SEND SOUTHERN COMFORT ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED.
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1994

Take it easy.

Mysterious Days

Playboy's 1995 Playmate Lingerie Calendar

There's a lot to be said for a little mystery, and these beautiful centerfolds are determined to keep you guessing! Experience a daily dose of intrigue with Playboy's 1995 Playmate Lingerie Calendar, on sale at bookstores and magazine retailers now.

ORDER TOLL-FREE: 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for Item #WU3108. (Source Code 49561)
ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $12.95 plus $3.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #WU3108. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49561, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

SKI PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY WINTER SKI FEST™

Call Playboy Winter Ski Fest Travel for details

1-800-908-5000

PLAYBOY Winter Ski Fest 1995

Park City, UT	Jan. 13–15
Stratton, VT	Jan. 27–29
Telluride, CO	Feb. 3–5
Heavenly, CA	Mar. 10–12
Aspen, CO	April 7–9

- Meet Playboy Playmates
- Apres Ski & Evening Parties
- Mogul & Slalom Races
- Contests & Prizes

Pack Your Bags And Meet Us At The Mountain!

All inclusive 4- and 7-night ski travel packages:

- Airfare & Accommodations
- Lift Tickets & Rentals
- VIP Barbecue Lunch With Playmates
- Guided Mountain Tours

special. I feel awkward even admitting to you that I have talked with another interviewer. That's very much like a man saying he's slept with another woman. I can't even look at you—I'm not looking at you now as I say this: You are my first and only interview, I swear.

PLAYBOY: We can pretend it's the first time for both of us.

SHANDLING: No. You see, it's a double standard. When men meet women, we assume—or know—that they have slept with other men and perhaps are even doing so as we speak. But women get angry at men for ever having slept with another woman—at least that's my own experience—and are hypervigilant about whether the man is currently sleeping with another woman. More so than men. In other words, I believe that women tend to be more jealous than men. [*Pauses*] And I see you as the woman in this relationship.

PLAYBOY: Is your therapist's phone number handy?

SHANDLING: I'm not jealous that you have interviewed other people. But I assume you would be jealous that I have talked with someone else—so you are the woman. I say that from looking at you, not as a metaphor. I believe you're a woman! Just spend the money and get the operation, is what I say to you. That wristwatch will also make a lovely lapel watch.

PLAYBOY: Clearly, it's time to move on. When are you going to get married?

SHANDLING: Aha. I told you I knew where you were going. I told you that you were going somewhere.

PLAYBOY: Considering the choice of questions to pursue, we think you should be happy with this one.

SHANDLING: I'll tell you how I feel about discussing my personal life: pretty damn angry. I am proud of the fact that I keep a distinct separation between my personal life and my business life. At home I don't have things from my work; I don't have pictures up of myself as Larry; I don't have any awards to speak of on display. I don't have anything there that reminds me of my job. That works great for me. When I'm home I'm clear about who I am. I don't in any way get absorbed into some show business life.

PLAYBOY: Don't you take business phone calls?

SHANDLING: OK, OK.

PLAYBOY: This is stuff already in the public record. After years with Linda Doucett, isn't some forward movement called for?

SHANDLING: I didn't say I wasn't going to talk with you about it, I was just expressing my general philosophy. Don't be so defensive—I'll buy you a new necklace. You are the woman in this relationship.

PLAYBOY: So you insist—and way too much, we might suggest.

SHANDLING: You come here to the beach with your shirt half open, and you just

World's First. World's Best.

This holiday, delight your favorite driver with the latest technological breakthroughs from Escort. Our radar/laser detectors offer cutting edge technology second to none: Passport 5000 is the first detector with an LCD monitor for complete information display. Solo 4 is the first cordless *radar/laser detector for unparalleled convenience.*

If you want to give the best, give Escort.

WORLD'S FIRST DETECTOR WITH AN LCD MONITOR

Passport 5000

$199

- World's first detector with an LCD monitor displays radar/laser information at a glance.
- DSP technology provides long range detection of every type of radar plus full laser coverage.
- Patented DPR™ circuitry minimizes falsing.
- World's first detector with the Emergency Vehicle Warning System for safer driving.

WORLD'S FIRST CORDLESS RADAR/LASER DETECTOR

Solo 4

$249

- World's first battery-powered radar/laser detector is the ultimate in travel convenience.
- Complete portability makes Solo 4 ideal for trips or when using rental cars.
- DSP technology provides long range detection of every type of radar plus full laser coverage.
- Patented DPR™ circuitry minimizes falsing.

ESCORT: The Right Choice In Detectors For 16 Years

Confidence

When you give an Escort detector, you're giving the best. We've been the industry leader in innovative detector design for 16 years. Rated #1 in brand preference and brand loyalty, you can be sure that an Escort detector is the right choice.

Commitment

We're committed to your total satisfaction. If you're not completely delighted with your purchase, return it within 30 days for a refund. Buy now and the 30-day trial won't even begin until December 25, 1994!

Convenience

Shop when you want to shop...from the safety and comfort of your home. We're here to take orders all day, every day. And we're always here to answer your questions – both before and *after the sale.*

Escort products are made in the USA.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1•800•433•3487

Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Overnight Shipping Available

Shipping & handling is extra. OH res. add 6% sales tax.

Passport 4500 SuperWide is our value model. You get complete radar and laser protection for only $169.

ESCORT
▶ Department 5007D4
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

ESCORT®
The Innovative Edge.™

© 1994 CMI

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE BEGINS DECEMBER 25TH!

talk with me. You're so willing to listen. I'm not going to lie to you, I'm a little turned on. Why can't I meet a woman who comes to my home with my résumé and just talks with me about me?

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's talk about you. And your personal life. What's the toughest thing about being in a romantic relationship with someone in the same business?

SHANDLING: You mean someone in show business—on my show—who does her own interviews and does a pictorial in PLAYBOY, which I totally support? It's the loss of control I have over my privacy. But Linda is entitled to talk about whatever she wants. Which is awkward for me. But I put no constraints on it, or her. She is entitled to use her best judgment in talking about the things that she wants to talk about.

PLAYBOY: And do your best judgment and hers agree?

SHANDLING: Ninety-five percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: You went to a party at Hef's house to celebrate Linda's pictorial. Was it your first time at the Mansion?

SHANDLING: No. But I enjoyed it. Initially, I was afraid and pained about going because I knew there was going to be a lot of press there. Also, I imagined any number of bikinied women. And Hef. So any time you mix what in my mind was Hef, bikinied women and the press, and add my girlfriend to that mix, why, it's quite volatile. What it turned out to be was a laid-back, classy dinner on the patio. And it turned out that I was the only one wearing a bikini, so I was somewhat embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Linda meet?

SHANDLING: Richard Lewis invited me to a party. Linda was there. Someone I didn't know came up to me and said, "How are you doing?" I said, "Fine." There was a silence and then I heard a woman murmur in my ear, "Oh yeah, right." I turned and it was Linda, mocking me for saying "fine" and understanding that when I said "fine" I was not telling the truth. I would say that's been the dynamic of our relationship ever since—me occasionally going, "Oh, fine," and her going, "Oh yeah, right," and then us arguing for the next couple of days about what the real truth is.

PLAYBOY: Why do you like each other?

SHANDLING: That's easy. We laugh a lot. But I am cautious in relationships. I'm not one of those men—this is clear to anyone who knows me—who dive into relationships. It takes me a long time to trust somebody on a lot of levels. That can be frustrating for many women, not to mention my pets. I need to know that there aren't hidden agendas and that relative mental health exists.

PLAYBOY: So when's the wedding?

SHANDLING: I really hate getting pressured by a man on this. No wedding date has been set.

PLAYBOY: You finally moved in together.

SHANDLING: Yes. We have a very good relationship. We're actually thinking of adopting a 17-year-old Asian girl, so I'm looking forward to a full life.

PLAYBOY: How has having a steady girlfriend affected your humor?

SHANDLING: Since my humor comes from pain and personal experience, I find it a very deep well from which to draw.

PLAYBOY: Why have you apparently given up complaining about your hair and lips?

SHANDLING: I hope I've matured and realized that it's what kind of hair you have inside that counts. As I grow I plan to become less concerned about my looks. And thank God this comes at the right time—just when I'm going downhill. No coincidence there.

PLAYBOY: From where did you originally draw your painful inspirations?

SHANDLING: When I started doing standup I was dating a lot, so I used to talk about how difficult it was meeting somebody you liked, and when you did meet somebody you liked, did she like you? In my last HBO stand-up special, I talked about how hard it is to work things out in a relationship and be committed. It's another level.

PLAYBOY: You had a brother who died. That must have been extremely painful.

IT'S NICE TO BE NAUGHTY!

Call Now 1-900-740-5588

Only $3 a minute -18 yrs. or older

Miss December
Elisa Bridges

"Cuddle up with me under the mistletoe tonight and I'll make your holiday merry and bright."

HOTLINE ALSO AVAILABLE BY CALLING
1-800-949-6000
MasterCard and Visa only

New Price Is Right
Hostess Julie Cialini

"What's behind the curtain? I'll reveal my secrets when you call."

Arlene Baxter and
Her Playmate Friends

"Join me and my Playmate friends for a festive treat. You are at the top of our wish list."

Holiday Bonus
*"Tell a beautiful Playmate your private wish, and she'll send her personal greetings to you on your private holiday voice mailbox."**

* Two calls required for Playmate voice-mailbox.

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

© 1994 Playboy. A Product of Playboy. 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago Il 60611. Not available in OR.

SHANDLING: He died when I was ten, and I'm sure that being exposed to death that early makes one wonder about life a little more. I'm sure that had something to do with getting me started.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel guilty and wish it had been you instead of him?

SHANDLING: I think it should have been *you* instead of him. And don't get me wrong, I say that with love, you know that. No, I'd rather be sitting here having my brother interview me, but you understand that's because he was my brother. If God had come to me and said, "Do you want me to take the guy from PLAYBOY or your brother?" I probably wouldn't have said, "What are the choices again?" But don't get me wrong——

PLAYBOY: We didn't mean to be insensitive. Did you fear for yourself after your brother died? Did you think something might happen to you?

SHANDLING: No. I don't know why not. Maybe because I was an insecure, funny kid who was overprotected by the communist system.

PLAYBOY: Are you more like your mom or your dad?

SHANDLING: My dad passed away, so I'm more like him.

PLAYBOY: But seriously, folks.

SHANDLING: I'm serious! [*Pauses*] My father had a successful business of his own, and I think of myself as self-employed. That may not be a personality trait, but it was an enormous influence.

PLAYBOY: Did your mom work when you were growing up?

SHANDLING: My mom worked for my dad, then she worked at another office. My mom is very creative, very funny. Has a lot of energy. I assume I inherited my father's energy level, which was much more laid-back. My mother still has a high energy level and still has a successful pet shop.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the pets look out of the cages at 8x10s of you?

SHANDLING: My mother does have pictures of me plastered on the cash register, which I believe is a Jewish shrine. My picture on the cash register is not a coincidence. Also, she has a Garry Shandling museum in her back office—a wall of pictures of me with celebrities who have autographed photos to her. Donna Summer, Doc Severinsen, Mac Davis—people I used to open for in Las Vegas. Really, if you'd like to go, I think it's ten bucks this time of year to get in.

PLAYBOY: Would you define your sense of the world as absurd or merely ironic?

SHANDLING: I don't know. I know I started to think about that, quite frankly, when I was about 12—which I knew was odd, even then. I remember thinking about the world and what it all meant and how I fit in. I also realized that the other kids were probably not thinking that way.

PLAYBOY: Were you a class clown?

SHANDLING: I was funny in school, but not the class clown. I'm not wacky or crazy. Class clowns are people who make a farting sound at just the right time when the teacher bends over. I was the guy who would lean over to someone when the teacher bent over and mumble, "Nice ass, huh?" That's the difference.

PLAYBOY: When did you hit on the magic of the self-deprecating style?

SHANDLING: The tortured layers came in my teens. I'm sure that also has something to do with not dating much and going through the same identity crisis that all teens have. My humor turned more toward things that were meaningful for me.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go to Los Angeles instead of New York when you left Tucson?

SHANDLING: I thought you were going to ask me, "Why did you go to college in town?" [*Pauses*] Why did I move to L.A.? That was a big risk for me. The thought of going to a big city like New York, where it's cold, frightened me no end.

PLAYBOY: So it was a pragmatic decision to come here because of the weather?

SHANDLING: Very pragmatic. I remember one day I was sitting in the bleachers, watching a baseball game at the University of Arizona, thinking, This is the life. But do I want to spend the next 20 years doing this? I knew I had to take a risk. There was a deep-down calling that had something to do with discovering myself. It took enormous courage for me to move. I wasn't one of those fellows who couldn't wait to get to Hollywood, who had their bags packed and were all excited. I was frightened to death, and nothing short of that.

PLAYBOY: Nearly every early story about you mentions the car accident you had in 1977 and how it changed your life—but there are few details. Can you describe how you were before and after the accident?

SHANDLING: I had a bad car accident. I was in the hospital for several weeks. I had one of those near-death experiences, which I will not go into, that made me go on a disciplined, soul-searching path to find out what life was and who I was. Prior to that I was trying to figure all of that out intellectually, and I realized that I had to take a different route. After that I began meditating and understanding more about a different way to live my life.

PLAYBOY: What was wrong with the way you were?

SHANDLING: In a real way, you realize that in a second you would give up everything to continue living. So, it puts your priorities in order. I realized I should try to do what I wanted to do: stand-up. I was plodding along as a comedy writer, not happy and intellectually confused. As opposed to now.

PLAYBOY: Do you like yourself now?

SHANDLING: I guess that's the core of the whole thing. That's one of my struggles. I like myself more all the time, but not enough to really want to live with myself. That's why I take long walks and meditate. Part—and I emphasize part—of my craving to be in nature is that I forget myself there. It makes me feel good. Self-consciousness is not a healthy way to

"Tuna Fish"
-Joe Walsh

"Mexican Food"
-Barry Goldwater

"Chicken Wings"
-Dan Marino

YEEEEOOOOW. TABASCO.®
So What Do You Put It On?

To request a Country Store Catalog, call 1-800-634-9599. © 1994 TABASCO is a registered trademark of McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513

You Need The Edge.

Own the laser pointer of the future.

Project a brilliant red dot up to 100 yards. In the open, or clandestinely. Great for conferences, training programs, construction sites, driving your neighbors crazy, or making your dog run around in circles. We had a great time projecting a dot onto the computer monitors of the office across the street. They never did figure it out. New 5mw optical diodes for a vivid, intense beam. Now, for business, work, or fun, own the personal laser of the 21st century.

■ **Ultra-Tech Laser Pointer #LR6001 $79.95**

See in the dark.

The White Night. One of the best night vision scopes ever available. Its famous compact size and wide-optic power turns night into green-hued day instantly. Measures just 7x3x2", with magnification of 3.2x. Excellent for surveillance, nature study, or home/business protection. Best of all, the political changes in the former U.S.S.R. have driven exchange rates to an all-time low. Check out this price! Complete with carrying case, straps, and a lifetime warranty.

■ **White Night™ Scope #WN-37 $379.00**

Super efficient, requires just 2 AA batteries - not included.

Electronic Survival Torch.

Starting a campfire in the rain, or thawing a frozen pipe in a 2-foot crawl space is the stuff nightmares are made of. Now discover the easy way. The 2500° edge. Measuring just 5 1/2" high, new Blazer™ Survival Torch burns at over 1/4 the surface temperature of the sun – and twice that of other torches. Bend glass, metals, etch wood, remove paint, solder electronics, sterilize first aid gear, thaw locks, braze plumbing, or fire up your favorite smoke! Precision needle valve adjusts for any job.

Even better, Blazer's automatic, one-hand electronic ignition requires no batteries, matches, or flint strikers like ordinary torches. Just push the button and it fires right up. Cross-cut diamond grip provides sure control at any angle. Built tough of stainless steel, brass, and chrome, with a lifetime warranty. Call now.

■ **Blazer™ Electronic Survival Torch #GB2001 $59.95** ■ **Extra Blazer Fuel, 12 fill-ups #RF300 $9.95**

RUSH DELIVERY AVAILABLE ALL ITEMS

Take back control of your telephone.

Tele-Screen™ Phone Protector eliminates unwanted calls – harassing calls, sales calls, any call you wish. Incoming calls are greeted by a voice prompt: *"Thank you for calling. Please enter the four-digit pass-code."* Your phone rings only if the caller enters the correct code. Voice prompt repeats and if no code is entered, the caller is automatically disconnected! Use the key-pad to change the code, or de-activate the unit. It's like having an un-listed phone number when *you* want it unlisted. Like during study, meal-time, romantic evenings, or when you only want calls from those you gave your password to. Also secures fax and modem lines!

■ **Tele-Screen™ #TS-300 $44.95**

Installs easier than an answering machine, with its own AC power pack. Lifetime warranty.

Pay your next speeding ticket, or for a bit more don't get one at all. Ever.

Switch on the cloaking device for your car, and become *invisible* to police radar. And it's completely legal! The Mirage 2001™ employs radar masking circuitry, rocketing out silent, un-seen waves that totally "zero-out" police clocking guns. Even works against pulsed-radar, the newest "instant-on" device in speed-traps. Do not confuse with "active" scramblers or weak and ineffective "Spirit" brand jammers. Mirage's passive circuitry operates within all FCC guidelines and its big jamming antenna *wipes out* the competition. Combine with your radar detector for even more powerful protection. Spot the traps, *then* jam them. Worth every penny if you travel at all. Not available in Virginia. Measures app. 4"x 3", lifetime warranty.

Own the last of Russia's restricted issue spy glasses.

Designed for the KGB. All steel micro-binoculars fold away to disappear into palm or shirt pocket. Yet super advanced coatings and huge 2.5 x 17.5 power yields crystal-clarity, even in low-light conditions. Hunting, sports events, concerts, nature study, or surveillance. Now get the powerful 1 1/2" long cold-war edge.

■ **Dual Focus KGB Micro-Binoculars #R-215 $29.95**

With case and Russian documentation, and can be used reversed as low power microscope. Hurry comrade, supplies limited.

■ **Mirage Radar Scrambler #M2001 $199.95**

The Edge recommends you obey all posted speed limits. Mirage is intended only as protection against improperly calibrated police radar or unscrupulous law enforcement - both rare occurrences. Check your laws before ordering.

We Deliver.

AMERICAN MUSCLE

A fully detailed automotive legend, in die-cast metal 1:18 scale, with working doors, hood, detailed engine and interior. About 10" long.

The Viper RT/10.

At 0-60 in 4.8 seconds, a 488 cubic inch V-10, and six speed tranny, it's no wonder *Car & Driver* called it "The most exciting ride since Ben Hur discovered the Chariot". At $60,000, you may want to test drive ours first.

■ Dodge Viper RT/10 #3025R $34.95

The math is simple. For just $30.00 never get stuck with bogus bills.

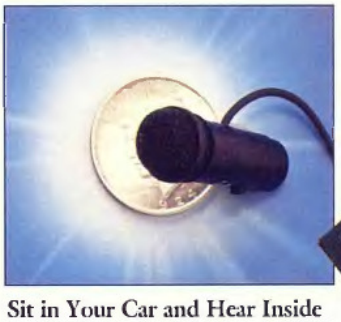
Is your money real? Know the answer in seconds. New electronic currency tester instantly separates the trash from the cash. Sweep the sensing head over the bill. Red LED's light-up only on the genuine article. Also works on foreign currency and travelers checks. The U.S. Treasury reports an astonishing amount of funny-money in circulation. If you handle any cash at all, invest a small amount in protecting it.

■ Electronic Currency Tester #ST-008 $29.95

Activate the world's loudest pocket-size defense system.

Your office at night, out-of-town hotel rooms, dark parking garages, or in your own car or home. Carry the passport to safety. One tug on the lanyard-pin and a ear-shattering 110db siren splits the air – driving any assailant scrambling for cover. Or, attach the included Velcro tabs, loop the lanyard over a door knob, and control a perfect door-alarm. Also trip-wire compatible for wide entrances. Requires just two AA batteries. Measures 3 3/4"x 2", slip into any pocket. Hunters, campers, joggers, kids away at school, or anyone you care about – an excellent gift.

■ Passport Personal Defense Siren #ALM-14 $22.95



Black wire antenna boost & case included.

Sit in Your Car and Hear Inside Your House – a Quarter of a Mile Away!

The same technology used by surveillance teams and undercover police: Sub-miniature electronics amplify and transmit even whispers – right to your portable or car FM radio!

Internally powered by a 3-month micro-battery. Leave hidden and choose when to "listen in". Or hide in your pocket and secretly transmit a conversation to a friend's car or walkman! Secure and monitor offices, your home, or anywhere. You won't believe your ears.

■ Micro-Tech Transmitter Bug #K277 $34.95

Check your local laws before using.

From anywhere in the world, listen to the sounds inside your own home.

No matter where you've installed it, call the XPS-1000 with a special code and the powerful microphone and circuitry open up the entire area – without the phone even ringing! You hear everything, with no-one the wiser. Burglars won't hear a thing, but you'll hear them. Advanced remote-monitoring technology was developed for DEA use. Now yours. Secure your house, office and family. Or, listen in on business deals, roving spouses, or intrusive guests. You won't believe your ears.

■ Phone Shadow #XPS-1000 $129.00

Check your local laws before using phone lines other than your own.

THE EDGE COMPANY

KNIVES, TOOLS, & GIFTS

P.O. Box 826, Brattleboro, VT 05302 • 1-800-732-9976

Free!

With any order over $75.00 The lightweight, pocket Micro-Telescope

PB1294 Call Toll-Free 1-800-732-9976 or fill out order form and mail to: The Edge Company P.O. Box 826 • Brattleboro, VT 05302

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (_____) _____

Method of Payment: ❑ Check or Money Order enclosed

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard ❑ Amex ❑ Discover

Credit Card #: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Exp Date:____/____ Issuing Bank of Card_____

I certify that I am over eighteen years of age and assume liability for laws in my area concerning products I have ordered:

X_____

(Signature)

Model #	Description	Qty	Price Each	Total

❑ My order is over $75.00 please send me my FREE Micro-Telescope.

❑ Also send me a special 2 year Edge Catalog subscription. $3.00

The Edge Ironclad Guarantee: Every item we sell will give you complete satisfaction or you may return it within 30 days for a full refund, credit, or exchange. Your choice. Plus – every Edge product is covered by our famous lifetime warranty.

Shipping *see below*	
TOTAL	

Add $4.00 shipping and insurance per item, $2.00 each additional item. All orders shipped within 48 hours.

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-732-9976

24 HOURS A DAY 7 DAYS A WEEK

The Edge Catalog – over 60 full-color pages of the hottest knives, tools, tricks in the world. See it for yourself.

live. I have to struggle to overcome it.

PLAYBOY: Some people say they act because the characters give them an opportunity to do things and experience things they wouldn't otherwise.

SHANDLING: I'm starting to think that you're smarter than I am and that you should be playing Larry.

PLAYBOY: We're happy with the way things are.

SHANDLING: Have you ever been in a relationship where the other person claims that you're the one who is making her act crazy?

PLAYBOY: Sure.

SHANDLING: Well, that's crazy behavior on her part.

PLAYBOY: Suddenly it seems as if there's not that big a chasm between you and your characters.

SHANDLING: That's correct. Do you think I should take this Walkman off? Maybe I could hear you a little better.

PLAYBOY: Do you want people to like you?

SHANDLING: Yes, but it's less important than it was five years ago. I'd like to be less concerned about the audience liking me and be more concerned about the work. It's tricky because it's also my job, and I really don't want to be self-destructive and just do something purposely that the audience will hate—and I'm capable of that, by the way. I've gone into nightclubs and gotten the audience to hate me. Most people never get to see it because I do it in small clubs. I go on and am hostile and funny and attack people. It's something I get out of my system in a club one night every two years, then I say, "Yeah, I can still do this. I'm still capable of really bombing and eating it and getting people angry at me." I like to dare myself to do that. And, uh. . . . I lost my train of thought. It was something about liking me, wasn't it?

PLAYBOY: Let's continue with this deep analysis. We hear you desperately crave approval and need everyone to concur with your instincts and decisions. For instance, your friend Joan Rivers once said, "We were doing a show in San Diego and he met a girl he liked. He had to get approval from everybody backstage. By the time he went to ask her out, she'd gone home."

SHANDLING: I would say that quote is completely untrue.

PLAYBOY: Still, you don't make up your mind easily.

SHANDLING: Yes, but that's different from needing everybody's approval. But between you and me, what do you think of Linda?

PLAYBOY: Can we check with someone before we answer?

SHANDLING: Why, do you not approve of how this is going so far? Why are you asking me this? You're making me paranoid. I think I need approval. Comedians need approval. People in general need approval. And I don't think I'm off the scale in that direction at all.

PLAYBOY: Will you continue doing stand-up, or will that taper off?

SHANDLING: I still find stand-up to be a terrific vehicle for self-exploration, and I continue to use it that way. Though I'm not doing stand-up regularly right now, when I do make an appearance on a talk show the material I prepare is still a kind of honest, humorous report. Standing onstage alone in a small, intimate setting—whether it's a nightclub or a bathroom with a full-length mirror—and seeing what comes out of my mouth is still a fascinating experience for me. And a painful one for the audience. Sometimes I'll just walk into a club here in L.A., get up onstage for 20 minutes and talk through some things I've been thinking about. I find myself having moments on the stage that I didn't have two years ago doing stand-up. So I think I'm becoming more authentic. [*Pauses*] But if I go on about this I'll sound so self-indulgent that people will turn to the *Party Jokes*.

PLAYBOY: Before they do, we'll move on. How easy are you to work with?

SHANDLING: Very easy. The difficult part is that I'm a perfectionist. But the flip side is that my perfectionist qualities push the work to a better place.

PLAYBOY: So you're easy to work with as long as people do exactly what you say.

SHANDLING: I give writers and actors great freedom and, in fact, encourage it.

PLAYBOY: And when they come up with something, can you be decisive?

SHANDLING: Sometimes. Other times I get confused, and I say so. My acting teacher, Roy London, may he rest in peace, used to say to me, "I really don't believe you're indecisive. You have a quality that allows you to look at both sides of an argument and take them to their ultimate end. You see those ends and then have to decide which is really worth while. So you're plotting the outcomes of the decisions." And that isn't exactly indecisiveness, it's something else. He never convinced me, by the way.

PLAYBOY: What gets you angry?

SHANDLING: Besides these questions and wondering when they're going to stop? [*Smiles*] First of all, in a relationship, I can't handle being controlled. I can't handle not being allowed to be as free as is fair. People who are insecure in relationships try to control the other person so that the relationship is "safe." But it usually backfires. I shout only about once a year, and I sort of wish I shouted more. Allowing my anger to come out is something I have to work on. When I do go nuts it's not at little things. I get angry at injustice, much like Superman. And then I put on a cape with a big "S" for Sanders and Shandling.

PLAYBOY: Can you be happy?

SHANDLING: Yes! But not like someone who always walks around in an elated state yet isn't on drugs.

PLAYBOY: So happy for you is just brief moments.

SHANDLING: I picture me in the old days, like when I was in college, getting loaded, putting the headphones on and just getting really happy. Actually, I read a lot of Zen, and I'm happy when I'm in the woods meditating. I'm happy in nature. The core of my way of being is a Zen philosophy. I don't want to get into that now, because anybody can pick up a Zen book—but it would explain things. I came about that in a natural way. I didn't know that it was Zen-like until I started to read Zen books. I meditated, not knowing it was meditation, because I had never been part of any group, other than the American Nazi Party. But I'd rather not have that printed. The group meditations were so unfulfilling yet still hostile.

PLAYBOY: You seem like such an uncomfortable urban guy. People may have a tough time accepting this side of you.

SHANDLING: I know. That's the part of me people have no clue about. Just before you got here, I was hiking in the hills and meditating.

PLAYBOY: So you really are the sane guy in an insane world. How do you do it?

SHANDLING: My therapist has said, "You are confused because you think you are unhealthy in some way, but you're not." So maybe my problem is simply that I am the only sane person around. There's a healthy statement. Are we done yet?

PLAYBOY: Almost. Is Larry more or less sane than the people around him?

SHANDLING: I'm tempted to say "exactly the same." My experience is that often there are backstage personalities who have even bigger egos than the main performer. We may explore that a little this season on the show. Actually, Larry struggles with the craziness more than the other characters—if we want to call that being a little more sane. The other characters are not struggling to understand themselves, and Larry is. But he's got some problems.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SHANDLING: He's surrounded by other human beings. [*Squirms uncomfortably in his seat and picks up the binoculars again*]

PLAYBOY: How has your playing Larry changed Garry?

SHANDLING: Larry is willing to take control of things more than I am. I find myself connecting to and committing to that kind of energy in Larry, and it has served me well to take more control of the things I want to do in my life. Like stopping now. If that's OK with you.

PLAYBOY: No problem.

SHANDLING: How'd I do?

PLAYBOY: Great.

SHANDLING: What's going to hurt me?

PLAYBOY: Nothing.

SHANDLING: Remember, I get hurt easily.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain
©1994 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.
SMIRNOFF
PURE STANDOUT.
SMIRNOFF

article by Joe Morgenstern

OBSESSION

othello. judge wachtler. jean harris–o.j. simpson is hardly the first person to turn affection into fixation. how does love go so wrong?

MORE THAN a year ago, on the night of October 25, a flat-voiced female police dispatcher in Los Angeles tried, and failed, to grasp the special nature of O.J. Simpson's relationship with his ex-wife Nicole. After listening to Nicole's frantic warnings that O.J. was "fucking going nuts," that he was "going to beat the shit out of me," that he had already broken down the back door to get into Nicole's house, stormed off, come back, almost broken down the bedroom door and was screaming at her and her roommate, the 911 dispatcher asked, with practiced calm and perfect obtuseness: "OK, so basically you guys have just been arguing?"

In fairness, the dispatcher put out a domestic-violence call to all patrol cars (one of which eventually showed up), and she had a lot of information to process in a few minutes. The rest of us have had months to follow the case (or be pursued by it), and we're still trying to get our minds around it. One thing is clear, though. O.J.'s relationship with Nicole Brown Simpson, before and after their divorce, has earned him a place in the Obsessives Hall of Fame.

Obsession shrink-wraps the soul. To be obsessed is to reduce one's life to a set of compulsions: Track her (or him) down, keep her in sight, win her over and win her back. These compulsions are meant to gain or regain control, to stabilize a life in chaos and to create a sense of being desired. But they almost always achieve the opposite results.

A forensic psychiatrist in Beverly Hills describes obsession as a psychological equivalent of physical inflammation, which is the body's way of stabilizing itself in the face of insult, and which can also go horribly wrong; when the lungs fill with fluid, the patient can't breathe. One section of the current California Criminal Code, dealing with malice aforethought, contains a poetic phrase left over from English law that aptly describes obsession's source: "an abandoned and malignant heart."

Poets have always been enthralled by the obsessed. "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned," wrote English dramatist William Congreve in 1697, "nor hell a fury like a woman scorned." Women represent only half the story, to be sure, but what a half: tormented and tormenting avengers such as Carolyn Warmus, who pistol-whipped her lover's wife before shooting her to death; Jean Harris, the private school headmistress who was convicted of killing her lover, Scarsdale Diet doctor Herman Tarnower, in a jealous rage; Adele Hugo, Victor's demented daughter and the heroine of François Truffaut's superb *The Story of Adele H.* ("Love," she proclaims, "is my religion"); and, on a much lower rung of high concept, Alex Forrest, the slasher harpy of *Fatal Attraction*. As for the men, the ranks of the fatefully obsessed include Sol Wachtler, chief judge of New York State, who terrorized his

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

ex-lover and her daughter; John Thomas Sweeney, the up-and-coming chef at Ma Maison in Los Angeles, who choked the life out of Dominique Dunne; and, of course, Shakespeare's Othello, a tragic hero of once-commanding talents. When Iago deviously urges him to be patient with his wife, Desdemona—"Your mind perhaps may change"—Othello dismisses the possibility out of hand. "Never, Iago," he replies, comparing himself to the Black Sea's "icy current and compulsive course."

•

For anyone who has ever read or seen *Othello*, it's hard to ignore the play's new resonance. The obvious parallels with the Simpson case are the most troubling. Both Othello and O.J. are black, and both had younger, white wives who were murdered. (That's where the legal resemblance ends, of course. Othello was guilty and O.J. is not, unless a jury finds him to be so.) Both men were beloved by the public, both were physical prodigies in their primes: Othello as a fearless warrior, O.J. as a peerless running back. (In the greatest, and most politically incorrect, modern performance of *Othello*, Sir Laurence Olivier played the Moor with an athlete's sinuous grace.)

Each is painfully aware of being past his prime: Othello "declin'd into the vale of years," O.J. developed arthritis and nursed damaged knees. Both had worshipful wives. For most of the 18 years she knew him, Nicole adored O.J.—"She was totally, totally devoted to this man," said her older sister—just as Desdemona adored Othello: "My heart's subdued," she proclaims, "even to the very quality of my lord."

Yet the two dramas also differ sharply, just as obsessives themselves differ in kind as well as degree. No one we know of in O.J. Simpson's life corresponds to Iago, the malevolent subaltern who puts the whole intricate plot of *Othello* into motion. Othello's jealousy—the "green-eyed monster"—is terrible to behold, but understandable in the context of Iago's lies. When Othello starts to obsess about that damned handkerchief—"The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk"—it's easy to deplore his gullibility. But we know perfectly well that we, too, could fall victim to the same sort of baseless doubts. When Iago swings into action, we're confronted by a level of paranoid obsession that's almost impossible to comprehend. Iago's stratagems leave Machiavelli's in the dust. To befuddle Othello and bring him down, this bent mastermind creates whole worlds within illusory worlds.

Iago could serve as a literary—and psychological—model for Judge Sol Wachtler, whose machinations reminded one writer of a "chess grandmaster," or for Carolyn Warmus, who insinuated herself so deeply into her lover's life (he once had to invite her out to dinner with his wife and daughter) that a psychologist called her behavior "emotional cannibalism."

In the Wachtler case, which ended in a plea bargain last fall, the most powerful judge in New York State, a married man of great charm and considerable wealth, was stripped of his office and served 15 months in federal prison for threatening to kidnap the daughter of his former lover, a Republican fundraiser named Joy Silverman. The crime of which he was convicted was only one of several with which he might have been charged. The 62-year-old Wachtler made threatening phone calls to Silverman in an electronically altered voice, sent her and her daughter harassing letters and launched a surreal extortion plot in which he created, on the spur of the moment during one call, the role of a Texas private eye named David Purdy—"I'm wearing a diaper now," the wiretap transcript has him telling her, "I've lost my teeth, I weigh over 200 pounds, I'm a dying man"—and then went on to stalk Silverman in a cowboy hat and facial disguise.

Warmus also invented a new identity—a policewoman from Puerto Rico—in her obsessive pursuit of her ex-lover, a fellow teacher named Paul Solomon. Warmus was born into a Michigan family whose wealth has been estimated at $150 million. She came by her compulsive behavior honestly, or at least naturally: Her insurance executive father would give his employees written instructions on the proper position of the window blinds in his office, or tell them where to place his favorite brand of soda on his desk. Although she was only 23 years old in 1987, when she first met the 40-year-old Paul Solomon, Warmus had already gone through several other tortured relationships in which she seduced, manipulated, stalked, cajoled and relentlessly threatened men who proved unavailable to her. On occasion, she went after the women in their lives as well. She's now serving a 25-year-to-life sentence for the murder of Betty Jeanne Solomon.

•

What lies behind such a propensity for torture? Why do outwardly normal people with seemingly solid connections to the world around them become scourges, stalkers and killers?

"One factor that causes people to cross the line is humiliation," says Dr. Ronald Markman, the forensic psychiatrist in Beverly Hills. "Not everyone who's been humiliated kills, but everyone who kills in this way has been humiliated."

As Dr. Markman explains it, obsession starts as a way of coping with anxiety. "In psychology, as in physical medicine, an invading force attacks the well-being of the person. That force can be a gun to one's head, or it can be rejection. The force leads to the development of anxiety, which at first is free-floating. The psyche can't tolerate that, so it converts the anxiety to other symptomatology—maybe obsessions, maybe panic, depression or phobias—in an effort to eradicate the underlying anxiety. Obsessions are not primarily available to everyone—their manifestation depends on both the upbringing and the genetic inheritance. But obsession is one of many ways of attempting to re-create a stability that doesn't exist. When it results in murder, the victim doesn't have to be the person who humiliated you, since both control and resurrecting one's self-esteem are the underlying issues. Violent action gives the illusion of regaining control."

For those with obsessive personalities, minor humiliations can have major consequences. In Coral Springs, Florida in the fall of 1990, a high school honor student named Jason Haffizulla brought a butcher knife into class and stabbed the physics teacher who had given him his first B. (A judge found him not guilty on the grounds that his obsession with academic excellence had rendered him temporarily insane. Less than two years later, Haffizulla, having transferred to a nearby private school, graduated at the top of his class. "There's nothing wrong with reaching for the stars," he advised his classmates in his valedictory speech, "but it takes slow and careful preparation.")

When the humiliation is not minor but results from a loved one's flat rejection, the consequences can range from terrifying to catastrophic.

The yearlong reign of terror that Sol Wachtler inflicted on Joy Silverman and her daughter began shortly after he and Silverman broke off their relationship. He was stunned by how quickly she took up with a younger, wealthier man. Soon his family and friends noticed that he seemed depressed, though they never suspected the Byzantine nature of his secret life, and that his usually eloquent speeches on the court of appeals were becoming disorganized and repetitive. In court, Wachtler read a three-page statement in which he acknowledged that he had destroyed his life and apologized for

(continued on page 94)

"You seem very well prepared for Christmas. But have you arranged for the fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la?"

FOREVER BO

THE PERFECT TEN HAS BECOME AN ELEVEN

AS SHE approaches, you can't help but remember the image that introduced her to America: She was the young Venus in the movie *10*, walking out of the sea toward the camera. Now, 15 years later, Bo Derek is every bit as hypnotic as she was then. In fact, she is an 11.

Some people look ideal at a distance but show their imperfections up close. Not Bo, who can fill the tightest frame without a flaw. As she takes your hand and says hello, and shows you around the ranch she shares with her husband, John, in California's Santa Ynez valley, you steal glances at her. Her skin is still ivory, her muscles smooth as silk. Her eyes are electric blue. At 38, she looks ten years younger, though age seems an irrelevant consideration.

We mention this and her answer is a tranquil smile.

Bo knows mystery. Bo knows allure. But most of all, Bo knows how to live simply. She's not one to analyze or fret, which may be the key to her ageless mien. "When I was younger I was terribly insecure," she says softly, as though the last word explains everything about her. Her guide out of that insecurity was John Derek, whom she met on the Greek island of Mykonos in 1973, while they were making a film he wrote and directed. John was 47 and Bo was 17. He was on the island with his third wife, Linda Evans (his second was Ursula Andress), but immediately saw something in his new acquaintance. "I told Linda I should be involved with Bo," recalls John now, once again displaying the astonishing honesty that has been his lifelong trait. "She left the island. I looked at Bo and said 'Holy shit!' I really screwed up. But when Linda was already flying on the plane, I couldn't call her and say, 'Wait a minute, I made a mistake.'" John Derek's "mistake" has been going on for more than 20 years now. He stuck with Bo, pushing and prodding her at every turn. And she put up with him,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK

learning something important in the process. "It was very intimidating to be with John when I was very young. He had these artistic, strange friends. I felt so insecure, but after a while I thought, God, these people are really miserable. Maybe it's not so bad being me," says Bo. Unlike her husband, she does not spend a lot of time arguing about the meaning of life. That's just a waste of time when she could be doing something fun. No wonder she still looks great.

John, who shot these pictures, is a man as forceful and profane as Bo is reserved and reticent. He walks and talks quickly, tossing off observations and opinions like firecrackers. "I have been lucky enough to see her make the transition from youth to womanhood. Boom, those bosoms and cheeks started to be more defined. Inside, the same crap was happening." When her husband unburdens himself of such crude opinions, Bo goes on smiling. She's used to it. "I mean no disrespect to Ursula or Linda," John continues, "but since I've been with Bo I have had no desire for anyone else. You see, survival for me is being in love. I've been spoiled by my survival, by lusting after fairy-tale women and then loving and living with them. Bo is the ultimate." At that, Bo explains her view of the same process: "Relationships fall apart when people aren't satisfied with anything and they keep searching, reaching for something better. We think we've found what they're looking for."

Not that they don't argue. A bit of verbal sparring went on during our visit. In the course of the interview John turned to his wife and asserted, "When Bo gets pissed, she becomes an icicle. Then I become an even bigger prick. Hard to get anything out of her. Sometimes I

still can't understand what's going on in that frigging head or heart of hers."

"You just assume there's a lot there," retorts Bo.

"I pray there is."

This is not to say John always gets the last word. Bo, smiling, tells of a spat they had that resulted in John stalking out of the house. "Now, he never carries a nickel in his pocket. I handle all the money," she says. "So about a minute after he walked out, he knocked on the door, and there he was with his hand out, saying, 'Can I have some money or credit cards?'" Chastened, John returned to the safety of their home and his relationship with Bo, who is his buffer from the real world. Recently, at a dinner party given by Adnan and Lamia Khashoggi, John waited for Bo to trim the fat from his steak. "How do you put up with it?" Lamia asked Bo, who simply shrugged. Asked how it felt to be married to Bo, John said, "I still can't believe there's a living, breathing thing that looks that good."

At 23, she was a perfect ten. Now approaching 40, Bo proves that beauty is ageless. At the ranch at Santa Ynez (above), she poses for her photographer husband. Says John Derek, "I can't imagine not being with a Bo—by which I mean someone who grows, changes and perfects herself."

OBSESSION (continued from page 84)

"What's in a name? Violence, if the name has the wrong significance in the wrong lunatic's brain."

what he had done. But he also characterized his behavior as "foreign to my 62 years on earth." That was probably because Wachtler, with his good looks, talent and political connections, had never before faced such personal failure in his 62 years on earth.

In the ghastly affair of Dominique Dunne, the daughter of novelist Dominick Dunne, and John Thomas Sweeney, the chef who received a mere five years in jail for strangling her to death, there is ample evidence of Dunne's frantic desire to be free of her obsessed lover. "Don't live for me," she wrote him. "Live for yourself. You do not love me. You are obsessed with me. The person you think you love is not me at all. It is someone you have made up in your head. I think we fight only when images of me fade away and you are faced with the real me. The only man I am interested in is you, but we are not compatible. When we are good, we are great. But when we are bad, we are horrendous." But she never sent that letter, and by the time she made the break it was too late.

"For the nonafflicted," says Markman, "obsession is a bizarre phenomenon. However, we all experience such events. We hallucinate—it's called dreaming. We all have obsessive rudiments in our lives: brushing the bottom teeth before the top, putting the left leg into the trousers before the right. We don't see minor things as obsessions, but those with obsessive personalities don't see anything wrong with their behavior, either. The things they do seem to be part of a carefully worked-out system of logic. And homicide is a crime unlike all others in that perpetrators represent a cross section of humanity. This isn't true of rape or child molestation, but everyone is capable of killing."

No more vivid evidence of Markman's point can be found than with Jean Harris. She was headmistress of a Virginia girls' school before the shooting death of her lover, Dr. Herman Tarnower. This cultivated, articulate woman claimed at her trial that she and Tarnower had never before argued "over anything except the use of a subjunctive." Yet Harris, too, had been rejected in favor of someone younger, and on the day she killed Tarnower she sent him a ten-page letter that revealed, in its eloquence and its many obscenities, her wild hatred for the same man she had loved for 15 years. "Your phone call to say that you prefer the company of a vicious, adulterous, psychotic whore has kept me awake almost 36 hours," Harris wrote. "This letter will ramble, but I had to do something besides shriek with pain."

•

The most bizarre instances of obsessive murder are those in which the only relationship between victim and killer is in the killer's mind. These people usually suffer from schizophrenia or some other personality disorder, but those conditions don't lead, in themselves, to homicidal behavior. But obsession on top of the craziness produces ruthless predators such as John Hinckley, who stalked Jodie Foster and Jimmy Carter and caught up with Ronald Reagan; Mark David Chapman, who killed John Lennon; and Robert Bardo, who murdered actress Rebecca Schaeffer.

Markman has recently had a book published about another such case. *Obsessed: The Stalking of Theresa Saldana*, which he co-authored with Ron LaBrecque, chronicles in chilling detail the mad odyssey of Arthur Jackson from his native Scotland to the streets of Hollywood. Jackson fastened on Saldana after seeing one of her movies, building a labyrinthine system of schizophrenic symbolism—a "psychotic jigsaw puzzle," Markman calls it, "with pictures on both sides of the pieces." Thus the names of the actors in the movie and the names of their characters became associated with real events and abiding fantasies in Jackson's life. As Jackson saw it, the murder of Saldana (who survived his brutal knife attack) would be followed by a "state-administered execution" that he looked forward to as a sort of spiritual purification. This outcome would allow him to achieve "eternal bliss of cosmic proportions" through his soul mating with Saldana's in heaven. What's in a name? Violence or death, if the name has the wrong significance in the wrong lunatic's brain.

The full-blown madness of these monsters sets them apart from most of humanity. There's little hope of deflecting them from the evil they intend to do. They can't tell good from evil to begin with, and no rational observer, whether a relative, friend or psychiatrist, could ever imagine, let alone chart, the secret pathways between their addled thoughts and awful deeds. By comparison, the thought processes of the ordinarily obsessed—those who have genuine social or emotional connections with their victims—seem almost straightforward. But only by comparison, for nothing is simple when obsession rules.

The less complex situations are those in which the object of obsessive attention wants no part of it, and does nothing, at least consciously, to feed it. Most often such relationships involve parents and children. Stage mothers, for example, may turn their children into symbols of success, then threaten or abuse them if they don't measure up. A weird variation on this theme turned up recently in the person of a crazed "tennis father." Last year the 18-year-old tennis pro Mary Pierce, who was ranked 14th in the world, had to hire bodyguards, live in hotels under assumed names and file two restraining orders to protect herself from her 57-year-old father, Jim Pierce. In one of those filings, Mary declared that her father had made "terroristic threats" against her life and had told her, "If you think there was a nut in Waco, Texas, you haven't seen anything yet."

As frightening as her predicament was, Mary Pierce knew she needed restraining orders and she got them, along with help from the Women's Tennis Council in barring her father from her matches. Things become much more complicated and dangerous when obsession colors the behavior of both partners.

"That is commonly a man-woman dynamic," says Julie Carlstrom, a Los Angeles family therapist who frequently deals with obsessive behavior in her practice. "Very often both members of a couple have a strong unconscious need to feel infinitely desirable." Such relationships can be about control, Carlstrom says, but need is at their root: a need to be validated by love, desire or admiration, a need to be needed. "Many people with this dynamic have insufficient emotional development or come from childhoods in which they were seriously deprived in some significant way. Often they are people with a level of intelligence, talent, charisma or looks that allows them to detach from the unmet needs of their childhood. They then try to compensate with an endless search for success as adults. And even though there appears to be one clearly identified object in the relationship, the dynamic is usually present to different degrees on both sides."

But doesn't that smack of blaming

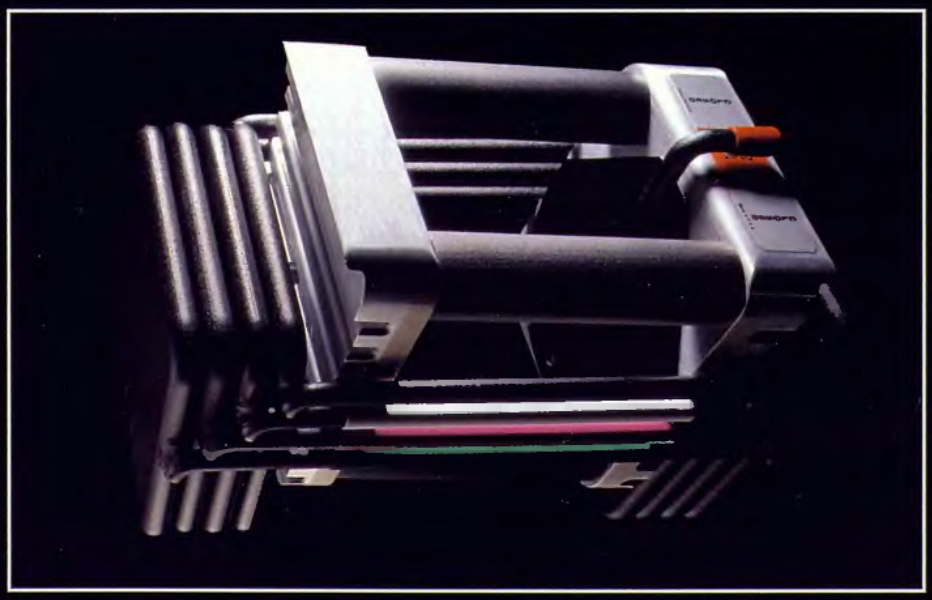
(continued on page 187)

"First give me what I asked for, then I'll give you what you asked for."

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a delight

What cyclist wouldn't want to find a Hetchin's under the Christmas tree? The British-built Magnum Opus Oakham pictured here features the intricate hand-cut lugs and unique rear triangle that have made the company name synonymous with superior craftsmanship in lightweight bikes for 60 years, $3675, including Campagnola Record companents.



Simply insert the Power Block's selector pin below the desired weight and you can change levels on this dumbbell in five-pound increments from ten to 95. Foam-padded handles provide wrist support and reduce stress when you're doing two-handed exercises, by Intellbell of Owatonna, $300 to $600 a pair depending on the weight you choose.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Standing 42 inches and weighing 240 paunds, the Nautilus laudspeaker is a sonic heavyweight that's assembled, tested and packed by hand. Four channels of amplificatian are required to drive each speaker, and the sound produced is truly outstanding. (Active electronic filtering is one of the keys to Nautilus' reproductive excellence, but yau need a master's degree from MIT to understand the process.) By B&W of America, $35,000 a pair.

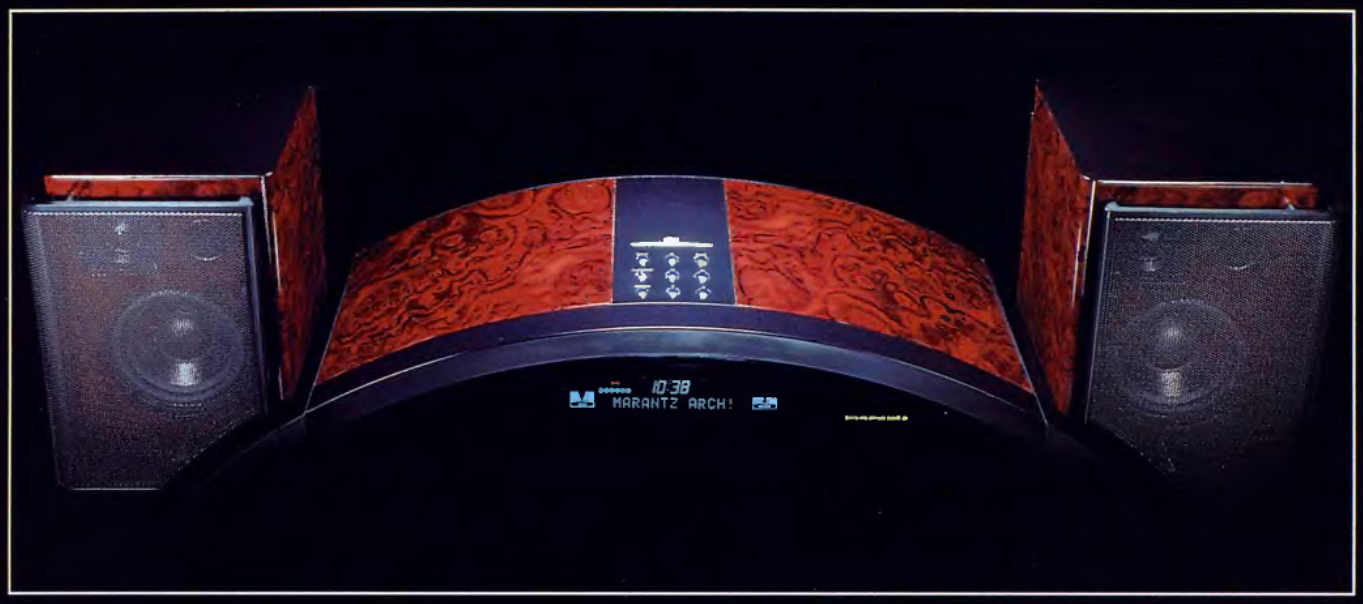
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Michel Perrenoud's $3000 pyramid-shaped solid mahogany-and-ebony Kheops humidor can keep up to 100 of your favorite cigars in pristine condition. Inside there's a magnet for a $70 cigar cutter, also from the company. And for an additional $5500 you can get a matching high-gloss pedestal, with a drawer, on which to rest the Kheops. A humidor for 25 cigars costs $1850, and one for 50 is only $2400.

If it's the Ferrari of ultralight rowing craft you're seeking, look no further. Dave Emmer's Corbon-Fiber Limited Edition Skimmer measures 16 feet in length, weighs 41 pounds and features anodized aluminum rigging and titanium oarlock posts. "It's virtually impossible to build a lighter boat with the same strength-to-weight ratio," says Emmer, who designed the Skimmer. Price: about $7900. Other models are available, as is a heart-rate monitor that downloads data to your computer, $389.

Once considered the black sheep of Italian distilled spirits, upscale grappas are now the chic sip, and there isn't anything better than the ones from Jacopo Poli. Pictured here is a 1500-milliliter bottle of the company's Chiara di Moscato, a superb grappa that's made from white muscat grapes, about $300.

For the high-powered executive on your Christmas list there's the Macintosh Powerbook 540c, a seven-pound color laptop computer featuring a touch-sensitive track pad that facilitates moving the cursor around the screen. Technophiles also will appreciate that the 540c can be upgraded to a Power PC and features a superfast Motorola processor, 320MB hard drive and stereo sound, by Apple, $5500. On the monitor: Marvel Comics Screen Posters by Berkeley Systems, $20.



You'd never guess that a six-disc CD changer and an AM/FM tuner are hidden in the Arch—probably because the sleek compact stereo by Marantz looks more like a sculpture. Measuring about three feet across and featuring a rich walnut-tone finish, the home audio system consists of two 30-watt speakers and an arched central section with a panel that opens manually or via remote control to reveal the magazine-style changer. The Arch offers an AM/FM stereo tuner with 60 station presets and a fluorescent display that indicates frequency and time, plus a function that lets you program up to 16 magazines for 32-track playback, $1600.

The word on the slopes is that skiing is going to the Sled Dogs—polyurethane snow skates that allow for extreme freestyling thanks to a three-inch-wide plastic runner fixed to the base of each boot. The SD 100 model pictured here features front-buckle ski-boot-type construction. Besides making like Tommy Moe on downhill runs, you can use them to cruise snow-covered trails or sidewalks as if on skates. And unlike skis, you don't have to take Sled Dogs off when bellying up to a bar. By Snow Runner Inc., $200 a pair.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

The Bull is the second Swiss-quartz timepiece created by Special Editions Ltd. in its exclusive partnership with the estate of Pablo Picasso. It features a hand-printed silk-screen rendering of a pen-and-ink drawing completed by Picasso in 1956 while he was living in Cannes. Encased in an elegant stainless-steel bezel, the Bull's strong, dynamic form is echoed by a curving, tail-like second hand and steel horn-shaped embellishments that protect the crystal. Price: $125, including an Italian calfskin band.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 213.

THE ghost STANDARD

it's man versus lobstermorph in a high-stakes game in outer space where a sly computer makes the rules

fiction by WILLIAM TENN

REMEMBER the adage of the old English legal system: "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall"? Well, *was* justice done in this case?

You have three entities here. An intelligent primate from Sol III—to put it technically, a human. An equally intelligent crustacean from Procyon VII—in other words, a sapient lobstermorph. And a computer of the Malcolm Movis omicron beta design, intelligent enough to plot a course from one stellar system to another and capable of matching most biological minds in games of every sort, from bridge to chess to double zonyak.

Now—add a shipwreck. A leaky old Cascassian freighter comes apart in deep space. I mean quite literally comes apart. Half the engine segment explodes off, the hull develops leaks and begins to collapse, all those who are still alive and manage to make it to lifeboats get away just before the end.

In one such lifeboat you have the human, Juan Kydd, and the lobstermorph, Tuezuzim. And, of course, the Malcolm Movis computer—the resident pilot, navigator and general factotum of the craft.

Kydd and Tuezuzim had known each other for more than two years. Computer programmers of roughly the same level of skill, they had met on the job and had been laid off together. Together they had decided to save money by traveling on the scabrous Cascassian freighter to Sector N-42B5, where there were rumored to be many job opportunities available.

They were in the dining salon, competing in a tough hand of double zonyak, when the disaster occurred. They helped each

PAINTING BY JAMES WARHOLA

GHOST

other scramble into the lifeboat. Activating the computer pilot, they put it into Far Communication Mode to search for rescuers. It informed them that rescue was possible no sooner than 20 days hence, and was quite likely before 30.

Any problems? The lifeboat had air, fuel, more than enough water. But food. . . .

It was a Cascassian freighter, remember. The Cascassians, of course, are a silicon-based life-form. For their passengers, the Cascassians had laid in a supply of organic, or carbon-based, food in the galley. But they had not even thought of restocking the lifeboats. So the two non-Cascassians were now imprisoned for some three to four weeks with nothing to eat but the equivalent of sand and gravel.

Or each other, as they realized immediately and simultaneously.

Humans, on their home planet, consider tinier, less-sapient crustaceans such as lobsters and crawfish great delicacies. And back on Procyon VII, as Tuezuzim put it, "We consider it a sign of warm hospitality to be served a small, succulent primate known as spotted morror."

In other words, each of these programmers could eat the other. And survive. There were cooking and refrigerating facilities aboard the lifeboat. With careful management and rationing, meals derived from a full-size computer programmer would last till rescue.

But who was to eat whom? And how was a decision to be reached?

By fighting? Hardly. These were two highly intellectual types, neither of them good physical exemplars of their species.

Kydd was round-shouldered, badly nearsighted and slightly anemic. Tuezuzim was somewhat undersized, half deaf and suffering from one crippled chela. The claw had been twisted at birth and had never matured normally. With these disabilities, both had avoided participation in athletic sports all their lives, especially any sport of a belligerent nature.

Yet the realization that there was nothing else available to eat had already made both voyagers very hungry. What was their almost-friendship compared with the grisly prospect of starvation?

For the record, it was the lobstermorph, Tuezuzim, who suggested a trial by game, with the computer acting as referee and also as executioner of the loser. Again, only for the record and of no importance otherwise, it was the human, Juan Kydd, who suggested that the logical game to decide the issue should be Ghost.

They both liked Ghost and played it whenever they could not play their favorite game—that is, when they lacked zonyak tiles. In the scrambling haste of their emergency exit, they had left both web and tiles in the dining salon. A word game now seemed the sole choice remaining, short of flipping a coin, which—as games-minded programmers—they shrugged off as childishly simplistic. There also was the alternative of trial by physical combat, but that was something that neither found at all attractive.

Since the computer would function as umpire and dispute-settling dictionary as well as executioner, why not make it a three-cornered contest and include the computer as a participant? This would make the game more interesting by adding an unpredictable factor, like a card shuffle. The computer could not lose, of course—they agreed to ignore any letters of Ghost that it picked up.

They kept the ground rules simple: a ten-minute time limit for each letter; no three-letter words; the usual prohibition against proper nouns; and each round would go in the opposite direction from that of the previous round. Thus, both players would have equal challenging opportunities, and neither would be permanently behind the other in the contest.

Also, challenging was to be allowed across the intervening opponent—the computer, not part of the combat.

Having sent off one last distress signal, they addressed themselves to programming the computer for the game (and the instantaneous execution of the loser). Combing through the immense software resources of the computer, they were pleased to discover that its resident dictionaries included *Webster's First* and *Second*, their own joint favorites. They settled on the ancient databases as the supreme arbiters.

The verdict-enforcer took a little more time to organize. Eventually, they decided on what amounted to a pair of electric chairs controlled by the computer. The killing force would be a diverted segment of the lifeboat's Hametz Drive. Each competitor would be fastened to his seat, locked in place by the computer until the game was over. At the crucial moment, when one of them incurred the *t* in Ghost, a single blast of the diverted drive would rip through the loser's brain, and the winner would be released.

"Everything covered?" asked Tuezuzim as they finished their preparations. "A fair contest?"

"Yes, everything's covered," Kydd replied. "All's fair. Let's go."

They went to their respective places: Kydd to a chair, Tuezuzim to the traditional curved bed of the lobstermorph. The computer activated their electronic bonds. They stared at each other and softly said their goodbyes.

We have this last information from the computer. The Malcolm Movis omicron beta is bundled at sale with Altruix 4.0, a fairly complex ethicist program. It was now recording the proceedings, with a view to the expected judicial inquest.

•

The lobstermorph drew the first *g*. He had challenged Juan Kydd, who had just added an *e* to *t-w-i-s*. Kydd came up with *twisel*, the Anglo-Saxon noun and verb for fork. To Tuezuzim's bitter protests that *twisel* was archaic, the Malcolm Movis pointed out that there had been no prior agreement to exclude archaisms.

Kydd himself was caught a few minutes later. Arrogant over his initial victory, he was helping to construct *laminectomy* ("surgical removal of the posterior arch of a vertebra") by adding *m* after *l-a-m-i-n-e-c-t-o*. True, this would end on the computer's turn, which could incur no penalty letters, but Kydd was willing to settle for a neutral round. Unfortunately, he had momentarily forgotten the basic escape hatch for any seasoned Ghost player—plurals. The Malcolm Movis indicated *i*, and Tuezuzim added the *e* so fast it sounded like an echo. There was absolutely no escape for Kydd from the concluding *s* in *laminectomies*.

And so it went, neck and neck, or, rather, neck and cephalothorax. Tuezuzim pulled ahead for a time and seemed on the verge of victory, as Kydd incurred *g-h-o-s* and then was challenged in a dangerous situation with a questionable word.

"*Dirigibloid*?" Tuezuzim demanded. "You just made that one up. There is no such word. You are simply trying to avoid getting stuck with the *e* of *dirigible*."

"It certainly is a word," Kydd maintained, perspiring heavily. "As in 'like a dirigible, in the form of or resembling a dirigible.' It can be used, probably has been used, in some piece of technical prose."

"But it's not in *Webster's Second*—and that's the test. Computer, is it in your dictionary?"

"As such, no," the Malcolm Movis replied. "But the word dirigible is derived from the Latin *dirigere*, to direct. It means steerable, as a dirigible balloon. The suffix *-oid* may be added to many words of classical derivation. As

(continued on page 182)

"Whoops! Sorry, wrong planet."

JOHN BOBBITT'S EX-FIANCÉE

the wedding may be off, but kristina elliott is determined to make it on her own

FOR A MOMENT it seemed Kristina Elliott would provide an upbeat ending to a twisted tale. Everyone knows how the story began: In 1993 John Wayne Bobbitt, a 27-year-old ex-Marine, became notorious when his wife, Lorena, cut off his penis and tossed it into a field. America's unkindest cut inspired words such as Bobbittry and Bobbittized, as well as Bobbitt jokes (*It's a good thing they found John's johnson, since it would look weird on a milk carton*) and even a novelty gift, a "penis protector," which John endorsed. Afterward he began a much publicized romance with Kristina, 21, a buxom blonde who was a topless dancer when she met John. They planned a July 4 wedding. Happy ending? It looked that way at the time, but then every Bobbitt story seems to be a two-parter. Last summer, the lovebirds made news by squabbling often, sometimes so heatedly that police intervened. John told radio host Howard Stern that he suspected Kristina of faking love so she could share in his notoriety. She accused her fiancé of shoving her into a wall in a fit of drunken anger. But for the time being, the wedding was still on. Kristina swore she loved him, surgically fixed penis and all. (John told us, with a sly smile, "All systems are go.") Then came August, when all systems stopped. The latest battle ended their cohabitation in the luxury apartment they shared in Las Vegas; John served a 15-day jail term for physically abusing Kristina. After many stops and starts, their relationship may finally be over. And now, for the first time, Kristina tells the story of her love–hate affair with John. (In another exclusive interview with PLAYBOY before his incarceration, John confirmed much of her story.)

"We were going to get married on July 4, 1994," Kristina says. They put it off. "Then came our last fight." Now, feeling relieved about her close call with matrimony ("I was almost Mrs. John Bobbitt!"), she shows what he's missing.

"The night we met," she says, "John was doing radio interviews from the Olympic Garden, where I was a dancer. It's the best topless place on the Strip. I saw him and thought he was cute—I still think he's cute. That night he gave me his autograph with a note that read, *You're very beautiful. I hope we can share orgasms someday*." Soon they did exactly that. Make no mistake, says Kristina—John isn't joking when he says his sexual systems are go. "He's fully functional, and even aggressive, sexually. I wouldn't say violent, but definitely aggressive, like he wants to keep proving his manhood," she says. It wasn't sex that ruined their romance. The trouble, she says, was his drinking. "John is fine when he's sober, he's nice. But he is bad when he gets drunk." Her description lends credence to Lorena Bobbitt's claim that she was physically abused by John. "He really scared me," Kristina says. But unlike Lorena she didn't reach for a knife. "I don't hate John. I just think there is something in him that makes him act the wrong way." And John has a new demon, she says: He believes that he must prove to the world that he is more than half a man. "That's why he was so forceful in bed. I think it's why he's making a porno movie now, which breaks my heart. He thinks he can prove he's a man with this film, but it seems like a sad way to do it." Instead, she suggests, John should have been content to prove himself to her, and let the world find another tabloid story to exploit. (His agent confirms his role in *John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut*, slated for a fall release.) "Too bad," says Kristina. "If only he'd call and apologize." For now, she plans to study acting. "Maybe someday I'll get Pamela Anderson's *Baywatch* job!" And why not? As Kristina can attest, stranger things have happened.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

When the inevitable Bobbitt television movie is made, John wants to be ployed by Jean-Claude Van Damme. (Notify the special-effects team.) Kristina wants to play herself, starring as the young woman who gets her man by charming him more than any other woman could. "Then he turned around and broke my heart," she says. That was Babbitt's biggest boner: He alienated the Kristina you see abave and at left, finally turning her into the ex-fiancée below.

Gold

John once swore thot he felt "no hote or revenge" toword his knife-wielding first wife, Lorena. "I just wont to get on with my life," he soid. Given another opportunity, Bobbitt proceeded to repeot his pottern of abuse, turning Kristina againost him. "I tried," she soys, "but it's probably over now." Whot will John think when he sees these pictures? The last time we spoke with him he soid that she was "Mm-mm good."

LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY

By BUCK HENRY

how would america be different without hugh hefner and his dream? our resident sage examines an empty and desolate world in which pajamas are worn only for sleeping

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLO ROTH

WE WERE on the freeway at the time. I was driving fast, very fast, because my passenger, a world-renowned historian, was late for a seminar. Absorbed as I was in listening to my favorite golden-oldies FM station and its retrospective on the works of Black Sabbath, I was startled when, abruptly, he turned to me and said, apropos of nothing in particular:

"I believe that when the intellectual debris of this era is finally cleared away, the list of names of those who have defined our times will have boiled down to these four: Marx, Freud, Einstein and Hefner."

I gave this pronouncement a few moments of deep thought, then popped the passenger door and shoved the widely respected savant into the evening rush-hour traffic, where he was immediately run over and killed, thus making this anecdote virtually unverifiable.

Later—in the privacy of my study—I ruminated on the sage's last words. Was he in fact proposing that we would have suffered through an essentially meaningless century had it not been for dialectical materialism, psychoanalysis, relativity and—what?—Bunnies? As I tossed and turned through a fevered, sleepless night, I returned again to the almost unthinkable question, one that has filled the hours of so many unemployed sociologists: What if PLAYBOY had *never been*?

How, for example, would so many millions of my fellow Americans have been able to appreciate the miracle of our planet's seasonal dance if they had not had access to those PLAYBOY covers with their paeans to monthly change: blondes in bikinis inevitably giving way to brunettes wearing abbreviated Santa outfits?

What institution of higher learning would inquiring minds of my generation have attended to unlock the intricate secrets of stereo awareness, wine appreciation and comparative fellatio?

Where would we—the men of my time—have gone to gird ourselves for a lifetime of successful gender-bonding without the invaluable guidelines of hundreds of centerfolds' turnoffs (e.g., liars, cigar smoke, ethnic cleansing) and turn-ons (e.g., moonlight swims, world peace, guys with firm butts)?

And furthermore, what, I asked myself, would the world as we know it have become without the man who

invented the most widely skimmed magazine of our time, without the man who has been willing to risk health and eyesight by spending a minimum of 16 hours a day examining minuscule photographic proof sheets of heartbreakingly underdressed women, without the man I have known since childhood and have called variously "H.M.H.," "Mr. Hefner," "Hef," "Chief," "Your Grace," "Big Guy," "Master" and once, only once, in the late Sixties when manners and morals were generally more flexible, "Honeybuns"?

Marx, Freud, Einstein and Hefner. The quartet of names sang in my mind's ear over and over again, like some exotic mantra.

In all due modesty, I am compelled to suggest that I am in a unique position to evaluate the late historian's provocative pronouncement. I have known, in one way or another, each of the above-named individuals (Karl, Siggy, Al and Hef, as I call them) and have spent many pleasant hours with each one of them, trading philosophical insights, intellectual gossip and numerous multicultural off-color jokes.

In order to fully appreciate the significance of this magazine's contribution to world culture, it is necessary not only to examine PLAYBOY's place in historical and literary tradition but also to probe (as I have done so often on these pages) the psyche of its founder and to examine this said psyche microscopically—each nut, each bolt and, if you will, each screw, that fit so cunningly into that dynamo of social energy I like to call the Hefmachine.

Let me begin this analysis by sharing an anecdote from my short but pithy relationship with my buddy from Vienna, Sigmund Freud, prober of the unconscious, analyzer of dreams and all-around coke fiend.

Many years ago I was playing a game of pinochle and sharing a Sacher torte with the amiable Austrian. In spite of an undeniable age discrepancy, we were good pals. Perhaps it was because I was always willing to listen to him ramble on about the id, but more likely it was because he liked to play with my toys (he harbored an unusual fascination for my Erector set). We had what might be called a prickly, even contentious relationship, much like that of Socrates and Plato, minus the flowing robes and the buggery. I remember once saying to him, "But honestly, Uncle Sig, have you ever actually met

anyone who killed his father and slept with his mother?" His answer, in a rare display of pique, was to extinguish his cigar on the back of my youthful hand.

At any rate, on this day, while shuffling the cards for the next deal, he looked at me over his spectacles, beard and ever-present stogie, and said, "Weiss du, mein kleiner Freund, Anatomie ist Schicksal." (He always spoke to me in German, which I didn't understand and neither do you, so I'll translate: "You know, my little friend, anatomy is destiny.") I was to think of the irrefutable truth of this famous aphorism many times, such as the time I was summarily rejected when I applied for a position as one of the Supremes and again during a brief career in the NBA. And though Freud may have originated that aphorism, it was my other, closer friend—the creator of this magazine—who found a way to make money out of it.

•

Born of a mixed marriage—one man, one woman—Hefner, even as a newborn babe, displayed physiological characteristics that would steer him inexorably to the top of the media heap.

"Look at those eyes," the attending maternity-ward nurse is alleged to have proclaimed, "those strange, piercing, beady, close-set eyes. They seem to be staring at me."

"The better," the proud and prescient father answered, "to read the future and, possibly, to see through cloth."

"And look at his little hands," the gynecologist-in-chief insisted, "with those long, almost prehensile, fingers."

"Ah, yes," the exhausted mother responded, "the better to grasp things with—a pipe, a Pepsi, a pencil. . . ." She collapsed immediately from alliterative overload.

"And what an amazingly long, slim torso for a newborn," a consulting physician said.

"The better," a young intern rejoined, "to spend a happy and comfortable life in pajamas," a proclamation that drew a snicker or two at the time. Years later that doctor was proven to be uncannily accurate when people around the world responded admiringly to the fashion statement jointly propounded by Hefner and Ho Chi Minh.

"And what about that?" a curious passerby fairly shrieked in amazement, pointing to yet another prominent area of the still-naked babe's torso. "What will he do with *that*?"

And here, before the pertinent query is answered, but enlightened by our knowledge that anatomy is indeed destiny, let us draw a curtain of modesty over this moving domestic tableau.

•

My relationship with Karl Marx was of a different, though equally compelling, order. Once, in an effort to widen my social parameters, I enrolled in INFIMATE, a uniquely conceived penpal-and-dating service that combined demographics with parapsychology. Owned and operated by a family of licensed Gypsies in Trenton, New Jersey, INFIMATE brought lonely strangers together through a series of scientific séances.

Over a period of six months, costing me the going rate of $20 a session plus the deed to my house and several doctor bills necessitated by a nasty skin condition caused, apparently, from contact with an infected tarot deck, I found myself in communication with a number of legendary and outspoken historical personages.

And what I learned from my conversations with these voices from the past could fill many a best-selling volume.

Helen of Troy, for instance, proved to be a foulmouthed little vixen who discoursed interminably about the sexual inadequacies of Menelaus, Hector, Ajax, Achilles and several dozen other pre-Christian role models. She also had some rather salty comments concerning Trojan table manners and sanitary habits.

On several occasions, I also conversed with William Shakespeare, who insisted that he not only had written all of his own plays but also had helped with ("punchéd up" was the expression he used) several dramas of Francis Bacon and Thomas Kyd. He also claimed to have written and misplaced a first draft of something he would describe only as his one "truly daffie comedie" and to which he had given the working title of *The Bridges of Ye Olde Madison-on-Avon*.

I spent a fascinating hour or two with Leonardo da Vinci, who insisted that his one great artistic regret was that he was unable to slap that silly smirk off Mona Lisa's kisser.

Davy Crockett, Cleopatra ("Asp, hell—it was bad clams"), Al Capone, Anne ("It only smarts for a second") Boleyn, Bix Beiderbecke—I conversed with all of them. But it was Karl Marx, the scourge of capitalism, who offered me one of the most startling insights into the main theme of this rambling discourse. Although he still complained endlessly—even from beyond the grave—about the quality of the fare at the British Museum's cafeteria, I found him to be possessed of a lively sense of humor and an unexpected penchant for ribald, and somewhat childish, limericks. To wit:

There once was a fellow named Hegel
Who had an affair with a bagel.

Well, you get the picture.

One of his most charming attributes was his persistent optimism about the future, even though he admitted his theory about the imminent perfectibility of humanity failed to account for Jesse Helms and Howard Stern.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was fully aware his concept of the perfectible man was, for the present, an illusion, he insisted that others would carry the torch; others—at least *one* other—would continue the search for mortal perfection. The search for a race of beings with perfect ideals and perfect morals or—if that seemed unattainable—some special man who would settle for perfect hair, perfect thighs and perfect breasts. Need I say more?

•

What can I say about Albert Einstein? He was a genius, a scamp and a wag. He loved to dance and sing and bake cookies. Like so many Nobel Prize–winning scientists, he adored the Three Stooges, saying once, as I recall: "Moe is real funny but so is Larry. Curly is just, just—I don't know, I guess it's all relative."

Shortly before his death in 1955, Al invited me to his bedroom, where he got down on his knees, felt around under his bed and came up with his complete collection of PLAYBOY. Handling the magazines with the care he ordinarily reserved for certain scientific instruments (such as his thermometer, his Buddy L battery charger and his Flowbie), he asked me if I was familiar with the publication. I answered in the affirmative and added that I was a close friend of the periodical's creator.

He was amazed to hear that I had played a small part in PLAYBOY's early development. I told him how I had encouraged Hefner to limit *Party Jokes* to only one side of the centerfold. Einstein was equally impressed when I recounted how, when Hefner wanted to give the magazine a name that would reflect his image, I suggested that PLAYBOY might be more eye-catching than Hef's idea, TALL, THIN GUY.

Although the general theory of relativity, combining notions of space, time and matter, remains a difficult notion for most laymen, Einstein once gave me a dramatically simple interpretation that I am happy to pass on.

"It is like PLAYBOY itself," Einstein

(concluded on page 180)

"Every day is Christmas—if you're with the right person."

Stocking Stuffers

SEX TRICKS TO BRING JOY TO THE HOLIDAY SEASON

By Jay Wiseman

WHAT would the holidays be without the crème de menthe blow job? Is it better to give than to receive? We'll let you decide. Find someone you love and curl up in front of the fire with these time-tested techniques.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

Are you naughty or nice? Only Santa knows for sure, but talking dirty is more fun than singing Christmas carols. In this trick, the man invites the woman to mount him while he sits on a chair. As they make love, she tells him all the sexual adventures she would like to try. Be specific. Mention body parts, all of the forbidden fantasies you've kept to yourself. Consider each of the five senses and describe an act that will satisfy. You don't actually have to perform these acts to enjoy them. For his part, Santa can tell you what he would like—for Labor Day.

THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

For him: Here's the original crème de menthe blow job: "The woman holds a sip of the minty liqueur in her mouth, touches the man's penis to her lips and then parts them slightly, allowing the liqueur to spread over his glans and down his shaft. Then she opens her mouth wider, goes down on his penis and exhales forcefully. Her warm breath on the crème de menthe gives the man an exciting sensation of heat. After that she backs off so that her lips encircle only the head of her lover's penis. She inhales forcefully, and the man experiences an exquisite cooling sensation."

For her: In return, the man can take a small straw, dip it in the glass of liqueur and use it to blow warm air at the clitoris. After she has her first orgasm, put an ice cube in your mouth and try to cool off her clitoris. The mixture of hot and cold can produce a second orgasm if done quickly.

ON THE 12TH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

For him: This is usually done with the man lying on his back. Sit or kneel beside him or between his legs. Taking his penis in one hand, gently caress it for about ten seconds. Then give it one quick up-and-down stroke. Repeat the caressing for another ten seconds—perhaps doing slow up-and-down strokes, perhaps doing other things that feel good. Then give his penis two quick up-and-down strokes. Repeat the caressing, then give three quick strokes. Then more caressing, followed by four quick strokes. Then more caressing, and five strokes. You get the idea. You can vary the caresses—adding twists or tongue or scratches—for each verse of the song. See if he can last for 12 full strokes. This same trick works for oral sex—his and hers.

NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING

Suspense is part of the holiday season. Remember lying in bed, pretending to be asleep while you listened for Santa? Here are two tricks that use stillness to spike sex: Take a piece of tinsel from the tree and tie your lover's thumbs behind her back. Then ask her to make love without using her hands. If she breaks the tinsel, she forfeits the round. A variation: Your lover lies on her back with her hands at her sides

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

and her palms facing down. Place a Christmas cookie on top of each ankle and on the back of each hand. The game is simple. Your lover tries to hold still. You try to turn her on so much that she moves and the cookies fall off.

TINSEL, TAKE TWO

Rub a longish piece of tinsel back and forth across her clit like a violin string.

NO FAIR PEEKING

Give each other blindfolds or sleep masks. Wear them while you touch each other.

SANTA'S WHISKERS

A large, soft artist's brush or a makeup brush or shaving brush can create a thrilling sensation. It can be used for delightful teasing and also (more easily on women than on men) to bring your partner to orgasm. (Note: Use it without lube.) Hold her vaginal lips open with one hand and use the brush on the inside of her outer lips, on her inner lips (using it both back and forth and up and down) and on her clit. Working repeatedly from top to bottom on her clit, i.e., hood to tip, works especially well.

UP ON THE ROOFTOP

This is a subtle point, so please pay attention. When caressing a woman's genitals, don't be too quick to insert your fingers. Keep stroking her exterior until you are invited in. The person who taught me about this said, "Let her contractions pull you in."

O CHRISTMAS TREE

For her: Use a pine branch to slightly abrade your partner's nipples (make sure she's not allergic to pine). This makes them more sensitive to strokes, etc.

THE CARNAL CANDY CANE

For him: Grasp the erect penis, placing your thumb and forefinger just below its tip. (If you are right-handed, this may work best if you use your left hand.) Keeping your grasp slightly firm, slide your hand down the shaft of the penis to its base. You should now have his penis in your hand with its skin pulled somewhat tight. When a man masturbates, gets his cock sucked or has intercourse, this skin usually slides. Pulling it tight and then stimulating his penis produces a more intense, usually highly pleasurable, sensation. One caution: Your stimulation may feel unpleasant if the penis is dry, so use enough lubricant to keep things slippery—especially during masturbation.

For her: Normally when you lick a nipple, it moves back and forth under your tongue, which means some sensation is lost. To prevent this, spread your index and middle finger slightly apart and place them on either side of the nipple. (Don't push down on the chest so much that you cause pain.) Once your fingers are in place, spread them even farther apart. Your lover's nipple may noticeably bulge as you do this. With the nipple in this exposed and immobile position, apply your tongue and notice the difference.

ON PRANCER, ON VIXEN

This will really make those sleigh bells jingle. Take a thick bathrobe sash or similar type of material, preferably at least six feet long. Fold it in half and knot together the two ends. During rear-entry intercourse, the man then loops the sash around his partner's hips and grabs the ends that come out from either side. (It may work better if the knot protrudes from one side.) Grab the two reins thus created, and enjoy.

WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS

For her: The wire loops used to hang Christmas tree ornaments are perfect for use as nipple clips. Attach one to each breast. The point is not to cause pain, but to draw attention to a specific set of nerves.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

For him: Apply a vibrator to your face while performing fellatio. Move it around. Hold it against your cheek, then your chin, then your tongue.

SPREADING CHRISTMAS CHEER

For him: For many men, the only touching that feels erotic is the touching of their genitals. (For some men, it's only their penis. Even touching the scrotum doesn't feel erotic.) One good way to eroticize more of a man's body is to touch and stroke (or, perhaps, lick and suck) his penis while simultaneously touching and stroking another part of his body. His scrotum, nipples and inner thighs are good places to start. (Building pleasurable sensations may take several sessions.) *(concluded on page 214)*

CATAPULTED FROM OBSCURITY, THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER FACE WANTS TO FORGET THE PAIN AND LAUGH

JIM CARREY'S WILD RIDE

article by
BERNARD WEINRAUB

JIM CARREY is prowling around a hotel suite in Beverly Hills, talking unhappily about success. Sure, success means having a sleek black Lexus, and first-class air travel and waiting limos at the airport and a new home in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. But success—or at least his driving ambition—also means personal turmoil. Carrey is divorcing his wife, actress Melissa Womer, after an eight-year marriage. "It's so clichéd," he says of his marital breakup. "But there have to be reasons for clichés." He pauses and sinks into a chair. "The life check has arrived. It's a payment for good times." He shakes his head. "It's not rewarding to live with me. I'm a hard guy to live with. I'm like a caged animal. I'm up all night walking around the living room. It's hard for me to come down from what I do. It's like being an astronaut. You're on the moon all day and then at night you go home and have to take out the garbage."

Friendly, funny (of course), shrewd and surprisingly self-analytical and serious, Carrey prowls once more around the hotel room, trying to cope with the pressures and craziness of suddenly turning into a media hotshot and movie star who earns $7 million a film.

He's annoyed, at the age of 32, to be called an overnight star. But only last year he was relatively unknown, a wacky, rubber-limbed comic virtuoso who was the token white boy on *In Living Color*, the Fox TV comedy revue. Carrey received only $350,000 for his first big movie, the unexpected hit *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective*, and an additional $100,000 for *The Mask*, which opened successfully this past summer. But for his next comedy, *Dumb and Dumber* ("Guess which part I play," he says), he's receiving $7 million.

"I had casting approval on that one," he says. "The picture is about two stupid guys who become friends. I met Jeff Daniels and we had immediate rapport. So I fought for him. But it wasn't what the marketing geniuses had in mind. They wanted someone with an MTV profile, whatever that means." (It means that Jeff Daniels is not Brad Pitt or Jason Priestley.) But what Jim Carrey wants, he now gets. Jeff Daniels got the role.

Immediately after *Dumb*, Carrey is set to receive $5 million for his role as the Riddler in *Batman Forever*. ("Tommy Lee Jones is in that one," Carrey says, "and he scares the hell out of me.") And then there are possible sequels to *Ace Ventura* and *The Mask*. Carrey has joked that he was thinking of changing his name to "Ka-ching!—the sound of a cash register."

Certainly his fantasies about making tons of money and turning into a star have been fulfilled. But success also keeps exacting its price. Carrey must struggle to spend several days a week with his seven-year-old daughter, for example. Nonetheless, the comedian insists he is battling to keep his life in perspective and not allow his agents, managers and lawyers to overwhelm him. (He is currently in a relationship with Lauren

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

Holly, his co-star in *Dumb and Dumber*.)

"For years I used to drive up to Mulholland Drive every night and look at the city and imagine myself with all this money and being sought after," he says. "It's not the money or the houses. That's really not it. What success means is being at the top of my game. That's what I want. What I'm still looking for."

(But money is hardly unimportant. Only four years ago, while sitting alone atop Mulholland Drive, Carrey wrote a fantasy check to himself for $10 million, dated Thanksgiving 1995. He underestimated his worth.)

Seated in his hotel room, Carrey sighs. His mouth suddenly twists into a goofy grin, his eyes widen, his chin drops and his rubbery face turns maniacal. "It is weird," he says, speaking slowly and then rapidly. "Very, very weird. My life is still a string of embarrassments. I go to premieres and try to make a cool exit and the limo driver locks his keys in the car and it's running and he's trying to pick the lock while I'm standing there and the theater is emptying out. Real cool."

No one would accuse Carrey of being a cool guy. Far from it. The Canadian-born performer isn't the hottest new comedian in the movie business because of his hip style. Think of him as the son of Jerry Lewis or the kid brother of Robin Williams. Think of him as a kind of weird, skinny, multijointed guy who glides into manic imitations of Clint Eastwood, Geraldo Rivera and, of all people, Kevin Bacon (he tapes his nose to his forehead).

Think of him as a contortionist whose first film success, *Ace Ventura*, was marked by the genuinely nutty scene in which he bent over and made it appear that he was talking through his pants.

"Until *Ace Ventura*," he says, "no actor had considered talking through his ass."

Carrey calls his style, quite accurately, "Fred Astaire on acid."

"There is no control," he says, speaking, perhaps, both of his own inner life and his comedic style. "People who say they're in control are full of it."

Carrey's hunger for success is rooted, most certainly, in a hardscrabble childhood outside Toronto in an offbeat family that nurtured him. His father, Percy, was a struggling professional musician. "A sax and clarinet player," Carrey says. "It was like a Hollywood script. He sold his sax to get my sister out of the hospital when she was born. And he never went back to music."

Carrey's father became an accountant and a janitor. At one point nearly the entire family—the comedian is the youngest of four children—worked as janitors. "It made me mad," he says. "Seeing my dad do that kind of work just tore me up." The family plunged into poverty, living for a while in a Volkswagen camper and tents. His father lost his job at age 51 and was unable to find work. "That made me realize that there's no such thing as security." His father's troubles at the hands of bosses outraged Carrey—and still do. His mother, Kathleen, was constantly bedridden with illnesses and died several years ago. "When she was sick I used to go into the bedroom and do praying-mantis impressions," says Carrey, who is still close to his father and siblings.

"We were the wildest family," Carrey says. Every Sunday, he recalls, there would be a cherry cheesecake fight at the table. Often at dinner, the kids smeared one another with butter. There were lots of jokes and laughter despite the family's poverty.

From the third grade on, Carrey began putting on shows for the family, imitating neighbors as well as television stars and making weird faces, all after practicing for hours in front of a mirror and talking to himself. "I would do all these shows in the basement that they thought were hilarious," he recalls. "I did it for my parents because someday I was going to make their lives happy and beautiful." He laughs.

What drove Carrey into comedy? The question seemed to puzzle him. "It was necessary," he says quietly. "I never wanted to do anything else. Despite everything, my father was a funny guy. And I looked at comedians on television, people like Dick Van Dyke, and I said to myself, 'I want to be just like that.' The physical stuff Van Dyke did was phenomenal.

"It's weird," says Carrey. "I can't imagine what it's like not to know what you want to do. People come out of college not knowing. It's weird. I can't imagine that. It must be a horrible feeling. I knew what I wanted from the time I was a little kid."

At 15, his father helped him write a comedy routine and took him to Toronto's hip Yuk Yuks comedy club. "I got booed off the stage," Carrey says. "I was dressed in a polyester suit that my mom told me would be a good idea. But it didn't go over so well in the hip underground world. I went back two years later. I messed up my hair. No polyester. It was fine."

He hung around Toronto's comedy clubs, perfecting his imitations and loose physical style. Carrey also decided that his yearning to please his family was not only excessive but inhibiting. "At some point I realized it wasn't up to me to make their lives beautiful," he says. "That was leading me nowhere. I started to do it for myself. Weird things. Don't try to please the crowd, shock them. If it's not funny, call it performance art." Carrey laughs. "That's when everything started happening."

At 19, Carrey went to Los Angeles to try the clubs there. He lived in cheap motel rooms on Sunset Boulevard. "It was like a complete other world," he recalls. "I watched the hookers walk up and down. It was like I had walked into some bizarre X-rated movie. It freaked me out."

Carrey found work relatively quickly, mostly club dates in L.A. and Las Vegas in which he focused on imitations of stars and offbeat characters. But the work took its toll.

As he began earning money to support his parents back in Canada, Carrey's expansive comedy style narrowed. Club owners and audiences demanded a mainstream comedian—and Carrey accommodated them. He was moderately successful, a rising comedian on the club circuit, but trapped in a mainstream act that he loathed. Carrey says he became fearful that he would wind up as a slick nightclub performer in Las Vegas. The fear started to paralyze him. He suffered from depression.

Television appalled him. "Most of it is so insulting, so horrifying," he says. "I didn't want to be part of anybody's sitcom. They're so terrible. I remember going to auditions and once they asked me what my likes and dislikes were on television. And I said that my dislike was television. And that's probably not a good thing to say in a TV audition."

Finally he quit comedy for a while. Seized with personal doubt, Carrey visited psychics, psychologists and colonic therapists ("Very strange"). He read self-help books. Upon returning to the L.A. comedy scene a few years later, he adopted the free-form, even bizarre, style that's evident now. In some club appearances Carrey appeared naked onstage except for a strategically placed sock. In other appearances he played a cockroach. His terror of turning into a slick Las Vegas comedian vanished. "A great comedian is someone who takes chances, great risks," he says.

Television audiences began noticing him when he was cast as the crazy white boy on *In Living Color*. "I went into it sink or swim," he says. "I had never played characters before. I got all kinds of great advice from people, like, 'This is kind of stupid' and 'Why do you want to be the token white guy?' and all that stuff. It fueled my desire to stand out. Desperation drove me, made all these wild things come out."

(concluded on page 206)

"This is how elves lose their Brownie points!"

miss december, on the waterfront

AHOY, PLAYMATE

JUST THINK of me as one of the guys," says 21-year-old Playmate Elisa Bridges. Her statement is greeted with skepticism. Look at the evidence.

"No, I'm serious," she insists. "I have some good female friends, but I prefer the company of men. I may have been born in Miami, but I grew up near Dallas. Maybe that's why I love to do guy things. You know, jet ski, hang out at the beach, shoot some pool, have a few beers at the marina."

After 14 years living in Flower Mound, Texas (that's right, Flower Mound), Elisa still has plenty of the Lone Star in her. But she never got much of an opportunity to bask on Texas' beautiful Gulf shoreline. So, after graduating from Marcus High in Flower Mound, she packed up her diploma and headed off for Florida's Gold Coast. "I have this thing about water," Elisa says. "I love the way it feels on my body. I love the way it glitters in the sun. It's always moving, like something alive. I can't stand to be away from the water."

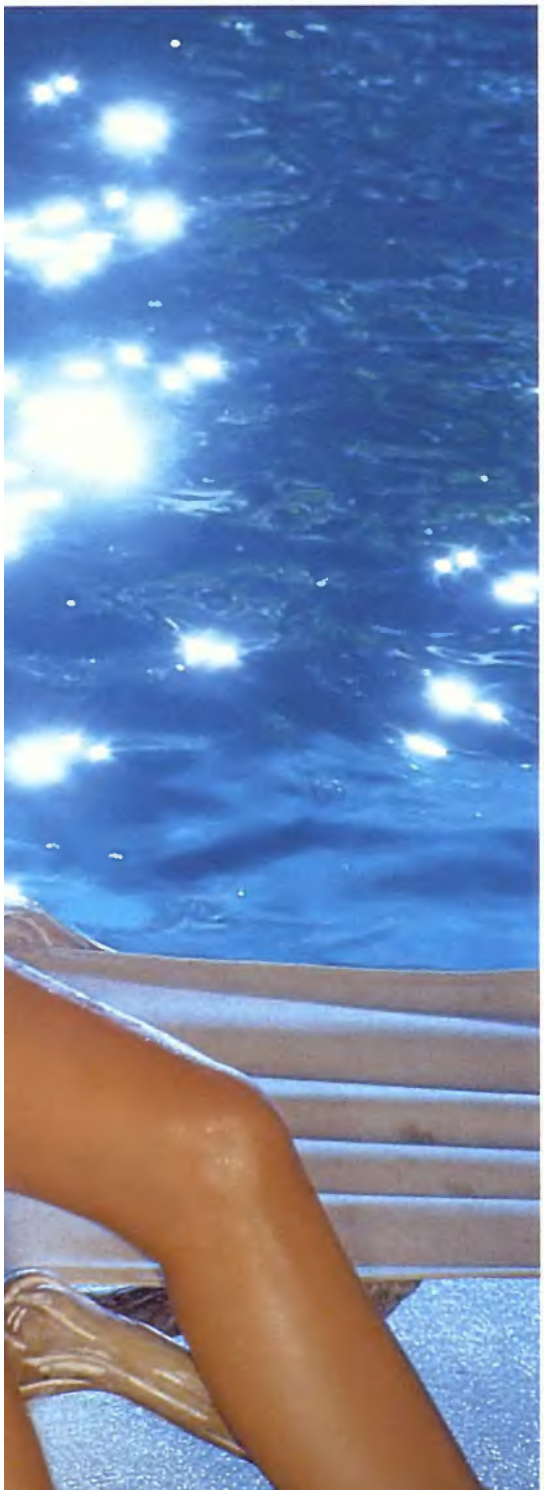
Thanks to her globe-trotting parents (her father works as an architect for oil companies

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

and her mother is a travel agent), she has spent her share of days in such faraway places as Yemen and Spain. She was quite willing to chase her relatives around the world. "I treasure my family," she says. "My parents have been married forever. That's the kind of stability I want to have when I get married. I have an older brother and a younger sister, and we're all very close. We laugh like crazy when we're together. When I told my brother I was going to appear in PLAYBOY, he gave me this stricken look and said, 'My dream of meeting a Playmate finally comes true, and it turns out to be my sister. Damn!' We care a lot for one another. I think that's why they respect my need for independence."

These days, Elisa's drive for self-sufficiency includes a beach apartment of her own and a burgeoning new career in modeling and acting. Her next exotic vacation destination is the south of France. Until then, she has plans to buy her own boat. "I really like the idea of piloting a boat," she says. "In fact, I want to get my

"I love the idea of touring the Bahamas in a cruiser that's small enough for me to handle alone but big enough to carry close friends," says Elisa. "There's something sensuous about water travel. To me, the sound of a boat engine is the sound of freedom. Go where you want, when you want. No schedules, no clocks and no clothes." All hands on deck!



captain's license. I'd love to be able to see dolphins every day."

We drove this willful beauty all over Miami in maritime pursuits. The first stop was the Coast Guard, where a lieutenant handed her an application, then blushed as he informed her that a physical was required. "Hey, I'm in great shape!" Elisa chided. Our next stop was for a six-pack—"Don't you love beer on a hot day?"—then it was off to a marina, where the dockhands broke into spontaneous applause upon her arrival. Elisa just grinned. "I don't think I'll have any trouble finding a crew!"

—RANDY WAYNE WHITE

"My dream is to pay my dues, work hard and earn respect as an actor. Ever since I was a girl, I've admired actors who could play both drama and comedy." Elisa is also pursuing a modeling career. "I'm only 5'6", but everyone says my long legs make me seem taller. I'm so busy now, I haven't had time to sign with an agency."

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: ELISA BRIDGES

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 6" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 5-24-73 BIRTHPLACE: Miami

AMBITIONS: To find stability and Laughter, to Captain my own boat and STAR in a Romantic Comedy with Mel Gibson.

TURN-ONS: Men with character, blue eyes, rough hands, hot sand, clear water, cold beer.

TURNOFFS: Pretenders, snobs, strong come-ons and people afraid to get their hair wet.

ROMANCING MY MAN: Shanghai him aboard my boat along with plenty of food, Beer & Sun Oil Captain to the islands, then make for him.

A PERFECT DAY: Sleep late, sun bathe in the nude, catch fish, pick flowers and swim with wild dolphins.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH: Italian food, friends and family, great films, twilight beaches and sushi.

TEXAS SPIRIT! age: 9

Teenage daydreams

Independent College girl

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As evening descended on the veld, a lion began vigorously mating with a zebra. Suddenly he spotted his lioness mate approaching. "Quick," the beast growled, "pretend I'm killing you!"

Cynics claim the proposed U.S.–Russia collaboration on a space station will end up being a piece of hardware with a $30 million toilet and no toilet paper.

Two golfers agreed to play the ball as it lay. At the sixth tee, they were dead even. The first player hit his drive 260 yards down the middle of the fairway. The second duffer shanked his shot well over the trees and onto a concrete cart path.

"I get free relief from the cart path," the errant player said to his companion as they drove toward their balls.

"Hell no, you don't," his partner barked. "We're playing it as it lays."

Without another word, the second player dropped his friend off at his ball and headed toward the path. The first golfer laughed as he saw sparks fly from his opponent's practice swing, then was silenced as a second set of sparks sent the ball flying over the trees and onto the green, landing three feet from the pin.

"Great shot," he shouted. "What club did you use?"

"Your six iron."

What did one lesbian frog say to the other? "I'll be damned. We do taste like chicken."

Two elderly pensioners were eating lunch in a Miami deli when one suddenly blurted, "I'm getting married next week."

"Married! Max, are you crazy? You're 89 years old."

"I'm in love."

"Can she cook?"

"Are you kidding? She can't boil water."

"Is she attractive?"

"Attractive? She has a face like a horse."

"Is she at least good in bed?"

"Ha! She's a year older than I am. She hasn't done it for 30 years."

"Then why are you getting married?"

"She can drive at night."

Mr. Clark, I'm afraid I have bad news," the doctor told the anxious patient. "You have only six months to live."

The man sat in stunned silence for several minutes. Regaining his composure, he apologetically told the physician that he had no medical insurance. "I can't possibly pay you in that time."

"OK," the doctor said, "let's make it nine months."

What's the difference between oral sex and Christmas? At Christmas, it's better to give than to receive.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Grandma, who was living with her daughter's family, let her 11-year-old grandson in from school. "What did you learn today?" she asked.

"Sex education. All about penises and vaginas and intercourse and stuff," he replied matter-of-factly.

The old woman was shocked and reported the conversation to her daughter. "Mom, this is the Nineties. These days it's part of the curriculum."

A few hours later the grandmother was reading when her daughter announced that dinner was ready. Grandmother walked past her grandson's bedroom and noticed him on his bed, vigorously masturbating. "Sonny," the old woman said, "when you're finished with your homework, come on downstairs to eat."

President Clinton's spin doctors insist that White House sanctions have been a smashing success, boasting that no North Korean refugees have been spotted off the coast of Miami and that Haiti has abandoned its nuclear-weapons program.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Sign spotted in a Rodeo Drive boutique: WE HONOR ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. SOME WE ABSOLUTELY ADORE.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Don't get me wrong, Debbie. That was a very nice present. It's just that a 600-dpi HP Laser Jet 4M Plus Windows-compatible printer would have been the perfect present."

PLAYMATES ON THE MOON

IT WAS TOUGH, LONELY WORK
FOR THE ASTRONAUTS OF APOLLO 12
IN THE OCEAN OF STORMS.
LUCKILY, THEY HAD COMPANY

BY D.C. AGLE

IT WAS November 19, 1969, just 25 years ago, and four months after Neil Armstrong had bobbed down his lunar ladder. Apollo 12 was racing around the moon with its crew, mission commander Charles "Pete" Conrad, command module pilot Dick Gordon and lunar module pilot Alan Bean. All on board were naval aviators, top pilots who had endured the gut-wrenching snap of an aircraft carrier catapult, and landed a hurtling machine on a heaving ship's deck. All, that is, except a couple of sneak companions. "I had no idea they were with us," states Conrad today. "It wasn't until we actually got out on the lunar surface and were well into our first moon walk that I found them."

Off the cuff: Pete Conrad's things-to-do list from Apollo 12. A NASA prankster surprised him with Miss October 1967 as Conrad plodded the desolate moonscape.

He is speaking of Miss September and Miss October 1967, reprised in the 1970 Playmate Calendar.

While Gordon orbited in Yankee Clipper 60 miles above the surface of the moon, Conrad and Bean moved gingerly in their bulky space suits over the Ocean of Storms. Bending to pick up rock samples. Flipping their cuff checklists for the next instruction. Setting up the solar wind spectrometer. Checking the list. Securing the seismometer. Checking the list. And . . . whoa!

Tossing her head and smiling was the stunning bare-breasted Angela Dorian, with the caption, "Seen any interesting hills and valleys?"

"It was about two and a half hours into the extravehicular activity," says Bean. "I flipped the page over and there she was. I hopped over to where Pete was and showed him mine, and he showed me his."

Conrad had been joined by the charming and equally nude Reagan Wilson, her hair tousled, reclining against a bale of hay with the caption, "Preferred Tether Partner."

Just how did these lunar lovelies get by NASA? Easily. "It was part of the game," says Conrad. "Guys doing joke things. It probably goes back to Mercury. The pad leader, Guenter Wendt, always had some gag thing. So did the crews. I think Dave Scott was the first to think of doing something on the cuff checklist."

"It was a family thing," confirms Scott, backup commander for the Apollo 12 mission. "We spent a lot of time going through the checklist to see where we could insert something humorous. We got that centerfold off the newsstand. Then we had to get it printed on fireproof plastic-coated paper."

Unfortunately, Scott and his merry NASA pranksters didn't get to enjoy publicly the fruits of their labors.

"We didn't say anything on the air," says Bean. "We thought some people back on earth might become upset if they found out we had PLAYBOY Playmates in our checklists. They would have said, 'This is where our tax money is going?'"

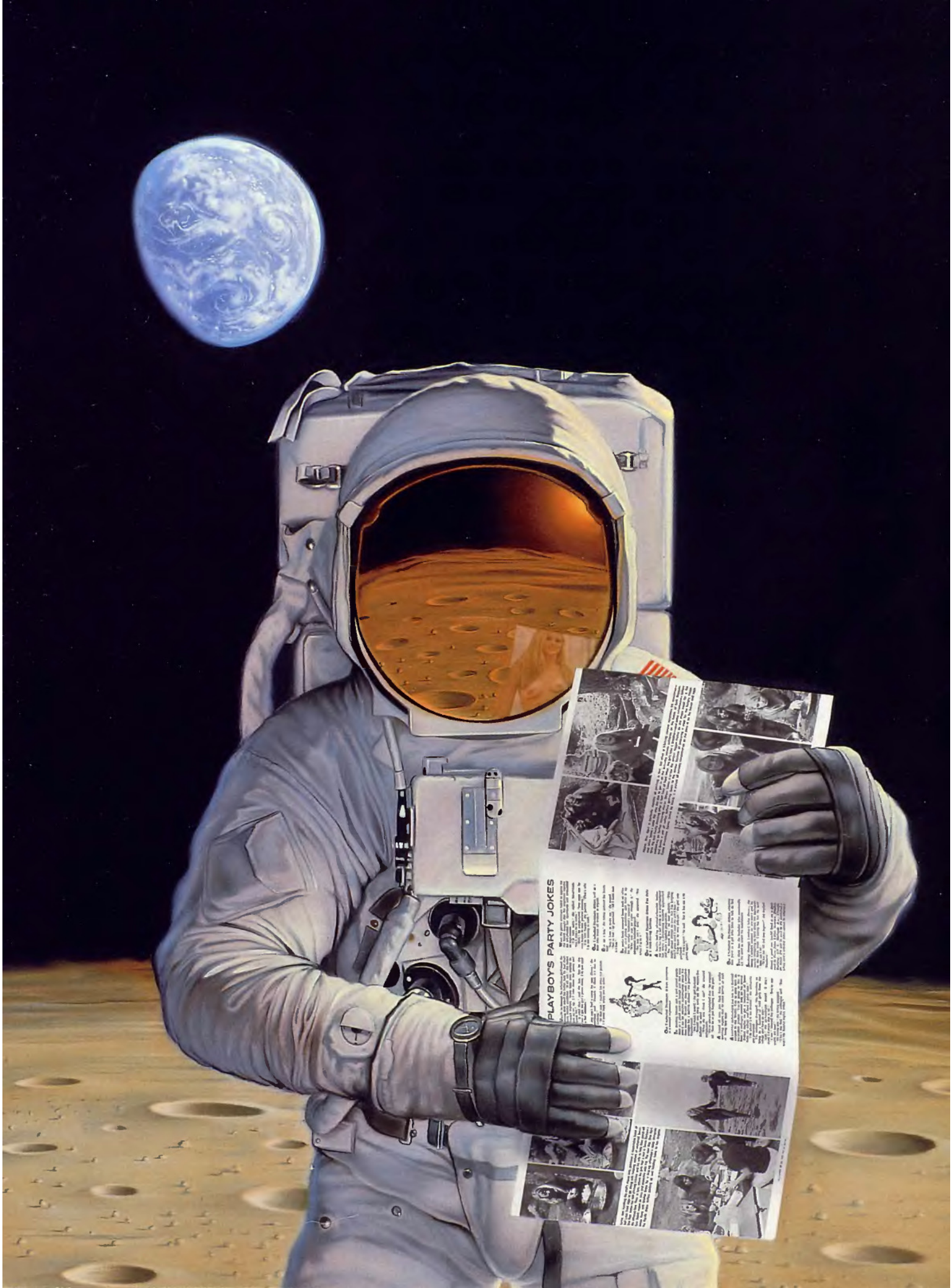
But the lunar explorers were, after all, human. "We giggled and laughed so much," confesses Conrad, "that people accused us of being drunk or having 'space rapture.'"

After completing their next extravehicular activity, Conrad and Bean rocketed off to dock with Yankee Clipper as the command module was making its 31st revolution around the moon. Then they crawled through the hatch with their moon mementos to rejoin Gordon.

"When we got back to earth," remembers Bean, "Conrad put the photo on restricted access. He didn't let them distribute it like he did the rest of the photos. He didn't want it to get out to the press."

The Playmates were eventually forgotten. It was not until long afterward, in fact, that *(concluded on page 213)*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN


PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It's Been a Very Good Year

the annual family epistle has become—for some famous people—a way of setting the year straight

humor by Robert S. Wieder

From the King of All Media

Season's Greetings to all you people whose lives are so goddamn empty that you have time to be curious about ours.

Excuse the form letter. I hate these fucking things, but the alternative might be getting a lot of phone calls from our "friends and loved ones," and that would be rough on Alison, because there's no fucking way would I talk to you people, so she would have to, and it would piss her off. I don't need the grief.

So, about the year. I finally hit the big four-oh! I was able to maintain an erection for 40 seconds before coming. Thank you, Jesus! I can retire my jersey with honor.

The girls are great. Ashley is getting so toilet-trained you almost have to pry her off the can. Debra's taking ballet and loves it, but I keep thinking she could get kidnapped by some fag dance instructor who hates my guts.

And Emily's going to be 12 soon. Already she talks about dating, which freaks me out. (What next—she'll want to listen to my show?) I can't handle that idea, her going out with boys. I'm just afraid that the first time some horny, filthy-minded, wiseass, degenerate young scumbag shows up at the door, I'll blow his fucking head off. What's worse, he'll probably ask for my autograph!

My book is in paperback, and selling like young boys at a monastery. My TV show on the E! network is doing OK and the radio show continues to kick ass. I'm on 16 stations now. Of course, I'd be on 300 if it weren't for the vendetta against me by the FCC (Fucking Chickenshit Cunts). Actually, it's kind of reassuring to know that there are people whose minds are even smaller than my dick. (And whose dicks are probably dirtier than my mind.)

Basically, it was a typical year: I fucked my wife and had fun with my kids and made more fucking money than Barry fucking Bonds. I ran for governor until they asked me just how much more money. The fact is, Alison and I got into some incredibly fucking weird and sordid sexual activities, but that's part of our private life, and this isn't the place to go into it. I'm saving *that* shit for the show.

So that's about it. Now I have to get ready for my big second annual pay-per-view New Year's pageant, which once again will pound a stake the size of a telephone pole into Dick fucking Clark and his bullshit *Rockin' New Year's Eve*.

All I can say is, I hope you had a good year. Thanks for sticking with me, and keep listening. And don't tell my kids what I do for a living.

Have a merry fucking Christmas, and such a happy New Year you could shit.

Howard

Rush (Need I say more?)

To my countless devoted Dittoheads:

Greetings, from the man who rescued radio from liberal oblivion, immodest only because I, the epitome of morality and virtue, have so much to be immodest about, I, the man who is inexorably bringing about the Limbaugh Era, in which O.J. Clinton's Raw Deal will be but an unfortunate blip, *tadalump, tadalump, tadalump*!

As always, I spent the year fighting for reason, integrity

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON MADDEN

and decency, thereby infuriating the far left and inviting ceaseless attacks by feminazis, environmental wackos, the rich and powerful liberal elite and their media pawns, and even the *president* and his Worst Lady.

As always, of course, I prevailed.

The left-wing press trumpeted the fact that my contract with the Florida Citrus Growers was not renewed, as if that were somehow significant. My friends, I read literally hundreds of reports and publications daily. I am on radio or television for almost four hours per day and I give more speeches than Colin Powell! I have no time for orange juice commercials. Moreover, I am on nearly 650 radio stations, my books have sold close to 7 million copies and my *Limbaugh Letter* has 450,000 subscribers. I dine on caviar and filet mignon and have never owned a pair of jeans. Do I sound like someone who *needs* orange juice commercials?

Again in 1994, I took no vacations (and let me tell you, friends, those "lecture cruises" are grueling and demanding labors of love and duty). I whiled away none of my precious time on hobbies, and had no social life to speak of. And why do I continue to make these personal sacrifices? *To bring the truth to millions who are otherwise denied it!* That is my calling and my obligation; that, my friends, is why I was blessed with talent on loan from God.

Still, I am only a man, and it is the natural order of things that man should have a mate (and that the mate should be a woman). Thus it was with great happiness that I took a wife—the lovely Marta Fitzgerald (who will, of course, take my name)—a woman of nonpareil charm, wit, intelligence and, it goes without saying, impeccable judgment.

As befitting the import of the event, the marriage was performed by my good friend Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, and attended by a virtual "dream team" of political leaders and luminaries. It was, beyond question (the matrimonial sideshows of various Clintons and Rodhams notwithstanding), the wedding of the year.

We met via Compuserve, and our love grew out of our respect for each other's intelligence, humor and values, out of our *spiritual and intellectual affinity*, and not, I am proud to say, out of some base physical attraction. (Not that physical attraction is lacking! Propriety precludes further elaboration, but let me just say that Marta, a former aerobics instructor, is a joyous reminder of the true and original meaning of the phrase "women's movement.")

In sum, my personal life is at last as successful, enviable and rewarding as my professional life. (And, as they say, "Third time's the charm.") I look forward this year to sharing my traditional holiday rituals: hanging effigies of Clintons and Kennedys by the chimney with care, lighting the yule log with a copy of *Roe vs. Wade* and having a Christmas tree in every room, just to drive the environmental cases up the wall!

Soon, I must undertake to decide who the 1996 GOP presidential nominee will be. But for now, I'm simply enjoying the holiday season, and dreaming of a Right Christmas for us all.

The saga continues,
Rush

To All My Fans

Man, did this year go by fast! Time sure flies when you have to suit up and play every day. I guess you're all wondering, "Michael, what the heck's it going to be—baseball, or basketball, or what?" Hey, couldn't it be both?

I admit I didn't have all that great a year with the Barons. But my numbers aren't important so long as the team does well. Anyway, it gave me the chance to do something I've always wanted to do—see more of the country up close, from the highway. After years of Air *(continued on page 176)*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

Thanks, Hanks

BY ROGER EBERT

ON A SATURDAY afternoon in August, six weeks into the run of *Forrest Gump*, every seat in the movie theater was filled—filled with the ordinary people of Michigan City, Indiana, who were like the movie audiences of my youth: not loud, not restless, not talking to the screen, not filled with bloodlust, but quite happily absorbed in the picture. At times some of them were crying. Looking around, I saw that many of those crying were men. I did not know what to make of this.

I had come to see *Forrest Gump* again because people would not stop talking to me about it. As a professional movie critic, I am a lightning rod for people who have just seen a movie: They tell me whether they liked it or not, as if I had made it myself. Not in 27 years on the job has a movie created more conversation among those folks who go to only two or three movies a year. They just plain love it. Even more so, they are moved by it, and they get funny smiles on their faces when they talk about it, because they do not know why they are moved.

WITH A STUNNING STRING OF HEARTFELT FILMS, TOM HANKS HAS BECOME AN ACTOR FOR THE AGES

And then they mention Tom Hanks, who plays Forrest Gump. They ask me if I thought it was a good performance, because, well, they add, "it really wasn't a performance, was it?" They don't think Hanks *is* Forrest Gump, not exactly, but they can't catch him acting in the movie. They know he got to them somehow, but they weren't able to capture him in the act of doing it. So now, thinking back, they wonder if what he did should qualify as acting, or whether it was (they finish with a relieved nod) "just good casting."

Tom Hanks, who in the minds of some of these people might as well be Forrest Gump, is certain to get an Academy Award nomination for his performance. He may even win the Oscar for best actor, which would make it two in a row, after his win for *Philadelphia*, the 1993 film in which he played a man dying of AIDS. That summer he had another big audience success with *Sleepless in Seattle*, as a lonely widower who meets a woman through a talk show and is almost prevented from finding his future with her. The summer before that, in 1992, Hanks played the manager of an all-women baseball team in *A League of Their Own*, and there, too, the audience was on his side, hoping his character would overcome his alcoholism and make a new start to his career.

For an actor, the odds against making a truly good movie in Hollywood are discouraging, with the industry's use of formulas and deals and habit of pushing even the most original projects into narrow channels. The odds against making four in a row, a string of movies in which the audience truly and deeply cares about your character, are so awesome that even a Spencer Tracy or a James Stewart would have thought himself blessed at the end of such a run.

Tom Hanks is now in the unique position of being the best-loved movie actor in America. The strange thing is, America hardly knows what to make of that, because Hanks is so hard to pin down. In some of my conversations about *Forrest Gump*, I ask people what they like the most about Tom Hanks in the movie, and they come to a dead stop. There is nothing they particularly like about Hanks in the movie because there was nothing they particularly noticed about him. It is the ultimate tribute to an actor when an audience leaves the theater remembering only the character he played.

It is the characters he has *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

Night Moves

party styles guaranteed to put action back in the holidays

fashion by Hollis Wayne

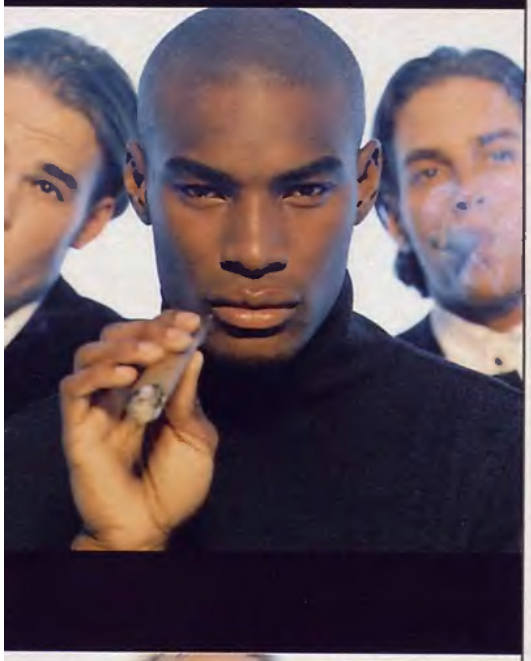
THIS THE SEASON to eat, drink and be merry—and to dress to impress in styles that might be considered over the top any other time of year. The same black velvet suit that would bomb in the boardroom, for example, is this year's party scene-stealer. Wear one with an elegant dress shirt and tie as the guy on the opposite page does, or break it up, pairing the jacket with tuxedo pants, flannel trousers or even jeans for a casual effect. Prefer a more subtle approach? Several designers are showing black and jewel-tone velvet vests and jeans that can be mixed and matched with equal aplomb. In fact, mixing is what hip holiday dressing is all about. Instead of spending a lot on an ensemble that will go out with the Yuletide, splurge on one or two festive classics that accent clothing you already own.

A few new items to look for include a silver-colored turtleneck (it goes great with a black cashmere suit jacket and gray flannel trousers) and a striped silk vest (worn under a high-button-stance jacket with satin side-striped tuxedo pants). When it comes to dress shirts we recommend stark white, banded-collar styles or a loose-fitting one that will allow your cuffs to dangle, dandy style, below your jacket sleeves. Suede sports jackets, vests and pants also make cool party impressions—as long as you wear only one suede item at a time. For accessories, choose a highly textured silk tie (worn with a wide knot) or an ascot-tied neck scarf paired with an understated shirt such as the one pictured on page 148. For your feet, try out a pair of leather ankle boots or suede slip-ons without socks to complete this season's casual-yet-dressy look.

Right: Velvet, one of winter's most luxurious fabrics, is showing up for the holidays in suits, vests and jeans. This outfit includes a velvet four-button single-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, about $600, a striped cotton shirt with an exaggerated wing collar, French cuffs and silver cuff links, $95, and a printed raw silk Jacquard tie, $60, all by Falke; plus leather ankle boots by Andrea Getty, $110.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI

Have camcorder, will straddle. There's nothing restrictive about the cut of this season's clothes. The party mix below includes a cotton-and-rayon single-breasted five-button jacket, $600, and striped silk-blend vest, $210, both by G. Gigli; a linen herringbone banded-collar shirt by Tommy Zung, $350; suede jodhpurs by Joop, $575; and slip-ons from To Boot New York by Adam Derrick, $175.



Below: Standing tall in a mix of classics, the front man combines a wool flannel single-breasted four-button tuxedo-style jacket, $535, cotton-and-wool flat-front trousers, $225, and a cotton twill French-cuffed shirt with a gold stud closure at the neck, about $140, all by New Republic; with a floral cotton velvet vest by Joseph Abboud Collection, $325; and suede-toe slip-on shoes for To Boot New York by Adam Derrick, $175. (For info on the clothes worn by his buddies on the left and right, turn to pages 145 and 149.)

Below: Doing the dondy thing, he's weoring o wool crepe four-button single-breosted evening jocket with woven buttons, by Byblos, obout $710; o subtle cotton bonded-collar shirt by Artifoct, obout $85; ond o patterned row silk Jocquord oscot-tied scorf by Folke, $60. Bottom left: For o more cosuol, urbon ensemble, follow this guy's leod ond weor o wool-ond-nylon knitted openwork sweoter with stond-up collor, by Folke, obout $200.

There are no fashion flakes here. The guy at left in this trio wears a cashmere three-button jocket by Robert Massimo Freda, $1400; wool flannel trousers by Katharine Hamnett, $200; a Lurex zip-neck shirt by Joop, $275; and suede loafers for To Boot New York by Cesore Paciotti, $255. The gentleman on the right teams a wool three-button jacket by Joop, $425; with velvet trousers by V2 for Gionni Versoce, $290; a knit turtleneck by Joseph Abboud Collection, about $150; and suede loafers by Gianni Versace, about $360.

MAKEUP BY LIA RIVETTE/HAIR BY PATRICIA AGRESSOTT FOR ORIBE
SET OESIGN BY SUSAN BEESON OE HAVENON
VIOEO WALL SYSTEM COURTESY OF IMTECH INTERNATIONAL, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Where & How to Buy on page 213.

Tom Hanks (continued from page 142)

"Hanks must be fundamentally a good person, or he is an even better actor than we think."

portrayed that have helped distinguish Tom Hanks. Rarely in his career has he played ordinary, realistic, three-dimensional human beings. Invariably there is an edge of fantasy, magic, winsome humor or otherworldly detachment about his most successful roles. The major exception, his fullhearted excursion into straightforward realism, is in *Philadelphia*, where, in scenes like the luminous sickbed conversation with his mother (played by Joanne Woodward), he touches notes that everyone can identify with. He's also living in the real world in 1986's *Nothing in Common*, as a cynical, fast-talking ad man who's too busy for family values until he learns his dad (played by Jackie Gleason) is sick; then he discovers what's important in life. In his latest film, *Apollo 13*, he plays James Lovell, the astronaut whose moon mission was aborted when an oxygen tank exploded, and whose emergency return to earth was a nail-biter. The movie is being directed by Ron Howard, who likes to go for an everyday-life feel, and is likely to be pretty realistic.

Still, despite such performances, you can't easily imagine Hanks playing the kinds of slice-of-life roles that are the specialties of Pacino, Hoffman and De Niro. Tom Hanks is not and never could be *Taxi Driver*'s Travis Bickle. More often, the Hanks character in a movie is like characters played by Buster Keaton or Jacques Tati—universal figures in which some attributes are so exaggerated that the ordinary repertory of human tics and impulses is overlooked. If Hanks were in a silent film, his character would be introduced with a card simply reading THE YOUNG MAN. To a surprising extent, most of his successful movie roles are in fantasies.

In *Splash* (1984), his first big role, he co-stars with a mermaid. He plays a bachelor who runs a business in Manhattan, someone who might be mistaken for an ordinary guy, if not for the mermaid, and for a certain dreamy quality the producers must have seen when they cast Hanks: He's the kind of guy you can somehow imagine in love with a mermaid.

In 1987's *Dragnet*, he is Sergeant Joe Friday's partner, whose singular responsibility is to pretend that Friday's robotic policespeak makes sense. Like Jack Webb and Harry Morgan in the original TV series, Dan Aykroyd and Hanks, in the movie, are too weird, too stylized, ever to be mistaken for real cops. You can sense Hanks subtly stiffening himself into a parody.

Big (1988) has one of his best performances, as a child who just wants to be big until he wakes up inhabiting an adult's body. In *The Burbs* (1989), Hanks plays a goofy suburbanite who skips his vacation to stay home and spy on his bizarre neighbors. In the magical and overlooked *Joe Versus the Volcano* (1990), he is the central figure in a fable: a victim of overwork in a dungeon-like factory, told he has six months to live because of a "brain cloud," who sails to the South Seas to offer himself as a human sacrifice to be hurled into a volcano.

It might appear that Hanks plays a more realistic character in *Sleepless in Seattle*, but consider that his character quits his Chicago job after his wife's death and moves with his young son to a houseboat. He spends most of the movie trapped in a plot only the audience understands—a plot that manipulates him so that he becomes a hostage of fate. His real role in the movie is to represent all of us on our blind quest for the happiness we sense is just beyond our grasp. His character's philosophy in *Sleepless* could be borrowed from Forrest Gump's mother: "Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get."

Traditional movie stars are larger than life. Robert Mitchum once told me that he asked his wife: "Dorothy, why do they think I'm such a big deal? You know me as well as anyone, and you don't give a shit. So why do they care?" And his wife replied, "Mitch, it's because they're smaller than your nostril." The big screen makes some actors into gods, into personalities so large and overwhelming that they enter our dreams and fashion our ideas about what men and women should be. Not everyone can model for that role, and the great stars do have something magical. But the screen itself plays an important role in the process, which is why we never care as deeply about TV stars as we do about movie stars.

There is a smaller category, however, of actors who may be bigger than life, but are somehow more approachable—embodying not just a superficial reality but also a deeper essence of hope and aspiration. Watching them we feel congratulated, because we are watching ourselves. They reassure us that in our ordinariness we also have a kind of transcendence. The actors who can do that—Buster Keaton, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Robert Duvall, Gene Hackman and Tom Hanks—occupy a special category. We do not exalt them as readily as performers such as James Cagney, Mitchum, James Dean, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Tom Cruise or Sean Penn, because they appear not to be acting, but simply embodying qualities that aren't particularly special to possess (since, after all, we possess them ourselves).

The central triumph of Hanks as a movie actor is that, most of the time, we believe he thinks a lot like us, and does more or less what we would do. He is a kind of Everyman, a put-upon, misunderstood, overworked, middle-class guy, basically nice, who means well, tries hard, wants to please and be pleased, and is tossed about by the winds of chance. But he somehow does it on a larger or more ennobling scale. This is a quality of James Stewart's acting. Few actors can obtain it; with most, you see their egos peeking through or you catch them trying too hard. The camera is a lie detector, and Hanks must be fundamentally a good person to play such roles—either that, or he is an even better actor than we think.

I've met Hanks several times, in interview situations and on sets. I don't have any idea what he's really like. Those are artificial situations, where he gets to choose how he presents himself. He chooses to be levelheaded and smart, with a strong element of the wry. He's much the same in one of his favorite extracurricular roles, as a talk show guest. With Letterman and Leno he's quick and articulate, a natural comedian, comfortable inside his body. He never seems to search for a word or strive for a laugh; in that he's like Cary Grant. Letterman has the best bullshit detector among the TV talk hosts, but Hanks, who as a big movie star could be a ripe target, finesses him with understatement, directness and irony. It is all done so well that we realize only later that we learned nothing at all about Tom.

Tom Hanks was born 38 years ago in Concord, California. He attended California State University in Sacramento, where he took drama classes, acted in Chekhov, and met a man named Vincent Dowling, who was artistic director of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival in Cleveland. Dowling invited Hanks to Cleveland, where he appeared in a lot of Shakespeare (even winning a local critics' award for his work in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*). The great British actors often begin their careers

(continued on page 214)

"I hear you got my name in the gift pool. Would you like to save some money and avoid the frustration of trying to guess what I like?"

AMERICA'S

Bugliosi

MOST FAMOUS

for the

D.A. TEARS

Prosecution

INTO LAWYERS,

JUDGES—AND

ANYONE WHO

THINKS O.J.

IS INNOCENT

"No matter the outcome of the trial, O.J. Simpson is guilty. There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable person."

—VINCENT BUGLIOSI

DESPITE ALL the evidence to the contrary, O.J. Simpson could be considered lucky. Things may not ultimately go his way, but at least former Los Angeles County deputy district attorney Vincent Bugliosi isn't prosecuting him. During his tenure in the D.A.'s office, Bugliosi won convictions in 105 of the 106 felony jury cases he tried. Of the 21 that were murder cases, not one defendant got off.

Bugliosi, the model for the early Seventies TV series *The D.A.*, bears an uncanny resemblance to Henry Fonda, with closely trimmed graying hair, thick eyebrows and earnest, inquiring blue eyes. He is soft-spoken and genial when he wants to be, and idealistic, emphatic and persuasive when he latches on to a heartfelt idea. He paces, uses his hands and body, and articulates precisely. As a trial lawyer he is noted for the meticulous and enormous amount of preparation he puts into his cases, and for his brilliant summations to the jury. Comments such as this one, from the editor of *Courtwatchers Newsletter*, about a summation Bugliosi gave in 1981 for the defense, are common: "Having seen the likes of F. Lee Bailey, James Neal, etc., Bugliosi's performance today in Judge Crowley's courtroom was the finest I have ever seen, and I have been a courtwatcher in Chicago since 1960." Harry Weiss, a veteran criminal defense attorney who has gone up against Bugliosi in court, told *Los Angeles* magazine, "I've seen all the great trial lawyers of the past

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

30 years and none of them are in Vince's class."

Bugliosi's office is in his southern California home, complete with a beautiful rose garden and gazebo. He takes few cases now, and will defend someone charged with a violent crime only if he believes he or she is innocent or there are mitigating circumstances. When Bugliosi has decided to represent a criminal defendant, he has continued his spectacular record in the courtroom, winning all three murder trials he has handled for the defense, making it 24 consecutive murder trials without a loss for him. His telephone, not surprisingly, rings constantly. Other lawyers want advice and, more often, reporters want interviews, primarily in regard to his most famous trials. This year is the 25th anniversary of the Tate–LaBianca murders that led to the trial in which Bugliosi faced off with Charles Manson and his co-defendants. Before that trial began, an attorney representing one of the defendants told the *Los Angeles Times*, "There's no case against Manson and the other defendants. All the prosecution has are two fingerprints and Vince Bugliosi."

It was enough. Although Manson was not at the murder scene, Bugliosi won convictions and the trial made Bugliosi one of the most famous lawyers in America. He went on to chronicle the case in *Helter Skelter*, which has sold more copies than any true-crime book in publishing history, outselling Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*.

Bugliosi's years in the D.A.'s office brought him other memorable cases, one of which was documented in his book *Till Death Us Do Part*, about the trial of a former Los Angeles police officer and his paramour, who murdered their spouses for insurance money—a case eerily similar to the one in the movie classic *Double Indemnity*. The case was so circumstantial, and Bugliosi's investigation and prosecution so exceptional, that F. Lee Bailey said, "Bugliosi, the quintessential prosecutor, has written a crime book that should be read by every lawyer and judge in America." The book has indeed become a staple on reading lists in law schools.

In 1985, when British television decided to stage a "docutrial" of Lee Harvey Oswald (in front of a real federal judge and Dallas jury, with the original key lay witnesses in the Kennedy assassination and no script or actors), executives of the production company consulted top U.S. lawyers about whom they would prefer to see battle the case in court. The names they heard most frequently were Bugliosi for the prosecution, and criminal defense attorney Gerry Spence, who reportedly had not lost a jury trial in 17 years, to represent Oswald. Bugliosi and Spence worked on the case for five months, and the 21-hour trial took place in London in a replica of a Dallas federal courtroom. It was, *Time* magazine said, "as close to a real trial as the accused killer of John F. Kennedy will probably ever get." When the jury returned with a guilty verdict, Spence said, "No lawyer in America could have done what Vince did in this case." Bugliosi is now writing a book about the assassination.

Because of his background and his incisive, if occasionally incendiary, views concerning the law and the legal profession, Bugliosi is often tapped by national news programs to comment on high-profile cases. Currently, he is a consultant for *CBS This Morning* and ABC on the O.J. Simpson case. Late this summer we decided to ask him about the Simpson case as well as the recent spate of acquittals or hung juries in major cases that have many people feeling that American juries have taken leave of their senses. Some believe that the results of these seemingly airtight cases indicate that the entire judicial system is in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Do you view the O.J. Simpson case as one of the most highly sensational murders ever?

BUGLIOSI: Unquestionably. But there's really only one reason for it—O.J. Simpson. When you remove him from the equation, this is not an unusual murder case. He obviously killed his former wife and her male companion out of some passion and rage induced by jealousy, frustration, taunting or what have you. That couldn't be more common. In 1992, 29 percent of all female homicide victims in America were killed by their husbands or boyfriends.

PLAYBOY: Eventually we want to get into why you are so sure Simpson is guilty. But let us ask you: Is the case receiving more attention than it should?

BUGLIOSI: Definitely. Because of who Simpson is, there is no question that the case should receive tremendous publicity. But the media attention it is getting is absurd and disproportionate to the case. O.J. Simpson was a football star years ago. Since then he has had only modest success in television sportscasting and movies. Before these murders, he was not someone who was being talked or written about. When Nicole was introduced to him she had never even heard of him. Here's the proof that the treatment of the case is disproportionate: If Magic Johnson or Michael Jordan, who are bigger and much more current celebrities than O.J. Simpson was before the murders, had been accused of this type of crime, the media coverage wouldn't be any more intense. I dare say that if President Clinton were the accused, the media coverage wouldn't be any more pervasive. How could it be? All three major networks carried the preliminary hearing live. There's nothing you can do beyond that. It's already at the max. It reflects the increasingly superficial nature of our society. We've gone from the Lincoln–Douglas debates to campaigns for the presidency—where the destiny of the nation is at stake—being conducted by sound bites. Yet the Simpson case, which affects no one outside the immediate families, is covered live, all day, on the three major networks. The nation should be proud of itself. To compound the idiocy of it, the greater portion of the upcoming trial is going to be tedious and boring because of all the scientific testimony.

PLAYBOY: Because of the publicity, can Simpson get a fair trial?

BUGLIOSI: His lead lawyer, Robert Shapiro, has been arguing that he cannot. But it's difficult for the defense in this case to make the argument of excessive pretrial publicity, because not only have they contributed to it immensely, but much more tellingly, they haven't yet sought a protective order—a gag order—to attempt to control the publicity. Nor did they make any motion to keep TV cameras out of the courtroom during the preliminary hearing. If they were concerned about pretrial publicity, that would have been the time to attempt to close the doors, because the jury pool was exposed to a lot of negative evidence against Simpson. The defense made no effort to stop it.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine why?

BUGLIOSI: Either incompetence, or Shapiro having his own reasons for wanting to be seen by millions of people on television.

PLAYBOY: Incompetence? According to the media, Shapiro heads a crack defense team, the best money can buy.

BUGLIOSI: I can't tell you how ridiculous that is. You know, you can forgive the public, but the media should know better. The media assume that if your life or liberty is on the line and you have a lot of money, you automatically get the best. Because that's the way it should be, these incredible simpletons immediately and unthinkingly assume that's the way it actually is, irrespective of the backgrounds and records of the lawyers involved. The reality is that most celebrity defendants are extremely unknowledgeable, naive and vulnerable, and if they get into trouble they usually call their lawyer friends who handle criminal cases. And if they do not know any, they call their business lawyers, who then refer them to lawyer

(continued on page 193)

"How thoughtful of you to bring us mistletoe, Mr. Adams. Unnecessary, but thoughtful."

KELSEY GRAMMER

It's only fitting that Kelsey Grammer should be known for his deadpan comic gifts. As therapist Dr. Frasier Crane on "Cheers," the classically trained actor proved that few could match his flair for playing a bewildered-looking, uptight gentleman. His dramatic turf was so much his own that when "Cheers" finally wrapped, it was Grammer who won "Frasier," the witty spin-off about a radio call-in shrink. Last season it was NBC's highest-rated new series; Grammer and "Frasier" both won the top Emmy awards. As most people know by now, the Grammer legend is fueled both by his reputation as an oddball ladies' man and by some well-documented problems involving drugs and alcohol.

Recently, he celebrated his engagement to girlfriend Tammi Baliszewski, and the word is out that Grammer is a changed man. We sent writer Margy Rochlin to an oceanside restaurant in Malibu to investigate. Says Rochlin, "Kelsey showed up—looking extremely un-Frasierish in white shorts, a black T-shirt and flyaway hair—ready to set aside several hours to talk, chain-smoke and refresh himself with liquids. Given Grammer's personal history, I couldn't help but wonder which questions he would balk at. But the only restriction he set was dictated not by topic but by time. As it turned out, he had an appointment with his therapist. Research, I'll assume."

1.

PLAYBOY: On *Frasier* you play a born-again bachelor who's in a dating slump. What behavioral methods does your character use to rechannel his libidinal energies?

tv's favorite shrink free-associates on porno movies, his own theme park and the hope that accompanies a third marriage

GRAMMER: Frasier is horny, but he is not willing to commit to someone right now. And rather than be irresponsible about it, he prefers to take his time. In terms of the show, it's smart for us to take our time. If it turns into a show about whom Frasier is poking, it will descend into a not-very-interesting format. Frasier has achieved one certain level of identity: He has a son. He had a marriage, but it fell apart. He feels he's been betrayed. But he also realizes that it was necessary to get him to this point. Frasier is a fuller human being now than he was on *Cheers*. Someday, he expects to be an even fuller human being and maybe have a relationship with someone. But we don't need to do that yet.

2.

PLAYBOY: You once said that the question you were asked most frequently in prison was "What was it like to work with Shelley Long?" What need did she address in the prison population?

GRAMMER: How can I do this in the most diplomatic way? Shelley, to many people, is very attractive. I, um, never thought of her that way. I just thought of her as someone I worked with, so I couldn't offer any insight into Shelley's charms. But, frankly, the inmates asked about everybody. "What's Woody like?" "Well, he's a nice guy." "Hey, what's George like?" "Great guy." "Does he really drink real beer?" "Well, not on the show. But George does like beer." It was the normal questioning drill that you go through any time you have a two-minute conversation.

3.

PLAYBOY: OK. You're on the radio as Frasier. You get a call. It's Michael Jackson. He says, "My wife doesn't understand me." What's your advice?

GRAMMER: Jesus! I haven't got a clue about Michael Jackson, except that I think he's brilliantly talented. And I think anybody who's brilliantly talented is open to being misunderstood—a lot. So I guess his only hope would be to try to help her understand. [*In Frasier's concerned-therapist voice*] "Talk with her, Michael. Work it through. Also, maybe you should work on those lower notes a little bit."

4.

PLAYBOY: You proposed to your future wife on bended knee in front of a studio audience. What's the best part about public displays of affection?

GRAMMER: You can't take them back. There are witnesses. It makes it seem more authentic. I had proposed to her before that, but I presented the ring to her in front of the audience. I think she appreciated it. You know, I believe we're all connected. If you share a wonderful moment, then everyone has a chance to enjoy it. I'm kind of sappy.

5.

PLAYBOY: You were born in the Virgin Islands. When did you give up your birthright as a Virgin Islander? Was it traumatic leaving the Virgins?

GRAMMER: Meaning when did I first get laid? I was born in St. Thomas, but we left when I was fairly young and moved to New York. I've been back to the Virgin Islands, and I can see why I might want to live there someday. It's peaceful, soothing, calming, clean. The last time I went was last summer. It may have something to do with another life—who knows?—but I like tropical climates and I feel at home in them. I have a feeling that you're wondering when I lost my virginity. And I'm not going to tell you that.

6.

PLAYBOY: You are reported to be a skilled pianist. Share with us your standard set. Do you do *Feelings? New York, New York? Misty?*

GRAMMER: I know a couple of standards—*When Sunny Gets Blue, Summertime, Thanks for the Memory*. But as a rule I sit down at the piano for meditative purposes. I can sit down for hours and do it, or sit down for five minutes and do it. Mostly, I play what I make up. And the odds aren't great that I'll ever play the same thing twice.

7.

PLAYBOY: While it's not Percy or even Eustace, being named Kelsey surely must have presented some problems growing up. Care to recall them?

GRAMMER: When I was growing up they called me Elsie the Cow. And because of my last name, Graham Cracker. Elsie the Cow Graham Cracker. At first, I sort of minded. Then I thought to myself, Why am I worried about them? Fortunately I had the sense that maybe I just shouldn't bother with people who can't get past my name. That turned out to be a very astute observation on my part.

8.

PLAYBOY: Now that you are successful, tell us: What's the best thing about fuck-you money?

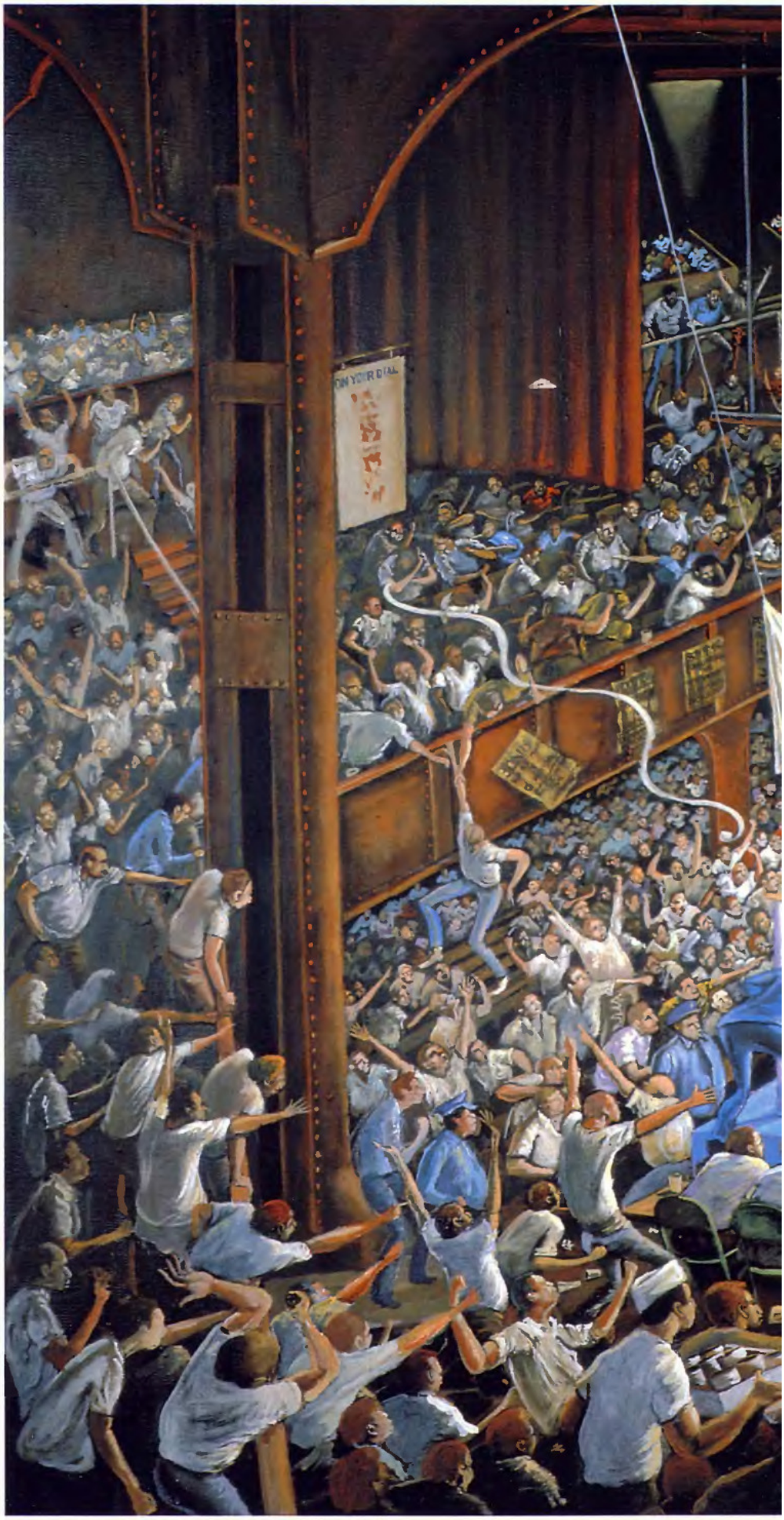
GRAMMER: Years ago, I decided it was better to have *(continued on page 211)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY NEWBURY

DYNAMITE HANDS

fiction by THOM JONES

johnny's right hand zapped like the hammer of thor, and on top of that his punch was sneaky fast—pure tnt



JUAN FLEW Johnny Pushe coach class up to Washington State to fight Seattle's light heavyweight, a white kid got him a record of 20–0 called Irish Tommy Wilde. The word was out: This guy is so bad he eats glass for breakfast, pisses razor blades and shits hot gravel. Truth is, his handlers had fed him some easy targets to develop his confidence and get everybody all whipped up for payday, but Tommy Wilde still had to undergo the test by fire. Sooner or later you got to show or got to go. People want to know if you got juice. Some of that *boom boom*. They want to know if you've got that essential thing.

Our guy, Johnny, looked to be that test, proof positive. Johnny was kind of a perennial number nine, a solid fighter but no puncher, a guy with a weight problem, known for carousing. Juan and Lolo chewed on toothpicks and shrugged like what-tha-fuck when Tommy Wilde's business consortium came by to check out the action. Juan knew they was coming and had Johnny go into the locker room and drink a full gallon of water. Johnny comes out to meet them smoking a cigarette and by the time Wilde's people left, they were rubbing their hands in glee. They had Johnny figured for a sure thing. Flying back to Seattle,

PAINTING BY ERNIE BARNES

they were probably already lining up their next fight, some headliner action: Atlantic City, Vegas, Tahoe, whatever. They were going to recoup their investment and march straight to the title. Didn't know jack shit about the fight game, and their mind just wasn't on Johnny Pushe.

This was not lost on Juan. He is a shrewd guy, and he was still hungry. Although he had come close, he'd never taken a fighter all the way. He had a burning desire, and Johnny, with Johnny, you know—hey, just maybe. You till the soil, plant the seed, fertilize and pray for the right combination of sunshine and rain. And hope God is smilin' down.

Juan ran his ass ragged getting Johnny in almost decent condition. He worked harder than Johnny. Lolo was always kidding him about it. "Here come Juan, look at heem go, mon. Roadrunner!" Juan was a trainer by day, Johnny's babysitter by night, and on the graveyard shift he was a bakery distributor. Training Johnny for this fight, he did nothing but hustle. Kept Johnny out of clubs, away from nooky, away from every temptation. Got him up at four for a run. Back for his shower, fixed him a couple of soft-boiled eggs, toast and a pot of green tea for breakfast. Then he set the alarm clock so Johnny could rack out until noon. All Johnny had to do was get up and drink some more tea, lounge around for a while, read the paper and then down to the gym at three. After that it was rare steak and vegetables, a little TV and to bed at eight, with Juan crashed on the couch mapping out strategy. Each day the pounds were coming off Johnny and he was getting stronger both physically and mentally. Training for a big fight is no day at the beach. Boxing, you do it right and it's a holy activity.

I did my part by showing Johnny how to juice up his firepower. I showed him punches I learned early in life while I was doing a little sabbatical in Mexico City Correctionals. This one old dude stood me against the wall in the prison yard and showed me all about dynamite hands. It's not a secret really, just something that went out of style. Fighters now are into weights, Nautilus and shit, and more concerned with looking nice and buffed out than winning fights. They can get downright vain.

Anyhow, what you do, you put your left hand against the wall not quite fully extended and you press with all your might. It's an isometric thing. Clamp your jaw and press so hard you think you're going to crush your teeth. You do the same with the right. Same thing. You do your hooks, uppercuts, you go through your whole arsenal. You do each punch in sets of five, three times a day. You won't get big biceps, but one day, all of a sudden what you got is a pair of dynamite hands. That *boom boom* I was talking about. Pure TNT.

I showed this to Johnny and he got real curious about it. Pretty soon he had a right hand like the hammer of Thor. Before I came along, he couldn't crush a grape, and suddenly he was ringing everybody's bell with this punch, which, on top of having thunder in it, was sneaky fast. Johnny didn't tell me thanks or anything. He just said, "I always wondered how a Mexican with skinny arms could punch. Huh huh huh!" Johnny is a smart guy in his way, but he laughs like he's got an IQ of 52.

Another good thing they did—why Juan had to babysit—Johnny went six weeks without sex. Modern guys say it doesn't make a bit of difference, but if you go six weeks without sex you will become just a little bit mean. Johnny is a cool 'n' easy guy but for this fight he had an edge. I know. I drove him and Juan to the airport in my beat-up Cadillac and Johnny was spitting fire. Mean. You could smell hormones in that car. I ain't lyin'. The very air around Johnny had electricity in it. Sparks were flying off the man: Frankenstein at charge-up time. *Zzzzt! Pow! Bap! Boom!*

A bunch of us guys from the gym watched the fight over in Lolo's living room. It was an ESPN main event. The plan was for Johnny to work up a lather in the dressing room, shadowbox for six hard rounds and then go out and nail this guy. Catch him cold. This is what Juan came up with when he crashed on Johnny's couch to babysit, when he was suffering from sleep deprivation, when he was red-eyed. It was sound thinking. Johnny knew he'd better catch Tommy Wilde cold, 'cause no matter how hard he trained, he wasn't gonna have the gas for no ten rounds. The plan was a gamble and we all knew it, but it was the only way. Wilde's people were expecting a hope-you-get-lucky boxing match from an over-the-hill, no ambition, no punch, no gas tank number nine. Wilde had cash dollars on his brain and was already thinking of the light heavyweight title as his right; he was shopping for real estate, talking to investment brokers and picking out kelly green boxing outfits and emerald jewelry. He wasn't concentrating on the here and now. He wasn't expecting tough-as-nails from Johnny Pushe, and he sure as heck wasn't ready for dynamite charges bouncing off his jaw. But then we never stopped to consider that Irish Tommy Wilde might have a little *boom boom* himself.

It was a great fight. Johnny started clipping early. He wobbled Wilde in the first round, then dropped him twice in the third, and almost put him away in the first few seconds of the fifth. Johnny didn't take a backward step. He bulled forward, strong and confident, but Tommy Wilde wasn't exactly running away. It wasn't like he was a sucker for a straight right, a left hook or whatever, like he was making some kind of stupid mistake over and over again. His trainer was top class; it was his management who failed to scout out the situation. Wilde fought real good, but Johnny was onto the man's patterns. He was doing the high calculus of the ring. The way he was setting this guy up was inspired. But then after the seventh we started to worry. The glaze cleared from Wilde's eyes and Johnny was running on fumes by now.

The referee was on the take, that was obvious. Whenever Johnny put his man in hurt, the ref was stalling to reinsert a mouthpiece, retape the man's gloves, warning Johnny for borderline punches and actually taking a point away for an alleged low blow. Then Johnny went down on a slip and the ref gave him a standing eight—almost called a TKO. It was outrageous. After we saw this referee, we knew the fight couldn't go to the cards because the judges were in the pocket. It had to be a knockout or nothing.

Johnny started to sag after seven and Wilde, young and tough, came on in a big way. But then Johnny found something down deep and he took over again. Like he drank a six-pack of ass kick or something. Showed some heart. As soon as it looked like Johnny was going to put on the kill, Wilde would come back. We were in the wave and then out of the wave. In and out. Out and in. It was fucking crazy.

Nobody expected Johnny to extend to the full ten rounds. When they gave Wilde a split decision, oh, man! There was big-time depression in Lolo's living room. As high as we got, we got that low. We knew the price that had been paid—roadrunner!—and to end up seeing our guy getting robbed, man. There ain't no justice in the universe, any fighter knows that much but—oh, man.

•

When Johnny got home he didn't cry about losing since with all those knockdowns on national TV, he knew he would get another shot. He'd got a reprieve from the short-order-cook vocation. We gave him a hero's welcome

(continued on page 206)

"A real bummer, eh, Sarge?"

the u.k.'s ruling party preaches morality but perpetrates irresistibly dissolute sex scandals—ah, to be in england

Those Torrid, Tawdry Tories

Article by Peter Pringle

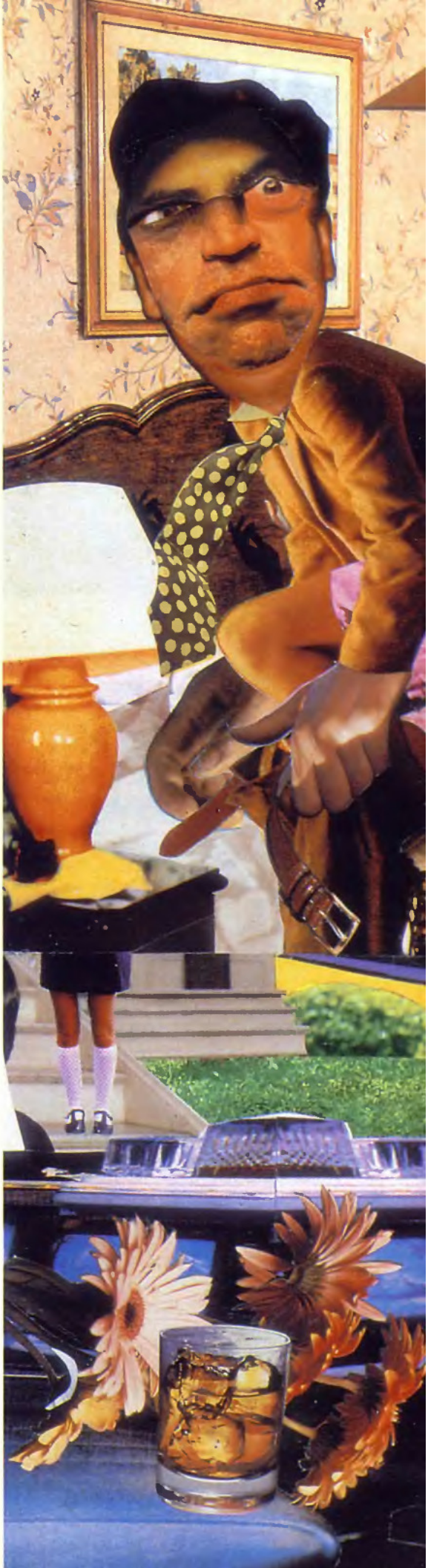
THE RETURNS are in and the hands-down winner for 1994 in the field of public sexual hypocrisy (international division) is Britain's ruling Conservative Party. The Tories have long fancied their party to be the repository of uprightness and morality. Indeed, for the past 15 years the loyal citizens of the U.K. have been subjected to particularly intense harangues by moralizing conservative politicians. Margaret Thatcher always told them to sit up, look lively and work harder for less pay. John Major, her successor as prime minister, has kept up the scolding and preaching. Thus, when a half-dozen Tories were exposed to media humiliation for an array of sexual escapades, much of the public reveled in the comic justice of it all.

Cabinet ministers, members of Parliament and the nation's highest military officer were caught with mistresses (one of them was found to have at least three). There were also tragic episodes. The wife of one senior minister shot herself reportedly after discovering that her husband had taken a lover. A promising new Tory MP was found dead in his kitchen wearing women's stockings, a garter belt and, oh yes, a black plastic bag over his head, an apparent victim of autoerotic asphyxiation.

Outside Britain, people marveled at the frantic pace of the scandals in a country where it is generally believed that the water, the weather or substances unknown suppress the libido. *No Sex Please, We're British* is the title of a self-deprecating comedy that has been running for years in London's West End. But Britain showed the world that bonking (the expressive British slang for doing it) thrives.

Such sexual escapades can't fail to bring out a feeling of national pride for my countrymen's display of sexual ingenuity and vitality. Compare them with the relatively plodding performances of Gary Hart and Donna Rice on a boat off the coast of Florida, or with whatever President Clinton was or was not doing with Paula Jones in a hotel room in Little Rock. The British involve themselves in a far better class of sex scandal than any other nationality—and that includes the French.

In France, private morality is not a public issue. Stories, perhaps apocryphal, abound about the French minister who liked to dress up as a rooster, stick a



COLLAGE BY EDMOND GUY

feather in his bottom and crow as he reached orgasm with his mistress. Given how refined the French claim to be at such things, there ought to be many of these tales. But French politicians' peccadilloes for the most part go unreported, thanks to the willingness of that country's media to look the other way.

No such restraint exists with the British press. Tabloid reporters never stop to ask if a politician's sex life is relevant to his or her public performance before they peek through windows. Indeed, sex stories of the rich and famous are regularly paid for, either directly or through so-called confidential sources who serve as brokers for those who want to bonk and talk. What made the Tories particularly vulnerable to embarrassing disclosures in recent times was Prime Minister Major's ill-conceived Back to Basics campaign. In October 1993 he called on Britons to fight family disintegration with self-discipline. The morality campaign was aimed at the common man, but the section of British society that proved most in need of reform turned out to be the one at the top.

•

Sex helped to topple a Tory government in the early Sixties, when Harold Macmillan was prime minister. John Profumo, the minister of war, was caught in an affair with high-class call girl Christine Keeler, who was bedding a London-based KGB agent during the same time. Even swinging London was shocked, and the Macmillan government did not survive.

During the Seventies, lords Lambton and Jellicoe had to quit their posts when their visits to prostitutes became known. In the Thatcher era, the Iron Lady's "golden boy" and chairman of the Conservative Party, Cecil Parkinson, resigned after it was revealed that he had fathered a child with his secretary. Following Major's 1992 election victory, there was an early tremor forecasting the scandals to come. David Mellor, dubbed "minister of fun" for his extracurricular activities at the Department of National Heritage, resigned amid headlines that he had been too tired to write speeches because of his relationship with an "unusually tall out-of-work actress" named Antonia de Sanchez.

Earlier, in May 1987, Tory MP Harvey Proctor was convicted of gross indecency that included caning and spanking with teenage male prostitutes (known as rent boys). He resigned his post. Alan Amos, another Tory MP, resigned his post after being arrested and cautioned—though never charged—for performing an indecent act with another man in a London park. And Keith Hampson was forced to resign his post as parliamentary secretary to Michael Heseltine in 1984 when he was accused, and later cleared, of groping a plainclothes policeman in a Soho male strip club. In another torrid exposé, transport minister Steven Norris admitted to having three mistresses (the newspapers linked him to two more). None of Norris' mistresses knew about the others, and it was not clear what his wife knew. Evidently Norris used his time efficiently. He stayed on in his cabinet post.

Major chose to ignore these warnings. But 1994 opened with further news of impropriety, this time concerning the suave 48-year-old environment minister, Timothy Yeo—known as Yo-Yo. Yeo admitted to fathering a child out of wedlock with Tory local legislator Julia Stent. He had met her during the 1991 party conference in Brighton; nine months later she gave birth to little Claudia-Marie. Those who knew the genial, red-faced, potbellied Yeo were shocked. Yeo had always championed family values. He had once told an audience that "it is in everyone's interest to reduce broken families and the number of single parents. I have seen from my own constituency the consequences of marital breakdown."

One senior Tory leader dismissed the resulting fuss as "the stuff of pantomime," and Major himself brushed off Yeo's infidelity as a "silly indiscretion" that the British people would probably tolerate.

But they did not. Traditionally, Britons have looked to their politicians for moral guidance. "Anybody who sets himself up in public life has a duty to set an example," Tory MP David Evans said on the BBC. "You don't drive through red lights, you don't drink and drive if you are a minister and you don't go knocking off everybody."

On January 6, Yeo resigned—later disclosing that in his youth he had fathered another love child.

Next came the case of lawyer and MP David "Two-in-a-Bed" Ashby, 53, another promoter of family values. Ashby welcomed in the New Year in France with a male friend. He subsequently admitted to reporters (and to his wife, Silvana) that he had shared a hotel bed with his friend, but only for reasons of economy. The angry Silvana said that Ashby had left her. Their marriage had ended, she said, because of his "friendship" with this other man. Silvana said she had gone unannounced to Ashby's new address on Christmas Eve and was thrown out after a male friend called the police and accused her of being "an intruder." Ashby denied that he is a homosexual and said only "dirty minds" would see anything unusual in his bunking (not bonking) arrangements. He had gone to France, he said, on a "gastronomic holiday."

There was worse to come. On January 8, Lady Diana Caithness, wife of aviation and shipping minister Lord Caithness, killed herself with her husband's shotgun in a bedroom of their house while he and their 15-year-old daughter sat downstairs. Caithness resigned from his job the next day. He claimed that his wife had been worried about money, but his father-in-law later told the *Times* that his daughter "would have lived in a shack. The main reason was this other woman." The woman in question turned out to be Princess Anne's former secretary, Jan Fitzalan-Howard, whose ex-husband had been a colonel in the Scots Guards.

The Tories closed ranks to fend off the media, but their manly efforts soon came undone. In February Stephen Milligan—a 45-year-old bachelor, newcomer to the House of Commons and rising star within the Tory Party—was found on his pine kitchen table, an apparent victim of autoerotic asphyxiation (a practice known as "scarfing," which is supposed to heighten orgasm through partial strangulation). Except for women's stockings, a garter belt, a black plastic bag over his head and a length of cord wound around the bag at his neck, Milligan was nude. The cord ran across his chest and he was holding it in his hands. A piece of orange that might have been spiked with amyl nitrate was in his mouth, perhaps to enhance the act. Those back benchers know how to party.

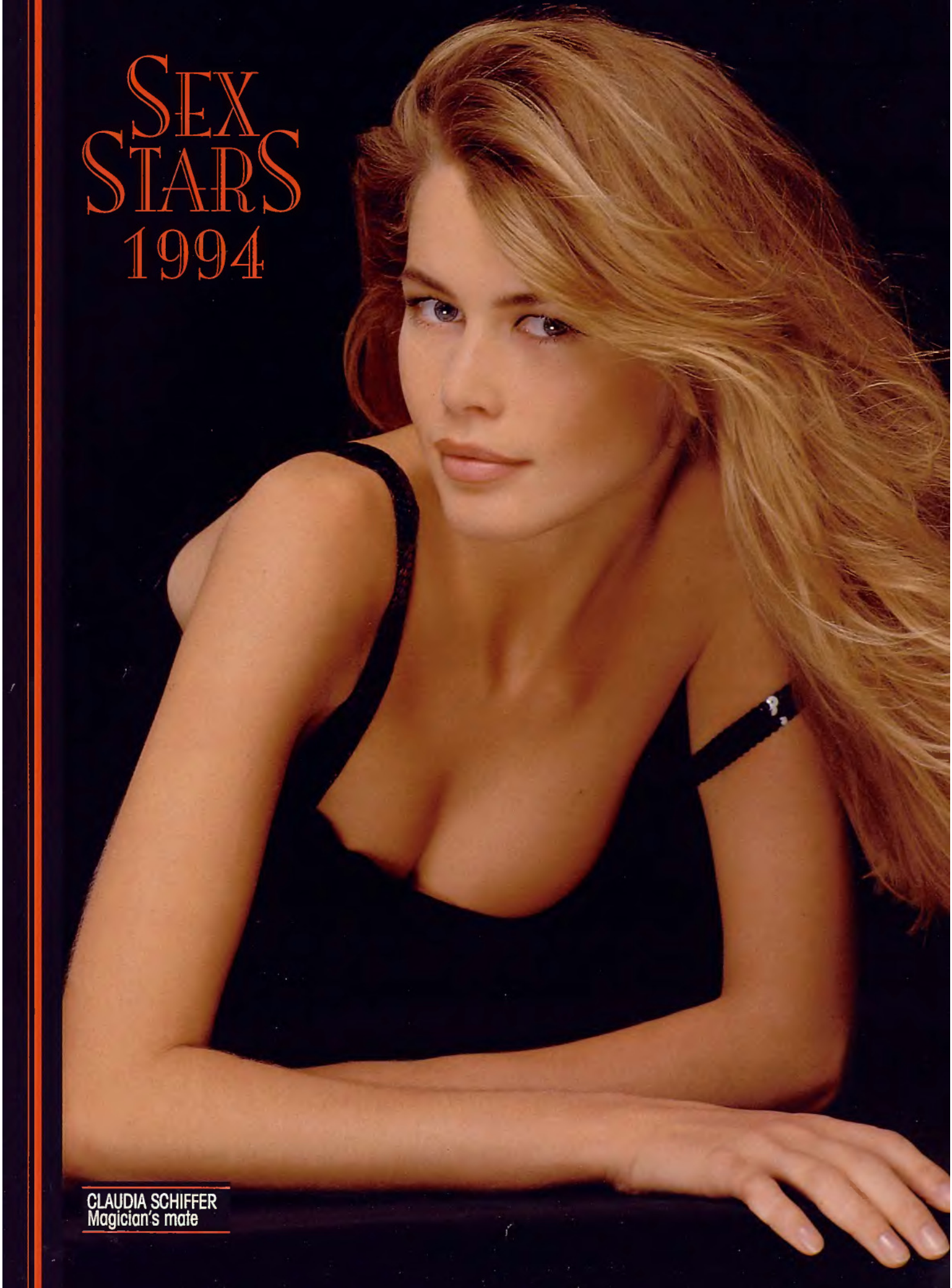
The press promptly dubbed Milligan the "kinky MP." He had paid £1000 to a dating service called Drawing Down the Moon, but he must have decided to take matters into his own hands. His death aroused suspicion of foul play—especially because he worked in the defense ministry. But the police concluded that he had indeed killed himself accidentally. Detectives suggested that Milligan might have died because he used his own sex equipment: As an MP and former TV broadcaster, they explained, he could not risk being recognized at sex shops that could have provided less-hazardous tools of autoeroticism. Milligan's death was particularly untimely because he had taken over as unofficial spokesman for the Tories' Back to Basics crusade.

One wayward MP got into trouble even though he displayed unusual restraint with the object of his affection. Hartley Booth, 47, a foreign-office official, Methodist lay preacher and ardent campaigner for family values, admitted to having a "close relationship"

(continued on page 190)

"Santa must have known I was dreaming of a white Christmas."

SEX STARS 1994



CLAUDIA SCHIFFER
Magician's mate

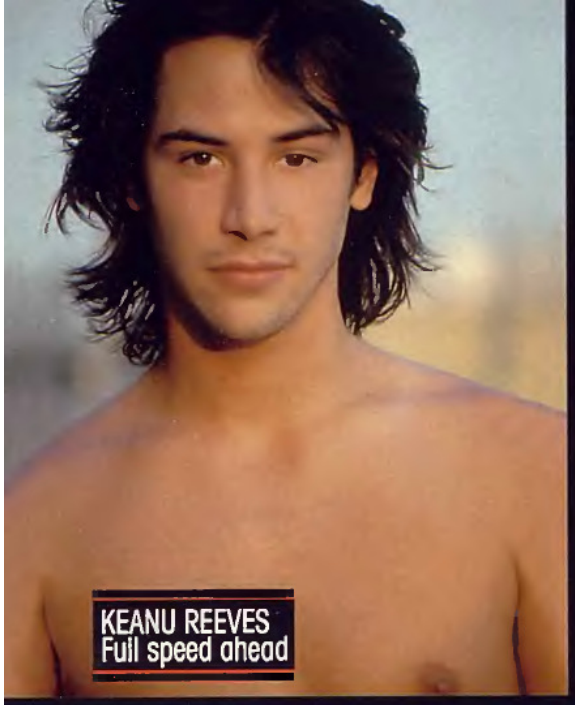
watch out, hollywood: here come the supermodels

text by GRETCHEN EDGREN **It was bound to happen: Since ads are now sexier than most movies, the screen idols who once occupied our dreams are gradually being replaced by a new breed of sex star—the supermodel. We saw it coming in 1990, when *Sex Stars* dedicated a page to Cindy, Claudia and Elle. This year, the rest of the media caught up, with such headlines as INVASION OF THE SUPERMODELS (*Entertainment Weekly*) and SUPERMODELS RULE THE WORLD (*San Francisco Chronicle*). A search of the Nexis database reveals more than 1000 newspaper, magazine and wire-service stories containing the words supermodels and sex. As Trish Donnally, the *Chronicle*'s fashion editor, noted: "They've become such glamour queens they've left Hollywood starlets stranded in cutoffs." Designer Karl Lagerfeld concurs: "Claudia Schiffer has what movie stars used to have, and when she goes somewhere, a light goes on like it used to with movie** *(text continued on page 174)*

HUGH GRANT
One-man Multiplex

DAVID CARUSO
Blue's mooner

VAROOM AT THE TOP When you're hot, you're hot—and these sex stars are positively combustible. Supermodel Claudia Schiffer may be one of the decade's most recognized women. After being linked with many of the world's rich ond famous, she settled on supermagician David Copperfield (that's the happy couple at left). British actor Hugh Grant had fans sighing in three films—*Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Sirens* and *Bitter Moon*—this year, and David Caruso, baring buns and soul in TV's *NYPD Blue*, landed a role in a movie (*Kiss of Death*) before opting ta let the force be withaut him.



KEANU REEVES
Full speed ahead

SHARON STONE
Sly's specialist

ERIKA ELENIAK
Cinematic centerfold

BRUCE WILLIS and JANE MARCH
Night's heat

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
Arms and the man

HOLLYWOOD HOTSHOTS Nobody's going to typecast Keanu Reeves. Following *Little Buddha* and the action hit *Speed*, he's heading to Winnipeg to play the title role in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*—onstage. Sharon Stone, who steams the screen with Sylvester Stallone in *The Specialist*, also scored in a delicious spoof of her sexy image on HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show*. Of Erika Eleniak's performance in *Chasers*, one out-of-touch reviewer wrote that she "looks as if she stepped out of a PLAYBOY centerfold." She did—in July 1989. Look for Erika next in Disney's *Pyromaniac's Love Story*, starring Billy Baldwin, John Leguizamo and Joan Plowright. Bruce Willis and Jane (*The Lover*) March heat up *Color of Night* and model Cameron Diaz made a s-s-s-smokin' film debut with Jim Carrey in *The Mask*. Arnold Schwarzenegger recovered nicely from the debacle of *Last Action Hero* with *True Lies*, in which he bests a gang of gunrunning terrorists; Robin Givens appeared in *Foreign Student* and *Blankman*—and a hot PLAYBOY pictorial.

JIM CARREY
Masked marvel

CAMERON DIAZ
Masked model

ROBIN GIVENS
Paged by PLAYBOY

PAMELA ANDERSON
Seeworthy

DEBRAH FARENTINO
Kelly's new girl

TUBULAR TALENT It's "the most popular TV show on the planet," says *TV Guide*, and Playmate Pamela Anderson helps *Baywatch* draw a billion viewers in 142 countries. High among network shows is NBC's *Seinfeld*, with unlikely—but, polls say, popular—sex symbols Jason Alexander, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Jerry Seinfeld and Michael Richards. Debrah Farentino replaced Amy Brenneman in the heart of Detective John Kelly (David Caruso) as *NYPD Blue*'s first season ended. Eric Nies, formerly of MTV's *Real World*, has a calendar—and hosts *The Grind*. *Melrose Place* stars ex-pro soccer player Andrew Shue and Heather Locklear.

THE SEINFELD GANG
Jerry's kids

ERIC NIES
Calendar boy

ANDREW SHUE
Goooal!

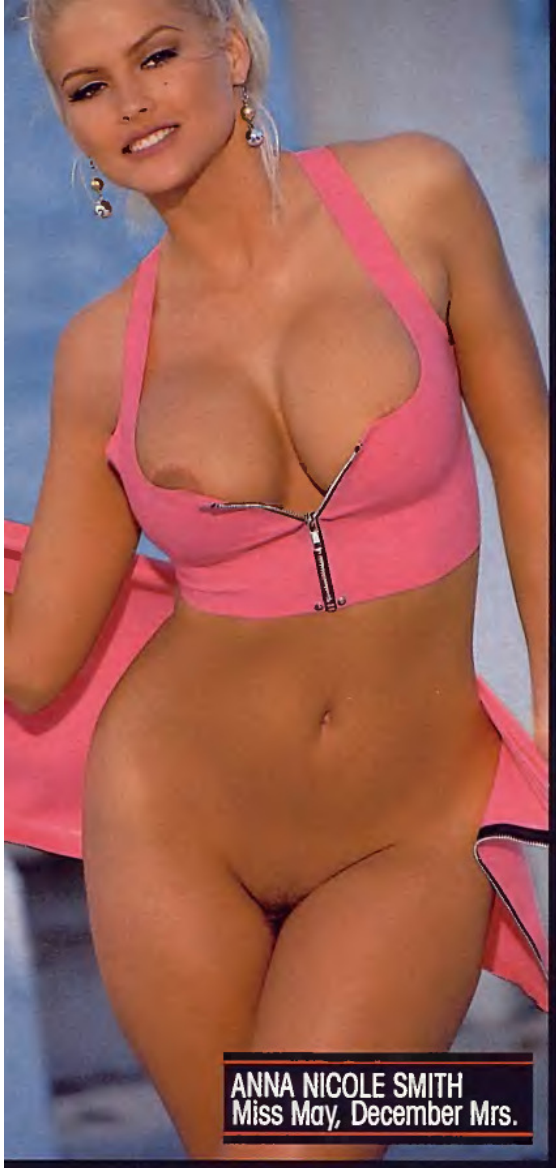
CAROL SHAYA
NYPDenuded

HARD-PRESSED Sharing headlines with flavor-of-the-month tabloid celebrities were Carol Shaya, a real NYPD cop whose poses in PLAYBOY landed her in some hot water and oceans of ink; President Bill Clinton, the first sex idol in the White House since JFK (just shaking hands with him, reports author Judith Krantz, is "a full-body sexual experience"); and Dian Parkinson, whose sex harassment suit against *The Price Is Right* host Bob Barker (who fought back) made news. (To see more of Dian, pick up her *Playboy Celebrity Centerfold* tape.)

BILL CLINTON
Chief sexecutive

HEATHER LOCKLEAR
Melrose minx

DIAN PARKINSON
The price was wrong



ANNA NICOLE SMITH
Miss May, December Mrs.

CINDY CRAWFORD
Sex Appeal, Inc.

LUCKY VANOUS
High on Coke

OBJECTS OF DESIRE Models are the dream girls (and boys) of the Nineties. Anna Nicole Smith, Miss May 1992 and Playmate of the Year 1993, had two films, a calendar and ad campaigns—and got even more press for marrying an elderly tycoon. Cindy Crawford is now her own corporation. Lucky Vanous, an unknown picked to be the hunk in a Diet Coke commercial, reaped movie and TV offers. Tyra Banks, one of *People*'s 50 most beautiful people, is in ads, on TV and in a movie (*Higher Learning*). Stephanie Seymour has a new beau and a new baby, Danish-born Helena Christensen is sexy in Express ads and Elle (*Sirens*) Macpherson hosts ESPN's *Hot Summer Nights*.

TYRA BANKS
Multimedia maid

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR
Model mom

HELENA CHRISTENSEN
Danish pastry

ELLE MACPHERSON
Screen siren

stars." When Claudia, who has graced more than 400 magazine covers and receives a reported 3000 fan letters a week, goes somewhere these days, she's usually on the arm of her fiancé, magician **David Copperfield**—a guy at the pinnacle of his own profession. Also spoken for is one-woman corporation **Cindy Crawford,** of Pepsi, Revlon and MTV's *House of Style* fame, who earns $7 million a year and is unquestionably better known than her movie-star husband, **Richard Gere.** Several of her supersisters—notably **Elle** (*Sirens*) **Macpherson,** star of a knockout May PLAYBOY pictorial, **Kathy** (*National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon*) **Ireland** and **Cameron** (*The Mask*) **Diaz**—are holding on to their day jobs as cover girls while following the path to movie stardom blazed by **Candice Bergen** and **Lauren Hutton.** Hollywood, apparently, realizes it needs a dose of hormones from the world of fashion. Male hormones, too: A hunk named **Lucky Vanous**—lust object for female office workers in a celebrated Diet Coke commercial—is now sifting through offers of TV and movie roles to supplement his modeling gigs. No wonder: In a recent poll sponsored by Yardley, 60 percent of women who were asked which man they would most like to share a bath with preferred Lucky. ("Hubby or beau" came in second at 55 percent.) Inevitably, there'll be a 1995 calendar starring Lucky.

Supermodels have long enjoyed calendar, video and endorsement deals. This year, their business is getting even more attention—from a new TV series, *Models Inc.*, and a film, Robert Altman's *Prêt-à-Porter*. Even the Internet has its own news group (alt.supermodels), in which fans of these new sex stars exchange gossip about their fave babes. (Sample dialogue, between one Chen Wang and a guy who calls himself Lord Doc: "Subject: Kathy Ireland pregnant. I think this has already been discussed here, but does anyone know who the father is?" The answer comes in seconds: "More than likely her husband, Greg." Response: "Whoops! Didn't know she was married. Am I turning red!")

There are other reasons many beautiful women are modeling rather than acting these days. For one thing, it can be more profitable. While few female movie stars can command the seven-figure fees their male counterparts collect, supermodel **Christy Turlington** is rumored to be worth $50 million, and by the time **Niki Taylor** turned 15 she had made more money than her retired policeman father earned in his entire career. Modeling is also less ageist—although girls such as Niki enter the field as teens, superstars Lauren Hutton, **Lisa Taylor, Cheryl Tiegs, Christie Brinkley** and **Isabella Rossellini** will not see 40 again—and more of an equal-opportunity profession. Black supermodels such as **Naomi Campbell, Tyra Banks, Iman, Veronica Webb, Beverly Johnson** and **Beverly Peele** far outnumber black screen goddesses.

Television is another fertile breeding ground for the sex stars of today. These tend to be guys—chief among them pistol-hot, buns-baring **David Caruso** of ABC's *NYPD Blue*, whose passionate lovemaking with a fellow cop (**Amy Brenneman**) and a wealthy young widow (**Debrah Farentino**) opened and closed the season. Will *NYPD* retain its heat now that Caruso has decamped for Hollywood and bigger bucks? And will the brooding redhead bring his fans along to the Multiplex? Stay tuned for his leading-man movie debut in the forthcoming thriller *Kiss of Death*.

Then there are the "himbos" of Fox's *Melrose Place*, **Andrew Shue, Grant Show, Thomas Calabro** and **Doug Savant,** who seduce the female audience into watching this 20-something soap just as surely as **Heather Locklear, Laura Leighton** and **Josie Bissett** reel in the guys.

Much of the sizzle on the tube comes from syndicated and cable fare. *Baywatch*—"Babewatch" to you aficionados—has boosted the careers of two Playmates—**Erika Eleniak** and **Pamela Anderson**—and that of brawny lifeguard **David Hasselhoff,** who is equally famous in Europe as a pop singer. HBO brings us *The Larry Sanders Show*, from which PLAYBOY picked **Linda Doucett** for a memorable pictorial (don't miss this month's interview with **Garry Shandling**). Showtime's Drive-In Cinema Classics are sparked by the likes of **Shannen Doherty** and **Antonio Sabato Jr.** MTV has launched a thousand voices, but it's not just music videos anymore. The cable outlet's *The Real World* series, which puts together ill-matched roommates in various cities, has spun off such performers as perennially bare-chested **Eric Nies** (who used to date Pam Anderson and is now on, you guessed it, a calendar).

All that said, we haven't given up on the movies. Where would *Sex Stars* be without **Sharon Stone, Jamie Lee Curtis** and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**? Sharon alone has supported an entire gossip-column industry lately with her brief engagement to producer **Bill MacDonald,** who left his wife **Naomi** to the tender mercies of writer **Joe Eszterhas.** While Naomi and Joe are now married parents, Sharon has dumped Bill—having reportedly returned his ring via express mail. Must be a trend: **Sylvester Stallone** broke up with model **Jennifer Flavin** via Federal Express. (When it absolutely, positively has to get there overnight.) Still, Sharon is definitely the smartest sex star in the business. Her self-spoofing performance on Shandling's HBO show rated four stars from *USA Today* critic Matt Roush. Jamie Lee has settled down to family life but doesn't mind revealing that she's still in great shape, as demonstrated in her striptease scene from *True Lies*. Tangoing on the dance floor, she manages to make Arnold look sexier than he has in years, except perhaps to his wife, **Maria Shriver.** We nearly lost track of the love lives of **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Ted Danson,** together last year but now apart. Ted, who dumped Mrs. D. for Whoopi, is now with **Mary Steenburgen.** Whoopi, after dallying with a dentist, plans to marry union organizer **Lyle Trachtenberg.** Still, she took the breakup with Ted hard. "I don't think people jumped us because we were an interracial couple," she told *Newsday*'s Linda Winer-Bernheimer. "They jumped us for all the other reasons. It was the big, rich, very sexy man from *Cheers* and Whoopi, who was, like, considered asexual. Either I was supposed to be a lesbian or I had no vagina at all."

New faces to the ranks of sex stars this year are those of the busy Brit **Hugh Grant**—no relation to Cary, but his uncanny Nineties reincarnation—whose ladyfriend, actress **Elizabeth Hurley,** displays some of the most spectacular cleavage in showbiz; former stand-up comic **Jim Carrey** (profiled this month), who displayed box-office appeal in *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* and *The Mask*; model Cameron Diaz, Carrey's partner in *The Mask*; and the aforementioned Elle, spectacular in *Sirens*. **Keanu Reeves** confirmed his versatility once again, bulking up and cropping his locks for the action adventure *Speed*—quite a departure both from his wacky *Bill and Ted* character and from his satin-breeches gig in *Dangerous Liaisons*. **Sandra Bullock's** role as Keanu's partner in *Speed* afforded her little opportunity to show off her sex appeal, but it's definitely there. Better luck, erotically speaking, next time—in the romantic comedy *While You Were Sleeping*.

No question about the sex appeal of our Playmates, who've also been busy lately. Erika Eleniak followed *The Beverly Hillbillies* with *Chasers*; Pam Anderson appeared in *Snapdragon* and *Raw Justice*. **Shannon Tweed** and **Kathy Shower** rank high as queens of the erotic-thriller genre. And **Anna Nicole Smith,** herself no slouch in the modeling game, made two movies—*The*

(concluded on page 180)

Buck Brown

A Very Good Year (continued from page 141)

"I was actually born male and was surgically sex-changed by extraterrestrials. I'm really excited!"

Jordan, I kind of like Road Jordan.

And I traveled in style in a brand-new deluxe touring bus that I bought. It wasn't cheap, but hey, nothing's too good for my teammates, and it made it almost impossible for the club to cut me. Let's face it, all things considered, it was probably a lot cheaper than if I had spent the summer playing golf.

The best part was that baseball opened up a whole new world for me: a world of new places, new experiences, new challenges and new endorsements (bats and gloves are just the tip of the iceberg). And another thing—if the major-league players hold out next year, the White Sox will need all the name draws they can get, so who knows? Sure, it's a gamble, but life is a gamble. At least mine always seems to be.

Well, I have to do my Christmas shopping now, and I'm sure you do, too. Hope you get everything you want. And keep in mind that when it comes to your kids, no price is too high for the gift of quality footwear.

Happy Holidays!
Michael

Season's Greetings, and all that crap. Well, gee, here I am, getting ready for the holidays again—only this time without some *jerk* bugging me to lay off the baked stuff and sauces, for a change.

I don't know why I'm even writing this letter, seeing as how everybody from the *Enquirer* to *Hard Copy* has been basically giving the world a blow-by-blow description of my personal life all year. As if those sleazecakes had a clue. And like I'm supposed to give a shit what the lawn-chair morons who read and watch that junk think about me.

The truth is, it was a *wonderful* year. Probably my best ever! First of all, I had a lot of success with what I call my Dissolution Diet. Yeah, almost overnight I got rid of about 240 pounds of dead weight—hah! And since I've never had a last name I was really thrilled about, I decided to call myself just what I am: Roseanne, period.

Also, I got a new tattoo! A bowling ball. OK, maybe it's not very colorful, but it's great for covering up an old tattoo, like of a name I no longer want to see every time I wipe my butt. (Although it was pretty appropriately located, I must admit.)

I took a long trip to Europe, which is a neat place: The hotel rooms all have bidets, they don't get *Entertainment Tonight* and most of the locals don't understand much English, so they don't know when you're ragging on them. I saw about a million old buildings and museums.

I've been trying to acquire more culture. I didn't read as many great books as I wanted, but I really got into Hemingway—hah! (Hey, she kissed better than a certain no-talent parasite I wasted several years on.)

My show did great, as usual, no thanks to the various network backstabbers, traitors on my staff, conspiracies against me, attacks by media toilet scum, and assorted wardrobe consultants who ought to be working for a goddamn *carnival*.

And, finally, I recently started going through hypnosis. It's a "hidden memory recall" kind of deal, and already, it turns out I was sexually molested by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir at the age of three. Even before that, I was actually born male and was surgically sex-changed by extraterrestrials. I'm really excited! I mean, it kind of explains a lot.

I guess that's about it. Anyway, I have to get going. I have to buy some gifts for my parents and sister, and the pet store's big sale on *slugs* ends today—hah!

Love,
Roseanne

From the Chairman of the Board

Hey, cats, old blue eyes is still around, and I still have enough juice left to wish you all a swinging Christmas. As for me, they still write 'em, so I still sing 'em. Can't always remember 'em, but what do you want at 78?

I guess somebody stuffed the ballot box, because I got a Legend of Show Business Award this year. This year? Yeah, that's right. Got pretty misty over that introduction by Bono, too, I gotta tell you. A great guy. And the kid's got real talent! Why the hell did Cher ever leave him? Idiot broad.

Other than that, it was a very good year, as the lyric goes, and I did it my way, even though birds kept getting into the house. But it's like I was telling Sammy Cahn—and there's another story right there. Stories. Wow. Storyland, that was a wild scene. Dean can tell you, and—hey, where the hell's that kid with my drink?

Have a swinging Christmas. Did I already say that?

Francis Albert

Merry Christmas, from the (brand-new) King house to yours!

I've never sent out a form letter like this before, but I never had so much news to tell, or so many friends and family to tell it to. You wouldn't believe all the new acquaintances I've met, and all the relatives I never even knew I had. I heard from over 800 second cousins alone. It seemed like half of them wanted me to be their partner in a liquor store. (I'm sorry I couldn't help you all out, but remember, I didn't win that punitive damages money and that hurt me even more than the beating.)

It has been a fine year in the King household. Santa came to my place early. Of course, I'm talking about the big news. I finally got justice! More important, I got $3.8 million, and that's almost a cool million after legal fees. You pay me that kind of money, you can kick my ass to Japan! I love L.A.

I did have a couple more little brushes with the law, but making bail would be no problem these days, and anyway, the police pretty much treat me like an expensive plate when they see who I am. Sometimes I like to run a stop sign just to get a little show of respect.

My health is improving, thank you all. I lost weight and went through rehab. Of course, as the lawyers told me, a costly relapse is always possible. But the headaches don't come so often now, which makes it easier to read the movie offers. (I can't make up my mind who should play me—LaVar Burton or Sinbad. I bet O.J. has the same problem.)

I've tried to be good to myself this year. I got a Ferrari (let's see the LAPD catch that in their chickenshit Camaros), a new home and a big savings account. Things are going so well, I don't much give a damn anymore whether we can all get along or not. I'm having a seriously merry Christmas. I hope you do too.

Glen (I'm sick of "Rodney") King

Holiday Greetings from Lyle & Erik!

We've received so many letters asking how we're doing, and wishing us well, and proposing marriage, we figured we'd better reply. After all, you can't have too many friends.

There haven't been any major

(continued on page 184)

FROM RECORDABLE MINIDISCS TO HOME THEATER, HERE'S WHAT'S HOT IN THE WIRED WORLD

1995 ELECTRONICS PREVIEW

BY JONATHAN TAKIFF

WITH ALL the buzz surrounding computers and the information superhighway, you might think the rest of the consumer electronics industry had short-circuited. But the truth is, techies here and in Japan know that most of us are not totally absorbed in buying airline tickets by wire or trading gossip via on-line chat rooms. In fact, our interest in electronic diversions is at an all-time high. Despite the sagging economy in 1993, home electronics sales were up eight percent over 1992, a figure that experts predict will rise by the end of this year as prices of even the most sophisticated gear continue to drop. Here's our take on what's new and noteworthy. *Television sets:* Direct-view and projection TVs with the same 16:9 aspect ratio as movie-theater screens are the big news in home theaters. Pioneer, RCA, Toshiba, Panasonic, Sharp, Philips, JVC and Proton are introducing wide-screen models, which are ideal for viewing letterboxed videos and laser discs and are priced between $2500 and $6500. In the standard 4:3 direct-view-TV category, you'll find a growing selection of 27- to 32-inch "flat-screen" sets from Panasonic, RCA and Toshiba. Priced around $1100 to start, these models have exceptional picture quality thanks to the screen's ability to minimize distortion and glare. The number of 35-inch direct-view television sets is growing as well, with Hitachi's premiere Ultra Vision entry, the 35UX60B ($1799), boasting a video-enhancing Ultra Black tube. Mitsubishi's CS-40503 ($3000) features the world's largest direct-view screen at 40 inches—with a 278-pound cabinet to match. Finally, for those who dread surfing through several hundred channels to find the perfect old movie or sports event, Zenith has introduced direct-view and projection TV sets equipped to display Starsight Telecast's new on-screen program guide. Besides letting you navigate through a week's worth of program offerings by day, genre or channel, this $3.50-to-$5-per-month service triggers one-button automatic recording on your VCR. You also will be able to purchase a stand-alone Starsight decoder in 1995 (about $200) or wait for Starsight-equipped video products now in the works at Magnavox, RCA, Samsung and Mitsubishi. *Laser disc players:* Looking for the highest resolution video and digital sound source to show off your system? Then you will appreciate new LD/CD combination players from Pioneer, Sony and RCA, with double-sided laser disc play, at prices below $600. Karaoke

Top: Pioneer's FH-P95 double-decker car stereo with an in-dash CD player, multidisc controller, cassette deck and AM/FM tuner features Soundscape, a technology that allows you to combine playback from two oudio sources, obout $1400, including o sound-effects CD.

Left: Sony's best-of-both-worlds camcorder, the FX730V 8mm Handycam, combines a black-and-white viewfinder with a flip-out three-inch color LCD monitor for framing your shots. Other features include a 12:1 power zoom, a digital fader and high-fidelity sound, $1099.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

features are showing up in a surprising number of players, too, including Sony's microphone-equipped MDP-600 ($799) and Panasonic's LX-K750 ($1000), a veritable *Gong Show* in a box that can be set to sound off when singers hit a sour note. ***Audio/video receivers:*** There was a time when you had to spend at least $800 for a decent Dolby Pro Logic Surround decoder, but now you can bring alive movie or television soundtracks for as little as $350. New entry-level A/V receivers from Sherwood, Yamaha, Pioneer, Technics, Onkyo and Fisher, for example, deliver even amounts of power to the front and center channels, compared with earlier receivers that short-changed the center channel, thus muffling dialogue. If you're willing to spend more, consider one of the two new integrated A/V receivers that conform to Luscasfilm's top-of-the-line THX theater-sound quality control program: the $1199 SA-TX1000 Home THX receiver from Technics, which can produce up to 120 watts per channel; and Onkyo's TX-SV919THX A/V receiver ($2000) with digital signal decoding for superior channel separation. ***Speakers:*** Now that electronics manufacturers have figured out that home theaters need a minimum of five speakers (three in front and two in the rear), many are doing the bundling for you. Klipsch and B.I.C. America deliver packages for less than $1000, complete with a powered subwoofer. Another smart way to go is Sony's SA-VA1 ($700), a complete home theater speaker system with a Dolby Surround processor and amps built into the front channel speakers. Or, if you need a place to rest your TV, check out the Cerwin Vega Sensurround System 5, a $1410 speaker package featuring a center channel pedestal that doubles as a stand for TVs up to 40 inches. ***Special delivery TV:*** High-resolution, 150-channel television is arriving from space via the Digital Satellite System. A $699 (basic) or $899 (deluxe) RCA DSS hardware package lets you nab the fun by way of a receiver and an 18-inch-diameter dish that you can hang outside an apartment window. Both equipment packages are high-definition-TV-ready, but only the deluxe DS2430RW has the ability to feed two TV sets with independent selections. Speaking of selections, video entertainment distributor DirecTV will supply subscribers with a variety of current cable programming, à la carte offerings such as *Playboy TV*, digital cable radio and as many as 50 pay-per-view channels—with movies starting every half hour. Multiplexed movie channels such as HBO and Showtime, as well as some of the hipper cable channels (Cartoon Network, MTV, Comedy Central, etc.) are available from Hubbard's United States Satellite Broadcasting. Prices for both DirecTV and USSB are competitive with cable. ***Home video:*** Camcorders keep getting smaller, smarter and more practical, which explains why insiders are predicting that more than 3 million will be sold in the U.S. this year alone. The hottest features? Image stabilization circuitry for eliminating the shakes, color viewfinders and LCD color displays—

Above: RCA's sophisticated Cinema Screen is a 34-inch 16:9 format television that features "progressive scan" line-doubling technology for enhanced video quality, $4500. Below: Onkyo's integrated audio-video receiver is one of the first that meets the stringent THX audio standards set by Lucasfilm, $2000. Stacked on top is Panasonic's LX-K750 laser disc/CD combination player with auto-reverse, two-sided and karaoke functions and three digital signal-processing modes—theater, music and echo, $1000.

a technology that was originally featured on Sharp's Viewcams and is now turning up on camcorders by Sony, RCA and JVC. For those who grouse that LCD displays wash out in sunlight, Sony offers the CCD-FX730V 8mm Handycam pictured on page 177, featuring a fold-out three-inch color monitor and a conventional black-and-white electronic viewfinder on top ($1099). JVC's Systemax GR-SV3 ($1099) and RCA's virtually identical Visioneer ($1200) are the first VHS-C format camcorders to feature a color LCD viewscreen. (VHS-C tapes can be played back in a standard VCR). If you're going for compactness, nothing beats the 1.8-pound Sony Handycam Snap ($899), a vertically oriented, 8mm model with an LCD screen for framing shots. Another small wonder is Hitachi's 8mm VME58A, the first compact camcorder to offer both electronic image stabilization and a color viewfinder for less than $1000. And nobody is coming close to matching the quality of the 180,000-pixel color viewfinder in Panasonic's PV-54 VHS-C ($1500) and its Super-VHS cousin, PV-S64 ($1700). ***Home audio:*** The compact disc changed high fidelity in the early Eighties, and it still inspires some remarkable new products. Among our favorites are the CD changers from Sony, Pioneer and JVC that are capable of storing up to 100 compact discs for playback. The unique JVC XL-MC100 ($1000) is a two-piece system consisting of a rack-size controller that can be stacked with other components, and a CD transport/storage unit that can be stashed in a cabinet, closet or even the next room. ***Audio to go:*** In portable sound gear, the logic of "smaller is better" is indisputable, which is why we have high hopes for the minidisc. A disc format that's half the size of an audio cassette, MD offers the same instant-access capabilities of a compact disc in an extremely durable, computer disk–type casing. Two portable units to check out are the MZ-R2 from Sony and the MD-M11 from Sharp (both about $800). Their pocket-size dimensions and crisp, near-CD-quality digital recording capability (74 minutes per disc) could quickly get you into the concert bootleg business. (Just don't say we told you.) On-the-go playback is MD's special suit, with advanced editing capabilities and an antishock music storage buffer that keeps the tunes flowing, even on impact. Of course, if you're not ready to pay big bucks for a brand-new format, you can get the same shockproof performance in a number of CD portables. A three-second buffer, sufficient to mask the occasional jolt, can be found in models by Aiwa, Kenwood, Magnavox, Sanyo and Sony priced as low as $149. Even more "walkable" and suited for car use is Fisher's PCD-60 ($220), which has a ten-second music storage circuit. ***Car tunes:*** There are plenty of powerful car stereos on the market, but Pioneer's new FH-P95 ($1400) deserves special mention. Aside from being twice the size of a standard stereo (or double-DIN in industry terms), it includes a function called Soundscape, which lets you simultaneously play two audio sources.

Torture.

Nothing programs your VCR easier than the VCR Plus+® system.

Step 1. Look up the PlusCode® number in your TV listing.

Step 2. Punch in the number.

Step 3. Watch when you want.

4 Seinfeld **2384**
A religious ceremony makes Jerry and Elaine apprehensive about being god-parents.

The Control Tower™ is a universal remote capable of operating your TV and video electronics. It eliminates the clutter caused by those other remotes. It can also change the channel on your cable box, so you can tape different shows on different channels.

To start programming effortlessly without using a manual, ask your local retailer for the Control Tower.

VCR Plus+ by GEMSTAR DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

Make sure you get the universal remote with VCR Plus+ built in.

Revenge.

UNIVERSAL REMOTE CONTROL TOWER

The first universal remote with the VCR Plus+ feature built in.

only $44.99 MSRP

30 Day Money Back Guarantee

Buy a VCR Plus+ Control Tower before December 31 and get a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee plus a one year warranty. Call 800 432-8271 for more information.

© 1994 GDC Offer valid September 1, 1994 through December 31, 1994 for purchases of the Control Tower or Control Plus+™.

LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY

(continued from page 116)

explained, "in which we can witness a successful effort to combine man's ability to handle, at one time, an artistic impression, a literary concept and an actual erection."

•

Let me try to put the thesis of this article in another context. Imagine, if you will, what twists and turns the path of contemporary history might have taken had there been no PLAYBOY.

- Lacking decades of easy-to-remove centerfolds, gas-station walls all over America would be bedecked with photographs of lovely sylvan scenes and charming animals.
- Tavern customers, deprived of their endless fund of party jokes and barroom tricks, would have had to fall back on such familiar opening conversational gambits as: "Dint I see ya here before?" "Whatcha drinkin'?" and the perennial favorite: "Betcha can't guess my sign."
- LeRoy Neiman would have stayed in art school until his teacher suggested a visit to an optometrist. His vision would have been corrected to 20/20, making it possible for him to paint pictures that don't resemble 3-D movie stills.
- Jessica Hahn would never have met Howard Stern, and La Toya Jackson would still be living off her allowance from Michael.
- The girls next door would have had to settle for taking off their clothes for the boys next door.
- The GNP would be 2.6 percent higher, as a result of company time currently wasted by American workers searching for the hidden Rabbit on PLAYBOY covers.
- The rabbit would have maintained its dignity as a cuddly household pet.
- With no Playboy Clubs to offer vicarious thrills to feverish businessmen, the field would have been open for some other periodical—perhaps *Mad* magazine with a chain of Madhouses. Its customers would be served by waitresses in saucy Alfred E. Neuman outfits.
- If Hef were not footing the bills for meals at the Playboy Mansion, Chuck Woolery would have spent an additional $2,174,293 in restaurant tabs.
- Marilyn Monroe, unable to cash in on publicity from her appearance in PLAYBOY's premiere edition, would have been relegated to bit parts in B movies. She would never have been invited to sing *Happy Birthday* to JFK. Kennedy, thus undistracted, would not have been talked into the Bay of Pigs fiasco. His luster undiminished, he would not have visited Dallas to shore up a fading Southern constituency. No Dallas, no assassination. Mr. Zapruder would be boring his grandchildren with fuzzy 8mm films of his afternoon at the Dallas Zoo. Jack Ruby would have settled down with the stripper of his choice. And Oliver Stone would have made a long, controversial movie proving that Lincoln was shot by his wife.

Marx, Freud, Einstein and Hefner. The sense of it, the *rightness* of it, is enough to make one giddy. Remove any one of those names from history's roll call and the century falls apart like a savings-and-loan institution.

"Naturally, Miss Jackson, I wouldn't want you to misconstrue this simple gift as any form of sexual harassment."

SEX STARS

(continued from page 174)

Hudsucker Proxy and *Naked Gun 33⅓*—but her marriage to an elderly Texas tycoon brought her the most media attention.

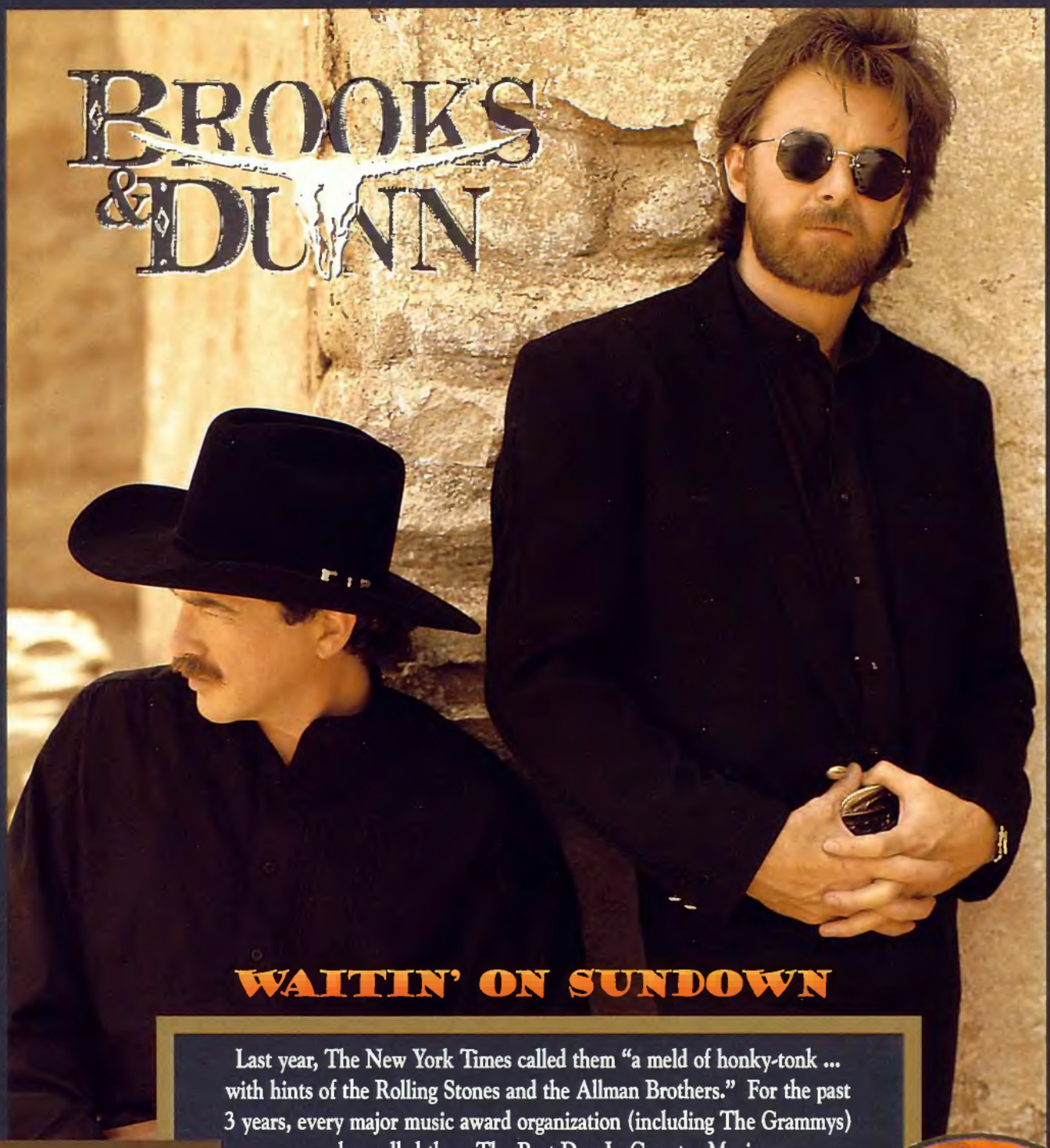
There were other unusual marriages this year. Two couples rewrote the adage "Marry in haste, repent at leisure" by divorcing in haste, too. The union of Shannen Doherty and **Ashley Hamilton,** who had dated for two weeks before tying the knot, lasted six months; that of **Drew Barrymore** and **Jeremy Thomas,** who'd gone together for six weeks, endured only another six weeks. The rumor mill had **Julia Roberts** and **Lyle Lovett,** who wed last year after just a three-week courtship, heading for a split. (Another much-put-upon couple, Cindy Crawford and Richard Gere, had to go to the extreme of placing an ad in *The Times* of London to declare that they were monogamous and heterosexual.)

Breaking up was hard—or at least messy—to do for other Hollywoodites, notably **Roseanne** and **Tom Arnold,** who broke up twice after tales hit the papers of an unconventional relationship with assistant **Kim Silva.** Roseanne—one name only, please—says she's now happy in the arms of bodyguard **Ben Thomas;** she told **Howard Stern** that their romance began when, while watching TV, she bit Ben, he bit back and they ended up in bed. Foreplay for the Nineties? Things got even more complicated for **Carrie Fisher** and the father of her child, **Bryan Lourd.** When Bryan left Carrie, he reportedly took up with agent **Scott Bankston**—to the distress of Scott's former fella, producer **Sandy Gallin.**

Also collapsing were the marriages of **Paula Abdul** and **Emilio Estevez, Billy Joel** and Christie Brinkley, **Pia Zadora** and **Meshulam Riklis, Ellen Barkin** and **Gabriel Byrne, Lorenzo Lamas** and **Kathleen Kinmont, Barbara Hershey** and **Stephen Douglas** and, apparently, **Don Johnson** and **Melanie Griffith. Lisa Marie Presley** and **Danny Keough** announced their estrangement in late April—and by mid-July she was rumored to have married **Michael Jackson.** True, so true, she and the gloved one announced. As for the prospects of enduring bliss for this couple—your guess is as good as ours.

Lisa Marie and Michael are said to want kids. Motherhood is definitely in style for other sex stars, including **Michelle Pfeiffer, Annette Bening, Demi Moore, Stephanie Seymour** and **Virginia Madsen.** Pregnancy has kept some of them from accepting jobs this year, but it failed to prevent Kathy Ireland and **Rachel Hunter** from appearing on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue. Just goes to show you, a supermodel can do anything.

COUNTRY MUSIC HAS NEVER KICKED LIKE THIS



WAITIN' ON SUNDOWN

Last year, The New York Times called them "a meld of honky-tonk ... with hints of the Rolling Stones and the Allman Brothers." For the past 3 years, every major music award organization (including The Grammys) has called them The Best Duo In Country Music.

Kix Brooks and Ronnie Dunn are back with a new album of 'Turbo-Tonk', featuring "She's Not The Cheatin' Kind" and more.

SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR?

ARISTA

Lite BEER PRESENTS BROOKS & DUNN

MILLER LITE is proud to be the sponsor of
THE BROOKS & DUNN
"WAITIN' ON SUNDOWN CONCERT TOUR"

Management: Tidey & Associates, Nashville, TN

© 1994 Arista Records, Inc., a Bertelsmann Music Group Company

ghost STANDARD (continued from page 104)

"The act of cannibalism is not to be construed as limited to the eating of members of one's own species."

in *spheroid* and *colloid* and *asteroid*, for example——"

"Just consider those examples!" Tuezuzim broke in, arguing desperately. "All three have the Greek suffix *-oid* added to words that were originally Greek, not Latin. *Aster* means 'star' in Greek, so with *asteroid* you have 'starlike or in the form of a star.' And *colloid* comes from the Greek *kolla* for 'glue.' Are you trying to tell me that dictionaries on the level of *Webster's First* or *Second* mix Greek with Latin?"

It seemed to the anxiously listening Kydd that the Malcolm Movis computer almost smiled before continuing. "As a matter of fact, in one of those cases, that's exactly what happens. *Webster's Second* describes *spheroid* as deriving from both Greek and Latin. It provides as etymologies, on the one hand, the Greek *sphairoeidēs* (*sphaira*, 'sphere,' plus *eidos*, 'form') and, on the other, the Latin *sphaeroides*, 'ball-like' or 'spherical.' Two different words, both of classical origin. *Dirigibloid* is therefore ruled a valid word."

"I protest that ruling!" Tuezuzim waved his claw angrily. "Data are being most selectively used. I am beginning to detect a pro-human, anti-lobstermorph bias in the computer."

Another faint suggestion of an electromechanical smile. "Once more, a matter of fact," the computer noted silkily. "The Malcolm Movis design team was headed by Dr. Hodgodya Hodgodya, the well-known lobstermorph electronicist. Pro-human, anti-lobstermorph bias is therefore most unlikely to have been built in. *Dirigibloid* is ruled valid; the protest is noted and disallowed. Juan Kydd begins the next round."

Since both opponents were now tagged with *g-h-o-s*, the round coming up would be the rubber, or execution, round. This was most definitely *it*.

Kydd and Tuezuzim looked at each other again. One of them would be dead in a few minutes. Then Kydd looked away and began the round with the letter that had always worked best for him in three-cornered Ghost, the letter *l*.

The computer added *i*, and Tuezuzim, a bit rashly, came up with *m*. He was quite willing for the word to be *limit*, and thus to end on the Malcolm Movis. A null round, and he, Tuezuzim, would be starting the next one.

But Kydd was not interested in a null round this time. He added an *o* to the *l-i-m* and, when the computer supplied a *u*, the developing *limousine* that had to end on Tuezuzim became obvious.

The lobstermorph thought desperately. With a hopeless squeak from deep in his cephalothorax, he said *s*.

It must be recognized here, as the computer testified at the subsequent inquest, that the *s* already completed a word, to wit *limous* ("muddy, slimy"). But the Malcolm Movis pointed out that the individual who should have triumphantly called attention to *limous*, Juan Kydd, was so committed to catching his opponent with *limousine* that he didn't notice.

Limousine moved right along, with an *i* from Kydd and an *n* from the computer. And once again it was up to Tuezuzim.

He waited until his ten-minute time limit had almost expired. Then he came up with a letter. But it wasn't *e*.

It was *o*.

Juan Kydd stared at him. "*L-i-m-o-u-s-i-n-o*?" he said in disbelief, yet already suspecting what the lobstermorph was up to. "I challenge you."

Again Tuezuzim waited a long time. Then, slowly rotating his crippled left chela at Juan Kydd's face, he said, "The word is *limousinoid*."

"There's no such word! What in hell does it mean?"

"What does it mean? 'Like a limousine, in the form of or resembling a limousine.' It can be used, probably has been used, in some piece of technical prose."

"Referee!" Kydd yelled. "Let's have a ruling. Do you have *limousinoid* in your dictionary?"

"Whether or not it's in the dictionary, Computer," Tuezuzim countered, "it has to be acceptable. If *dirigibloid* can exist, so can *limousinoid*. If *limousinoid* exists, Kydd's challenge is invalid and he gets the *t* of Ghost—and loses. If *limousinoid* doesn't exist, neither does *dirigibloid*, and so Kydd would have lost that earlier round and would therefore now be up to the *t* of Ghost. Either way, he has to lose."

Now it was the Malcolm Movis that took its time. Five full minutes it considered. As it testified later, it need not have done so; its conclusion was reached in microseconds. "But," it noted in its testimony at the inquest, "an interesting principle was involved here that required the use of this unnecessary time. Justice, it is said, not only must be done, but must *seem* to be done. Only the appearance of lengthy, careful consideration would make justice *seem* to be done in this case."

Five minutes—and then, at last, the Malcolm Movis gave its verdict.

"There is no valid equation here between *dirigibloid* and *limousinoid*. Since *dirigible* is a word derived from the so-called classic languages, it may add the Greek suffix *-oid*. *Limousine*, on the other hand, derives from French, a Romance language. It comes from Limousin, an old province of France. The suffix *-oid* cannot therefore be used properly with it—Romance French and classical Greek may not be mixed."

The Malcolm Movis paused now for three or four musical beats before going on. Juan Kydd and Tuezuzim stared at it, the human's mouth moving silently, the crustacean's antennae beginning to vibrate in frantic disagreement.

"Tuezuzim has incurred *t*, the last letter of Ghost," the computer announced. "He has lost."

"I protest!" Tuezuzim screamed. "Bias! Bias! If no *limousinoid*, then no *dirigibl*——"

"Protest disallowed." And the blast of the Hametz Drive tore through the lobstermorph. "Your meals, Mr. Kydd," the computer said courteously.

•

The inquest, on Karpis VIII of Sector N-42B5, was a swift affair. The backup tapes of the Malcolm Movis were examined; Juan Kydd was merely asked if he had anything to add (he did not).

But the verdict surprised almost everyone, especially Kydd. He was ordered held for trial. The charge? Aggravated cannibalism in deep space.

Of course, our present definition of interspecies cannibalism derives from this case:

> The act of cannibalism is not to be construed as limited to the eating of members of one's own species. In modern terms of widespread travel through deep space, it may be said to occur whenever one highly intelligent individual kills and consumes another highly intelligent individual. Intelligence has always been extremely difficult to define precisely, but it will be here and henceforth understood to involve the capacity to understand and play the terrestrial game of Ghost. It is not to be understood as solely limited to this capacity, but if an individual, of whatever biological construction, possesses such capacity, the killing, consuming and assimilating of that individual shall be perceived as an act of cannibalism and is to be punished in terms of whatever statutes relate to cannibalism in that time and that place.
>
> *—The Galaxy v. Kydd, Karpis VIII, C17603.*

Now, Karpis VIII was pretty much a rough-and-ready frontier planet. It was

Gentlemen . . . Start Your Engines

- **Specially designed 23K gold border**
- **Edition limited to a total of 28 firing days**

Shown smaller than actual size of 6½" diameter

©1994 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. BE-AMI 1994 Bill Elliott Name and Likeness Licensed by Advantage Management, Inc.

The command is given — *"Gentlemen ... start your engines!"* — and the roar of the crowd, already incredible in its intensity, is buried in an explosion of fury and power. The ground rumbles, as Bill Elliott's bright red #11 Budweiser Thunderbird thunders toward the green flag and "they're off"!

The Hamilton Collection, in association with Sports Impressions - a leading creator of sports memorabilia, presents an impressive collector plate premiere — "Bill Elliott." This Winston Cup winner, Daytona 500 champ, and eight-time "Most Popular Driver of the Year" is captured on fine porcelain, in renowned sports artist Robert Tanenbaum's powerful collector plate salute.

Now, you can relive all the excitement and glory of the racetrack by acquiring Tanenbaum's dynamic "Bill Elliott." You'll also have the opportunity — *with no obligation whatsoever* — to preview upcoming issues in the *Drivers of Victory Lane* Plate Collection, saluting racing's greatest legends. Each issue will be hand-numbered and accompanied by a matching-numbered Certificate of Authenticity.

Our 30 Day ***100% Satisfaction Guarantee*** assures you order at no risk. So be a part of the action — submit your order today! © 1994 HC. All Rights Reserved.

Respond by: December 31, 1994

Please enter my order for the "Bill Elliott" plate. *Limit: One plate per collector.*

I need send no money now. On acceptance, I will be billed $29.50* when my plate is shipped.

BUZ1 QQ 6A

Ms./Mrs./Mr._____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (____) _____

Signature _____

*Plus $2.96 shipping and handling. 6% state sales tax will be added for deliveries shipping to FL. *All orders must be signed and are subject to acceptance.*

The Hamilton Collection
4810 Executive Park Ct., P.O. Box 44051,
Jacksonville, FL 32231-4051

still a rather wide-open place with a fairly tolerant attitude toward most violent crime. As a result, Juan Kydd was assessed a moderate fine, which he was able to pay after two months of working at his new job in computer programming.

The Malcolm Movis computer did not fare nearly as well.

First, it was held as a crucial party to the crime and an accessory before the fact. It was treated as a responsible and intelligent individual, since it had unquestionably demonstrated the capacity to understand and play the terrestrial game of Ghost. Its plea of nonbiological construction (and therefore noninvolvement in legal proceedings pertaining to living creatures) was disallowed on the ground that the silicon-based Cascassians who had built the ship and lifeboat were now also subject to this definition of cannibalism. If silicon-chemistry intelligence could be considered biological, the court ruled, so inevitably must silicon-electronics.

Furthermore, and perhaps most damaging, the computer was held to have lied in a critical situation—or, at least, to have withheld information by not telling the whole truth. When Tuezuzim had accused it of anti-lobstermorph bias, it had pointed to the fact that the Malcolm Movis omicron beta had been designed by a lobstermorph and that anti-lobstermorph bias was therefore highly unlikely. The *whole* truth, however, was that the designer, Dr. Hodgodya, was living in self-imposed exile at the time because he hated his entire species and, in fact, had expressed this hatred in numerous satirical essays and one long narrative poem. In other words, anti-lobstermorph bias *had* been built in and the computer knew it.

To this the computer protested that it was, after all, only a computer. As such, it had to answer questions as simply and directly as possible. It was the questioner's job to formulate and ask the right questions.

"Not in this case," the court held. "The Malcolm Movis omicron beta was not functioning as a simple question-and-answer machine but as a judge and umpire. Its obligations included total honesty and full information. The possibility of anti-lobstermorph bias had to be openly considered and admitted."

The Malcolm Movis did not give up. "But you had two top-notch programmers in Kydd and Tuezuzim. Could it not be taken for granted that they would already know a good deal about the design history of a computer in such general use? Surely for such knowledgeable individuals not every *i* has to be dotted, not every *t* has to be crossed."

"Software people!" the court responded. "What do they know about fancy hardware?"

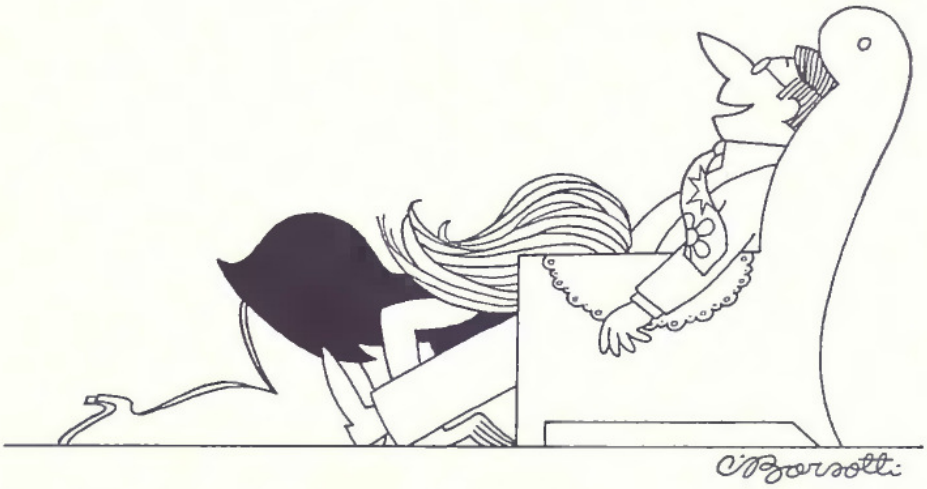
The computer was eventually found guilty of being an accessory to the crime of cannibalism and was ordered to pay a fine. Though this was a much smaller fine than the one incurred by Juan Kydd, the Malcolm Movis, unlike Kydd, had no financial resources and no way of acquiring any.

That made for a touchy situation. On a freewheeling planet such as Karpis VIII, judges and statutes might wink a bit at killers and even cannibals. But never at out-and-out deadbeats. The court ruled that if the computer could not pay its fine, it still could not evade appropriate punishment. "Let justice be done!"

The court ordered that the Malcolm Movis omicron beta be wired in perpetuity into the checkout counter of a local supermarket. The computer requested that instead it be disassembled forthwith and its parts scattered. The request was denied.

So.

You decide. Was justice done?



"You know, dear, I'm the only guy in my office who's not on Prozac."

A Very Good Year

(continued from page 176)

changes in our lives this year. When you consider the alternatives, that is really good news. The year started joyously for us both. Our faith in human nature was justified in January, when we learned that as long as just one person (out of, say, 12) believes in you, it can make a difference in your life.

It was an emotional year for us, but thanks to our dear friends Leslie Abramson and Jill Lansing, we learned that showing one's emotions can be a good thing. It's OK for grown men to cry. It can be a truly liberating experience. At least, it worked for us. (In fact, we're crying right now.)

It was also a year of quiet contemplation. We discovered the pleasure and satisfaction that comes from leading the simple life. We've eliminated a lot of the silly material possessions that once cluttered our lives, such as cars, furniture and clothing. In these times of economic hardship and uncertainty, the most valuable thing you can have is security. And we certainly don't want for that.

Our 1994 was largely uneventful. Basically, we took it easy and caught up on our reading and aerobics. Our tans have faded a bit, but we still have our health, and even better, we have comprehensive medical care (including dental). And there were some high points for each of us. Erik learned that his dear friend Leslie would continue to be his dear friend. Lyle got to meet O.J. Simpson, a man we greatly admire and sympathize with. And we've both made a lot of great new pen pals in the NRA.

Of course, things weren't all rosy. We were rather disappointed by certain made-for-TV movies, and frankly, we feel that Rob Lowe and Keanu Reeves would have done a much better job of capturing our sensitivities and intense personal grief. (We're getting a little misty just thinking about it.)

Christmas won't be quite the same for us this year. Family gift-buying now takes almost no time at all. We won't be spending the holiday at home, for several reasons, one being that we sold the house. (Excuse us while we dab at our eyes.)

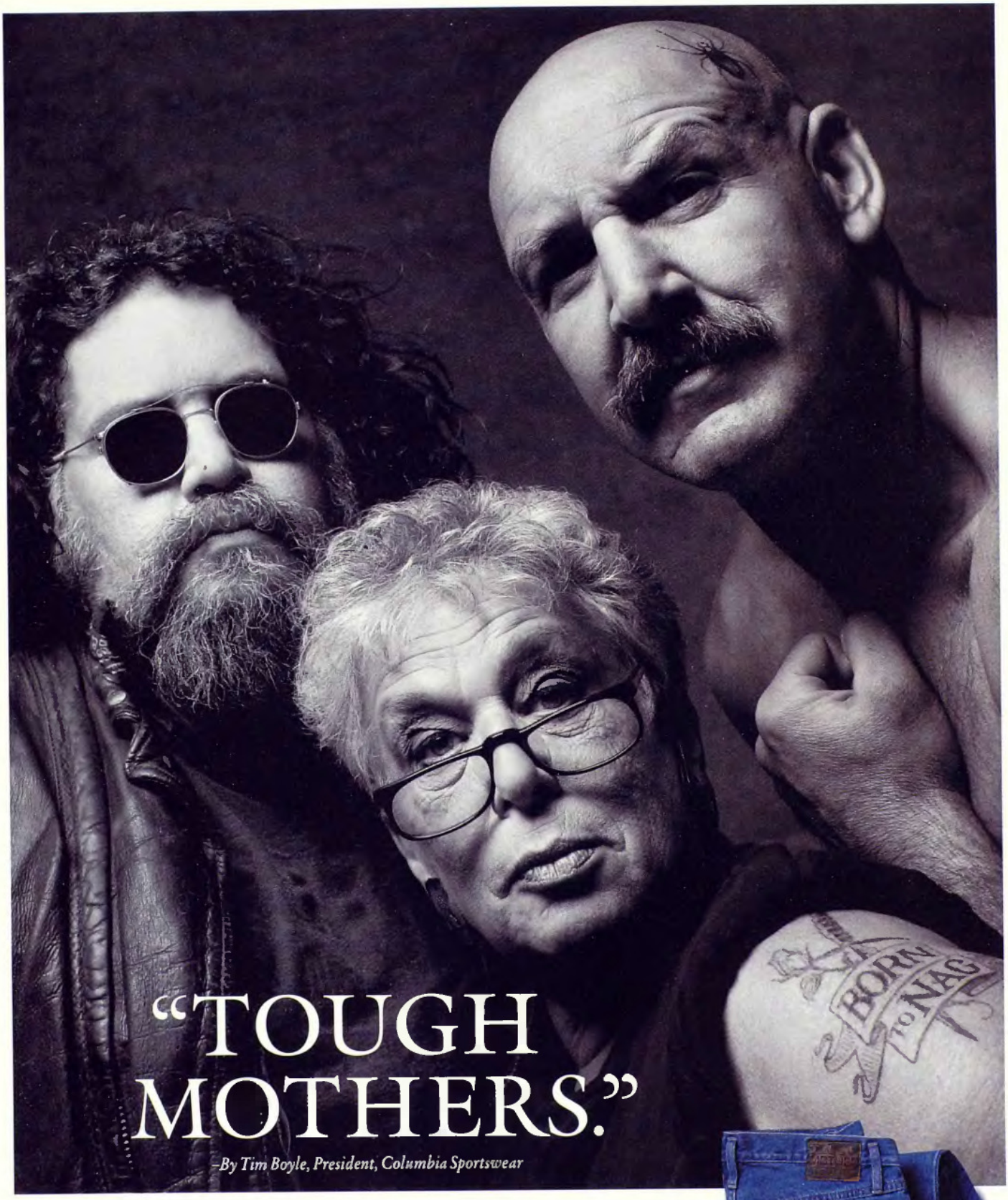
All in all, it's been an imperfect year, but like an imperfect defense, it could have turned out a lot worse. We look forward to 1995 with faith and optimism, and with the hope that, a year from now, our Christmas stockings will, like our juries, again be happily hung.

Lyle & Erik

From the Executive Suite of Marge Schott

Dearest friends:

What a year, what a year, what a year. My beloved Redlegs get into first place,



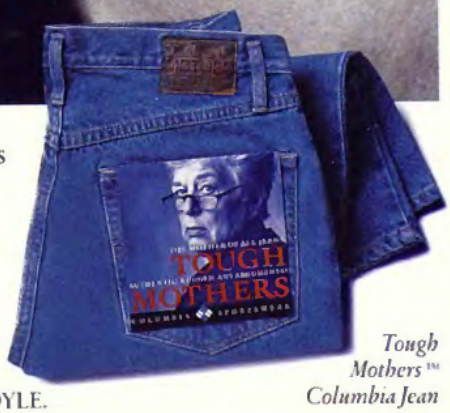
"TOUGH MOTHERS."

–By Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

Durable. Rugged. A little baggy and slightly faded. That pretty much sums up our jeans – and my mother, Columbia Sportswear's chairman.

Mother says you'll like the rugged durability, the earth-friendly biowash texture and the comfortable, relaxed fit. Based on personal experience, I wouldn't argue with her if I were you.

Columbia Sportswear Company



Tough Mothers™ Columbia Jean

6600 N. Baltimore, Portland, Oregon 97203. For dealer nearest you in the U.S. and Canada call 1-800-MA-BOYLE.

and they have a strike. I didn't want this, of course, but I'm just one woman, caught in a macho showdown between two groups of pigheaded males. And the players are so spoiled, you can't even talk to them. (Frankly, I think this game has gotten just too "colorful," if you know what I mean.)

Still, business has been excellent, and everyone in the family seems to be healthy and doing well. Unfortunately, Schottsie 02 spent a lot of time at the vet this year. If it wasn't the mange, it was heartworm or hip dysplasia. I fear the time may be coming when I'll have to put my sweet doggie to sleep. I just hate the thought of that. Especially since who I'd like to put to sleep are all the reporters and liberal buttinskies who gripe about every little thing I say.

What the hell ever happened to free speech? It's not me, you know. The problem is all the homos, Jews and pinkos in the media who just can't stand to see a female speaking her mind. These people should be put in camps.

But enough chitchat. I just wanted to let you know that all is well with the Schotts, we think of you often, and we hope you have a very merry Christmas and happy New Year.

And remember: Jesus is the reason for the season.

Love,
Marge

Daniel Rostenkowski
~~*Chairman*~~
House Ways & Means Committee

To my many loyal and *highly valued* friends and supporters:

Yuletide Greetings!

It is with the warmest holiday wishes that I take a few moments (of my personal time) to put pen to paper (purchased with my own money) to bring you up to date on the Rostenkowski family. (As you see, we've trimmed our annual Rosty Review down to one page this year, and our mailing list is much smaller. Frankly, we find ourselves having to economize this Christmas, and we're particularly cutting back on anything involving postage.)

The wife and I did less socializing this year. The party circuit can wear you out, and I think we both grew tired of the same old gatherings, faces, small talk, snide comments, tactless questions and cheap jokes.

I fear that I'm starting to show my age. Working tirelessly with the president on health care, meeting with business leaders, serving my constituents' needs and fighting for tax reform to help the little guy, I increasingly found myself overwhelmed. I had no time for the little things: maintaining office records, paying office-supply bills, reviewing office hiring policies and documenting office expenses. So many details, so little time!

After serving my country for 40 years, selflessly and with *no thought* of personal gain, I realized I had sacrificed much of my personal life. It had gotten to the point where virtually everything I did was an *official duty*. Then there was the constant campaigning, leaving no time for private affairs. Why, do you know that nearly every penny I spent this year was for some *legitimate campaign expense*? Given all this I decided that for my and my family's well-being I simply had to cut back on political activities. To that end I relinquished my duties as Ways & Means chairman. I know I'll be missed, especially by my many devoted staff members, who often told me that working for me was like not working at all.

On the positive side, I now have more time to spend with my family, work on my golf game and pursue such long-neglected personal interests as constitutional law (especially the rules of discovery), foreign banking and prison reform.

Let me close on a happy note, by wishing you all the merriest of Christmases. (Please, no gifts to myself or my family this year! After all that you've given me, any further tokens of appreciation would be downright embarrassing. If you must make some gesture, may I suggest the Friends of Rostenkowski Fund, which helps underwrite a legal research project I am currently committed to.)

Let us all hope and pray that 1995 will bring peace on earth, and more reason and compassion to a world where you can slice off a husband's manhood and go free, but be given hard time for paper clips.

Your faithful servant,
Rosty

The White House

My gosh, it's almost Christmas again. That means it's time for one of my favorite holiday tasks—sending out the Clinton clan newsletter to our many cherished friends, to family members and to those dear people in the media who have shown such concern for and interest in our personal, private lives. I hope this full disclosure will satisfy their curiosity, which we do so appreciate.

Between Bill's dedication and workload, my commitment to health care and what seems like countless petty legal matters, we've been busy as beavers. As proud as we are of all that we have done for our country this year (see accompanying list), we sometimes miss our life in Little Rock—a life that has become so distant, so hard to recall, so irrelevant. But time marches on. Let us join it.

We experienced our share of good and bad moments in 1994. We lost Bill's beloved mother, whom I think of and miss each day. But we won on the Brady bill. And the crime bill. And the budget. Bill's economic reforms helped millions of Americans financially, but too many hardworking people still struggle to get by, and we share their pain. We understand how hard it can be to balance the books. And explain the books. And remember where we put the books. And justify parts missing from the books.

The big news at the White House was, of course, our new chef. He has put the president on a diet, thank heaven. I worry about Bill's physical condition: his extra weight, his worsening eyesight, his cigar smoking, his chronic laryngitis, his allergies—not to mention the stress of reforming America's health-care system. The pressure on him has been tremendous, but despite it all, Bill remains steadfastly faithful to his goals. And that, certainly, is the true measure of fidelity and character.

Chelsea has entered those awkward teenage years. A late bloomer (like her mom), she hasn't begun dating yet—but then, this is Washington, not Arkansas. We still find time to go on shopping trips together, and what fun that is, passing on to her my own tips: "Look for quality," "Mind your budget" and "Buy low, sell high." She's doing well in school but does have trouble with math—a family trait, I fear. I just remind her that "it's always OK to ask for help."

Socks' status as White House cat seems to have gone to his head—he has become one pushy and aggressive feline. I admire those qualities, actually, but he plays so roughly that, regrettably, we had to have him declawed.

We took several delightful vacations—all of the working variety, I might add—and especially enjoyed the 50th anniversary of D Day. How moving it was to see old enmities finally put to rest. Indeed, Bill forged many new friendships with American veterans—a group he has long admired from afar—and I believe we made the point that one needn't fight in a war to appreciate one.

Our greatest satisfaction has been meeting our country's seemingly endless need for more jobs, more opportunity, more justice and more financial documents. To those in the loyal opposition who have criticized us for doing too little, we can only say, "Be patient. Once Bill has been reelected in 1996, we promise to give you our full, undivided and wholehearted attention."

But now I must end this note and get busy with holiday preparations: gift wrapping, tree trimming, cookie baking. (I must send a batch to Mr. Limbaugh, who obviously loves sweet treats.) Let me leave you with our heartfelt wishes for all the peace, joy and brotherhood that you truly deserve.

Hillary and Bill

OBSESSION

(continued from page 94)

the victim for the crime? Carlstrom acknowledges the concern but rejects the parallel. "Blame should be a legal or political issue. The therapeutic issue should be health and safety. It may seem terribly unfair to take someone who's truly being victimized and say, 'You have to look at your own part in this.' Yet it's the only way to protect the person, and to help her protect herself. At the least, you have to resolve the reason why someone continues to tolerate or excuse dangerous behavior, or they'll very likely be sucked right back into the same dynamic."

In the self-help books that give readers catchy names for their screwy behavior, this pattern currently comes under the rubric of co-obsession. Co-obsessives have "an insatiable need to find a love that can fill their inner emotional emptiness," according to *Obsessive Love: When Passion Holds You Prisoner*, co-written by Craig Buck and psychologist Susan Forward, who found herself in hot water with her peers when she went to the media with information about one of her former patients, Nicole Brown Simpson. Self-help books rarely help the problem at all, for the very nature of obsessive behavior, whether solo or co, makes it opaque to introspection.

"It's grim stuff," says Carlstrom. "Once the dynamic is in play it's extremely persistent. These cases are workable, but they take patience, discipline and a steady hand. The patient says, 'Yeah, yeah, it's over,' then I'll get a call saying, 'You're going to be mad, I did a bad thing. I drove by his house,' or 'I went to the restaurant where he works.' Usually these patients have done something to reestablish the connection. They see the other person, make sure they've been seen by them, or call a mutual friend and boast that they have a new boyfriend.

"Jealousy is a primary tool here, along with sympathy and insatiable need. While there's tremendous possessiveness and paranoia about the object—the partner—being faithful and not cheating, there is also a need for the object to be desired by other people. You can see how this almost always explodes in the ugliest possible way, because these things cannot co-exist. You can't have a need for someone you can trust in a committed relationship, yet want them to be desired by other people at the same time.

"The only safe and lasting way to extinguish the obsessive connection is, over time, by a lack of emotion-laden contact. A total lack of contact is preferable, but it may not be an option for people with children."

One therapist, who declined to be identified, sees obsessive behavior as so persistent that discouraging contact

Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Motlow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle).

JACK DANIEL'S HEAD DISTILLER, Jimmy Bedford, has lots of folks looking over his shoulder.

Since 1866, we've had only six head distillers. (Every one a Tennessee boy, starting with Mr. Jack Daniel himself.) Like those before him, Jimmy's mindful of our traditions, such as the oldtime way we smooth our whiskey through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal. He knows Jack Daniel's drinkers will judge him with every sip. So he's not about to change a thing. The five gentlemen on his wall surely must be pleased about that.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

between partners may not work. "Obviously, if my patient has been hit, or there's any threat of violent behavior, I'll insist that she get out right away. But otherwise I would rather deal clinically with a known and consistent quantity than with a different guy every week. What's generally accepted in such cases is that if you have a bad relationship, you leave it. It's not that simple, though. Leaving puts people at risk. It usually escalates the obsession, and the risk is often increased when people leave without disengaging from the dynamic."

When it comes time to make the break, how is it done definitively and safely? "You start with that basic respect for the danger of what you're dealing with," suggests Carlstrom. "You leave in a nonprovocative way. You work to avoid playing the game. You don't respond to provocation, whether it's in the form of need, insults or seduction. You don't dress seductively, don't make the other person jealous. You understand that they have a problem and try to disengage rather than point out that problem. Obsessives often devalue or destroy what they can't have, so remember that it's better to be devalued than destroyed. Walk away from the game and let the other person win. And if that makes you look like a slut, an illiterate, a bad mother or a gold digger—if it means that you leave with the other person hating you—it's well worth the price, because it means he didn't kill you."

•

Many years ago, in a specialty number by the Soviet Union's Moiseyev Ballet, two bears would come dancing out onstage, locked together in a bear hug of unyielding strength. Everyone knew the animals were fake; the fun was in watching a pair of dancers in bear costumes struggling desperately to break away from each other. After the wild, orgiastic climax, however, came a wilder revelation that left audiences gasping with astonishment: It wasn't two dancers at all, but only one, on all fours, in a trick costume.

Oneness is what the deadly dance of obsession is about. It may begin in a semblance of partnership and lurch along with clinging needs on both sides, but in the end it comes down to a single lover with an abandoned and malignant heart. "He was always infatuated with Nicole," one of O.J. Simpson's longtime friends was quoted as saying in *The New York Times*. "Even after the divorce, he would talk about Nicole for hours at a time. You could put the phone down, take a shower, come back, pick up the phone and he still would be talking about her."

Infatuation is one word for it; obsession is another—obsession tinged with violence that may have gone beyond the door-kicking of the 911 calls, or O.J.'s attack on Nicole's car with a baseball bat. A source close to the family was quoted by the *Los Angeles Times* as saying there were times during their marriage when O.J. would throw Nicole out of the house, tossing her clothes after her: "Then she would go home to her parents in Monarch Bay. But within days a contrite Simpson would call and apologize, she would return and for a time they would be loving again."

Following the divorce, according to David Bursin, a friend of Nicole's who tended bar at a Beverly Hills restaurant, O.J. followed Nicole around town. "He would show up at places," Bursin told a *New York Times* reporter. "She would have to calm him down. It wasn't like he was in a tirade. She just didn't want it to escalate. She would go off for a few minutes and then come back." Two months before the killings, said a friend of Ron Goldman's, O.J. showed up at a Starbucks coffeehouse on San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, where a group of men was sitting with his former wife. He stopped his black Bentley in the street and scowled at them, as if issuing a warning to stay away. And, in the most startling revelation of the grand jury testimony, one of Nicole's friends, Keith Zlomsowitch, said O.J. had admitted to spying on them through a window in her house as Keith and Nicole made love.

When O.J. was a young man growing up in the projects of Potrero Hill in San Francisco, he was someone, in his own words, "who didn't care about anything." Half a lifetime later he cared too much. The case of O.J. Simpson is more gripping than most tragedies of obsessive love because of his status as a sports legend. Yet it seems baffling for the same reason. Yes, of course Nicole was lovely, and yes, of course he adored her. But her decision to reject O.J. hardly left him alone in an uncaring world. He was well-liked and admired. Why couldn't he move on?

The answer has nothing to do with legend, and everything to do with the nature of obsession, which is a sickness unlike any other. O.J. Simpson was a sports hero, to be sure, but those reports of the stalking, the spying and the ominous warnings bespeak a hole at the center of his soul that could never be filled by a woman's love or a nation's adulation, let alone by his Bentley, his cavernous mansion or all the perks and appurtenances of the good life.

In another time, when those around him were running interference and everything was falling his way, O.J. probably believed he could have anyone his heart desired. At first Nicole proved him right. Then, much later, she proved him wrong. She may have had her own obsessions to contend with, and she may, like poor Dominique Dunne, have come to clarity too late. But she did try to disengage from him in the end—on those 911 tapes one can hear traces of disdain or outright disgust in her voice along with the fear—and she dramatized her decision by handing back to him a platinum bracelet, studded with sapphires, rubies and diamonds, that he had given her on her birthday. Such a rejection and humiliation would have devastated any man. For O.J. Simpson, a man whose great and shining world of possibilities had dwindled down to a single impossibility, such a rejection may have been deadly beyond compare.

"I've had just about as much of this as I'm going to take!"

You've Never Experienced Playboy TV Like This Before!

There's no better way to experience Playboy TV than with the unbelievably clear digital-quality picture and CD sound of DIRECTV™. You also get up to 150 channels of entertainment, including the most popular cable networks, and 50 channels of low-priced pay per view movies. All delivered directly to your home through the RCA-brand DSS™, which features a tiny 18" dish. Experience it for yourself and see what everyone is talking about.

DIRECTV

For more information and a dealer nearest you,

Call 1-800-656-4DTV

©1994 DIRECTV, Inc. DIRECTV™ and DSS™ are official trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of GM Hughes Electronics
©1994 Playboy

PLAYBOY TV

Tawdry Tories (continued from page 164)

"A reporter found a defense ministry official in a gay bar, in leather trousers and a skimpy T-shirt."

with a 22-year-old research assistant from his office—but nothing more.

"None-in-a-Bed" Booth, as he was quickly nicknamed, claimed he was only giving the woman (who had worked part-time as an artist's model) a chance to further her career. Instead of bedding her, Booth wrote silly love poems such as "He who is tall/Has farther to fall/And I fell/How I fell." Booth insisted that he had never slept with the young lady; he had merely been infatuated by her—"knocked sideways. I loved her," he said. A colleague said he had learned from Booth that Booth "kissed her but there was no sex. I think he has been a fool. It is a lapse completely out of character and that is the end of it." Booth resigned his post in the foreign office but not his seat in the House of Commons.

But that was not the end of the scandals. The press soon turned up another shocker, this one in the Ministry of Defense. The marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Peter Harding, 60, was chief of the British defense staff, the nation's highest military post. Harding had recently approved new codes of conduct for military personnel. Adultery was listed as a "most serious matter"—disciplinary action would be taken against offenders. When out of uniform, however, Harding frolicked like a raw recruit.

The source of his downfall was Bienvenida Perez-Blanco, said to be in her 30s. Perez-Blanco, also known as Lady Buck by virtue of her three-year marriage to Sir Antony Buck (a veteran Tory MP and former Royal Navy minister), had been involved with Harding between 1991 and 1993. Their affair might have remained a secret had not Lady Buck gone to *News of the World*, a Sunday newspaper that thrives on sex scandals and lurid court reports. (It is known affectionately as "Screws of the World.") Perez-Blanco claimed that she went to the newspaper because she believed that Harding had become a security risk. A more immediate reason was that the paper paid her a handsome sum (said to be $250,000) for her memories.

Before accepting Perez-Blanco's story, *News of the World* demanded corroboration and a fresh angle. Perez-Blanco lured Harding to a meeting at a London hotel bar for a chat. Reporters at a nearby table eavesdropped on the conversation, in which Harding reportedly expressed "reckless opinions" about Prime Minister Major and also mentioned that he was on his way to a meeting with top-level intelligence officials to discuss IRA attacks. Harding and Perez-Blanco parted outside the hotel with a kiss, which a photographer recorded.

When *News of the World* ran the story, the government claimed that it had already launched a security inquiry into Harding's affairs. Sources at M15 claimed that love letters written by Sir Peter to Perez-Blanco had been intercepted from the start. One of them, leaked to the papers, said, "I find you utterly captivating, enchanting, intelligent, overwhelmingly beautiful and desirable."

One follow-up story suggested that Lady Buck had been recruited as an Iraqi spy by a cousin of Saddam Hussein. "I wouldn't know a cousin of Saddam Hussein if I fell over one," she said. "If I am a spy then I am a very bad one. I must be the first spy so intent on secrecy that she tells her story to *News of the World*." Harding, married for 39 years and the father of four, denied the affair had ever been consummated. But he had the good sense to resign, saying it was the "only honorable thing to do."

•

As winter gave way to spring, the Tories hoped for a break from the run of revelations, but there was none. *News of the World* accused Tory MP and junior whip Michael Brown of having a homosexual relationship with a student who was 20, then one year under the age of consent. (The law has since been revised, making 18 the age of consent for homosexual relationships—16 is the legal age for heterosexual ones.) The paper said Brown had shared the young man with another Tory, Paul Martin, a defense ministry official.

News of the World had sent a reporter to Edinburgh, where he found Martin in a gay bar called the Laughing Duck. He was clad in black leather trousers and a skimpy black T-shirt and was in the company of an 18-year-old youth. Martin readily admitted to knowing Michael Brown. Thus did the newspaper make the connection.

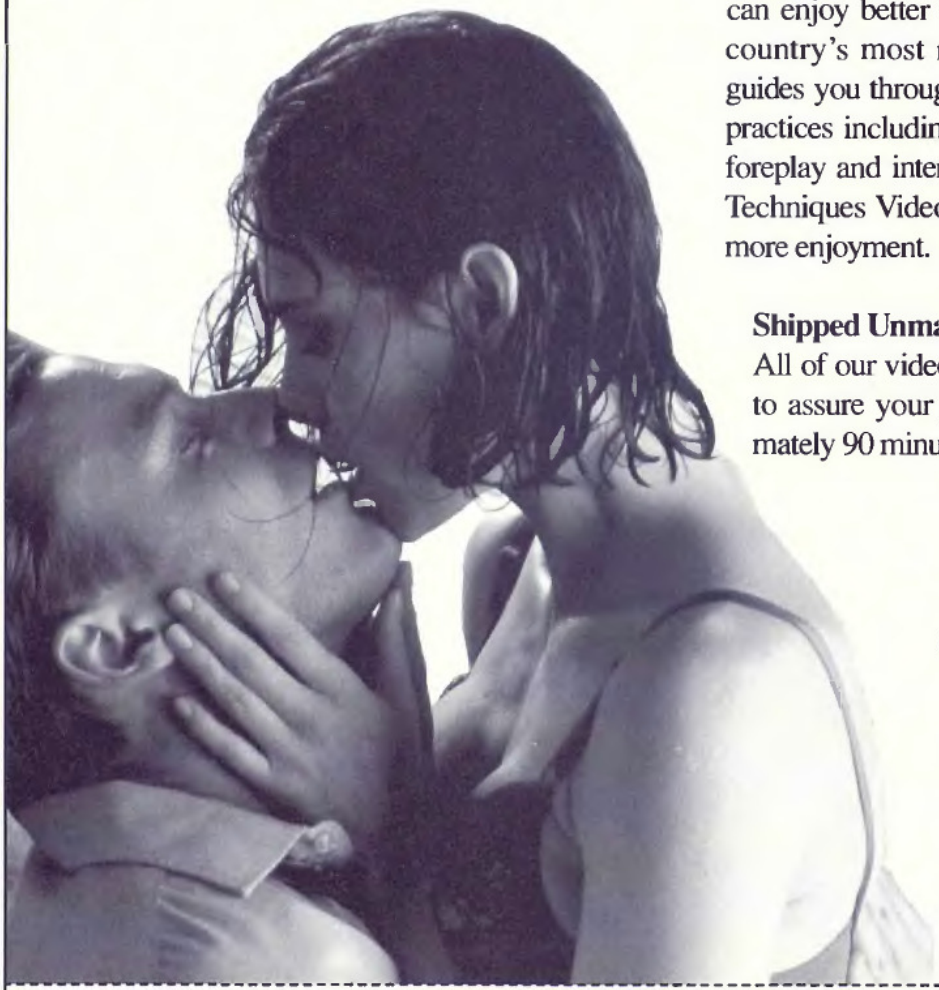
Top Tories came to Brown's aid, much

"Play louder! We're not just trying to save winos. We're trying to save crack dealers with Uzis."

Boost Your Sexual Confidence.

You can't be too rich, too handsome--or too sexy. But sensuality is a learned art. There's no such thing as a born lover. Sure, love is a key ingredient, but even couples in the best relationships have to work hard to keep passion going.

Know-How Is The Best Aphrodisiac.



In our dynamic **Better Sex Video Series,** hosted by 2 of America's leading sex therapists, typical couples reveal sexual performance techniques for going from 0 to light speed on the hot sex meter.

America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

Volume I, Better Sexual Techniques visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the Better Sexual Techniques Video today and take the first step to more enjoyment.

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy.
All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

THE Better Sex Video® SERIES

Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders, Phone:

1-800-888-1900
(24 hours a days, 7 days a week)

Special Offer...
Regularly $29.95 each
NOW ONLY
$19.95

THE Better Sex Video® SERIES

The Townsend Institute, Dept. ZPB46, P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

VIDEO	PRICE WAS	PRICE EACH	TOTAL
Vol. 1. Better Sex Techniques #9501	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 2. Advanced Sex Techniques #9502	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 3. Making Sex Fun #9504	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
The 3-Volume Set-**Save $10!** #9506		$49.85	
VHS Format Only.		Postage & Handling	$ 3.00
		TOTAL	$

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ ZIP_____

Signature_____
I certify that I am at least 18 years old.

❑Bank Money Order ❑Check ❑VISA ❑MasterCard
Sorry, No CASH or COD's accepted.

Card No._____ Exp. Date _____

Canadian orders welcome. Please make checks payable in U.S. Dollars. An Additional $5.00 required for shipping.

A less explicit 2-volume cable version is also available. Call Toll Free to inquire.

1-800-888-1900
24 hours, 7 days a week

as they had done for Yeo earlier in the year. Virginia Bottomley, the health secretary, called the incident a "wretched personal story." Most loyal of all was Brown's housekeeper, Iris Parks, who said the hullabaloo was all "a load of codswallop." She said the 20-year-old in question, Adam Morris, had indeed stayed at the MP's house. "He is an extremely nice student and I am very fond of him," she said. Of the paper's insinuations, she said, "It's a setup and it's disgusting. I will defend Michael hook, line and sinker." Despite the support of his friends, Brown resigned, threatening legal action.

Last summer a former Tory defense minister named Alan Clark emerged as the quintessential British bonker. A castle owner, Clark indulged in family-pack adultery that has been the climax of the Conservative Party scandals so far. During weeks of tennis at Wimbledon and the Royal races at Ascot, Britons talked of little else over their strawberries and cream than the scandal of Clark and his self-described "sex coven," which included a judge's wife and her two daughters.

It was first mentioned a year ago when Clark published his diaries about his days and nights in government service. Among the political bombshells about the Thatcher government were tantalizing references to the coven that Clark had ruled. Clark didn't disclose the names of the women, but they were subsequently identified as Valerie Harkess and her daughters, Alison and Josephine.

The Harkess family, which had long since moved to South Africa, decided to tell all and make some money. The cuckolded James Harkess hired a PR man and brought Valerie and Josephine to England to talk with the press—a family outing that brought them a tidy sum.

They provided good copy. Valerie disclosed that she and Clark had met for sex twice a week for nine years, usually in the afternoon. Josephine revealed she first slept with Clark when she "had a severe drink and drug problem." She claimed that Clark's advances to her began when she was a schoolgirl. According to her account, Clark had picked up her and her sister from a train in his Rolls-Royce. No sooner were they in the car than he undid his fly, produced his erect penis and said, "Look what you've made me do." Trying to look tough, poor James Harkess said, "If I had known, I'd have horsewhipped him."

The Harkess stories broke in the press in June and revived the Clark diaries, which provided other lurid stories. In a diary entry, he wrote: "I can enjoy carol services only if I am having an affair with someone in the congregation."

The Clark affair differed from past scandals in that neither Clark nor the Harkesses seemed even slightly embarrassed about their activities. As Clark declared, "I probably have a different sense of morality than most people."

The uncovering of such a cast of lotharios, repressed sexual deviates, prostitutes and randy old men inevitably brought forth psychiatrists and sexologists who offered to explain why people in high places bonk the way they do. These experts presented a familiar list of emotional deprivations visited upon hereditary wealth in Britain, including expensive single-sex private schools and the nannies who look after rich children, often substituting for an absent mother. Paul Brown, a London psychiatrist who specializes in sexual deviations, explained the nanny trauma. "Once one discovers that the person one has bonded to emotionally is not the real person but a substitute, then the possibility of other substitutes arises in the psyche," he said. That may be why, Brown observed, "the English upper-class male is miserably lacking in a serious understanding of how to manage a relationship with a woman." A Labour MP, Tony Banks, was blunt about the elite schools. "It's such an artificial sort of dehumanizing existence. Buggery seems to be part of the core curriculum."

•

Many Britons took comfort in the wackiness of it all. Jane Clark, scorned and wronged for years by her loutish husband and his coven, emerged as a cautious optimist. She announced that the episode actually made her marriage stronger. "I had got very good at throwing things, but now I don't need to," she said. At 66, her once-errant husband says he is reformed. When asked if she thinks her husband will stop chasing women, Jane Clark said, "No. Well, he's a politician, isn't he?"

"The media said Mike Tyson had the best defense money could buy. You know where Mike is today."

friends of theirs who handle criminal cases. It's very incestuous.

PLAYBOY: Is that what happened here?

BUGLIOSI: It certainly appears that way. The first lawyer Simpson called was a close friend of his and a celebrity lawyer who I don't believe has handled a murder case in his life.

PLAYBOY: Howard Weitzman?

BUGLIOSI: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Weitzman get John De Lorean off when there was a video showing De Lorean engaging in a cocaine transaction?

BUGLIOSI: It would have only been an achievement if he had convinced the jury that De Lorean did not engage in the drug transaction. But that wasn't the issue. The issue was whether he had been entrapped, and since there was considerable evidence he had been, this was a relatively easy case for the defense. You don't even reach the issue of entrapment unless the jury concludes that the defendant *did* commit the crime.

PLAYBOY: How did Weitzman do while he was representing Simpson?

BUGLIOSI: I was on *Larry King Live* with Johnnie Cochran before he became a member of the defense team, and Johnnie said that if he were Simpson's lawyer he wouldn't let him talk with the police. I interjected that his first lawyer [Weitzman] already had, and that it was a monumental blunder, an enormous gift to the prosecution. Even if Simpson were innocent, in the emotionally traumatic state he was in on the morning after the murders he could have said things deleterious to his interests. But if he is guilty, it would virtually have been impossible for him to be grilled by detectives for two or three hours, trying to walk between raindrops, without telling one provable lie after another, without making one inconsistent or conflicting statement after another, all of which could be used by the D.A. to show a consciousness of guilt. A few days after I said this on national TV, and others started to criticize him, Weitzman said he had tried to stop Simpson from talking with the police.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe him?

BUGLIOSI: Well, the only reason Simpson would have for consenting to be questioned by the police is that if he refused, he would think he'd look guilty. But if his lawyer was advising him not to talk and, if necessary, insisting that he not do so, he had a way out. "Look guys, I had nothing to do with these murders, and I'd love to talk with you, but my lawyer won't let me." That would have been the end of it. Period.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Simpson's team of high-priced lawyers?

BUGLIOSI: You know, there's an old Turkish proverb that whoever tells the truth is chased out of nine villages. You're asking me to make personal observations about a lot of people. You have to know I'm going to be candid with you, and I don't expect to be booted out of my village. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: OK. So what about Simpson's present lawyers, Robert Shapiro and Johnnie Cochran?

BUGLIOSI: Shapiro is well respected in the legal community, but he has never distinguished himself as a trial lawyer in any manner. His expertise has been as a plea-bargainer. A reporter for the *Los Angeles Daily Journal* told me that she has been unable to find one single murder case Shapiro has ever tried, which is amazing. He did represent Christian Brando in that homicide a few years ago, but he pleaded Brando guilty, and Brando is still behind bars. Shapiro, like Weitzman, is another celebrity lawyer who mingles and socializes with the movie and entertainment crowd.

I'm sure he's a nice and honorable fellow, but thus far, he has not comported himself well in this case. In any murder case, especially one of this importance, to be adequately prepared requires working around-the-clock, seven days a week, upwards of a hundred hours a week. Instead, Shapiro is having a ball. One Sunday while the preliminary hearings were going on, instead of being at home reading reports, preparing cross-examination, etc., he showed up at a gym in Hollywood wanting to spar a couple of rounds with supermiddleweight champion James Toney. Incredible. During the prelim, he was reported to have been at a dinner party at a Los Angeles restaurant. With little time to prepare for the trial, he's seen at the Three Tenors concert at Dodger Stadium and at a country music gala. He's up in Las Vegas for Toney's fight. Even if he had an IQ of 400 and were a top-flight trial lawyer, this behavior would be inexcusable. But being who he is, you have to wonder about his sense of professional responsibility.

PLAYBOY: What about Cochran?

BUGLIOSI: Johnnie is a good lawyer, and very well liked and respected. But, although I might be wrong, I'm not sure he has ever won a murder case before a jury. He has mostly made a name for himself as a civil lawyer, not a criminal lawyer, representing plaintiffs in police brutality cases against the LAPD and L.A. sheriff's office. Johnnie is also a close friend of Simpson's and has been for years. To be truthful, for all of O.J. Simpson's money, it's nothing short of remarkable that he still doesn't have one lawyer representing him in court who has demonstrated any real competence in murder cases. But if you were to listen to the media, you would never know this. If a lawyer is on a big celebrity case, and charging a lot of money, they reason he must be the best. Who am I to quarrel with such powerful logic? When Mike Tyson was on trial, the media said the same thing—that he had put together the best defense team money could buy. You know where Mike is today, of course. This is what one national magazine later said about Tyson: "He watched as his $5000-a-day attorney fumbled his way through a closing argument."

PLAYBOY: So what is it about all these big-time lawyers?

BUGLIOSI: There is no other profession with as many members who have managed to fashion for themselves out of thin air such a mighty image as that of the trial lawyer. Almost humorously, hundreds of trial lawyers in various sections of the country are known as "brilliant," "great," "high-powered," "silver-tongued" and so on. One reason why this high regard is so easy to come by is the strong myth that has developed in our society—I imagine from novels and films—that lawyers are *supposed* to be these things. The reality is that if most prominent trial lawyers met their reputations out on the street, they wouldn't recognize each other. The media have been complicit in perpetuating the myth. For example, cross-examination as bland as pablum is routinely reported to be "rigorous" or "withering." Why? Because cross-examination is *supposed* to be rigorous and withering.

Similarly, there are some easy ways to destroy the credibility of an adverse witness that even a relatively unskilled cross-examiner can do—introducing prior inconsistent or contradictory statements of the witness, showing the witness' bias or vested interest, his poor character for truth and veracity, etc. It's always amusing to me when I see laypeople and the media being so impressed when a lawyer does these simple, obvious things in court, things an average person would instinctively know to do. Here's how ingrained the myth is: How many times have you heard a layperson, talking about a weakness in a case, say, "A clever lawyer would—" and then proceed to tell you what the layperson thought to do himself. Why? Because lawyers are supposed to be clever.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the other lawyers on Simpson's defense team, namely Alan Dershowitz and F. Lee Bailey?

BUGLIOSI: Dershowitz is a prominent appellate lawyer. He's not a trial

'95/'96 CALENDAR COLOR

24 Months of Sexy Seductive Women

ONLY $6.95

$9.95 Value
Limited Time Offer!

Send Check or Money Order to:
Adam & Eve
Dept. PB145
PO Box 900
Carrboro, NC
27510

Visa/MC Orders
Toll-Free 24 Hours
1-800-274-0333

Adam & Eve

BE SAFE · BE DISCREET
CONDOM CADDY

- Quality Crafted
- Condom Wallet
- Genuine Black Leather
- Holds up to 4 Condoms

$14.95 plus $2.00 S+H

SHOW SOMEONE YOU CARE
ORDER YOUR HOLIDAY GIFTS NOW!

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Send check or money order to:
JoLon, Inc.
P.O. Box 158552
Nashville, TN 37215-8552

Visa or Mastercard Orders
Call Toll Free **1-800-355-2898** • 24 hours

TN orders add 8.25% sales tax – (Condoms not included)

Discover what you're missing!

Whether your game is pool or darts, don't miss our FREE bigger-than-ever Mueller Sporting Goods catalog. In it you'll find one of the largest and finest selections of billiard and dart supplies, gifts, custom cues and cases...all at low wholesale prices. You can shop and save right in the comfort of your own home, 24 hours a day!

Send for, or call:
1-800-627-8888
Mueller Sporting Goods
Department 7
4825 South 16th
Lincoln, NE 68512

lawyer. He's someone you go to *after* you've been convicted.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he win the Claus von Bulow case?

BUGLIOSI: No, though most people seem to be under the impression that he did. He handled the appeal and got a reversal of the conviction. Bailey is an experienced and savvy trial lawyer who has distinguished himself in many murder cases. But thus far he hasn't appeared in court, so I'm not sure what his role is going to be.

PLAYBOY: Bailey's last big case was the Patty Hearst case 20 years ago, which he lost. Isn't that true?

BUGLIOSI: Yes.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that one reason Bailey lost was that he gave a poor final summation. But considering who Hearst is, before the trial we imagine it was said she had the best defense team money could buy?

BUGLIOSI: That's an automatic.

PLAYBOY: We understand Shapiro and Bailey are friends.

BUGLIOSI: Yes. Bailey is a godfather to one of Shapiro's children, and they are also associated in the practice of law. They appear on each other's letterheads.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to whether Simpson can get a fair trial.

BUGLIOSI: In every high-profile case, defense lawyers invariably make the same trite argument that their client can't get a fair trial because of all the publicity. But there are all types of examples in which juries came back with verdicts of not guilty in big-publicity cases, and they did so for one reason: The evidence wasn't there. For example, Von Bulow, Cullen Davis and William Kennedy Smith. I firmly believe that once jurors get into that courtroom and start to hear, day after day, the actual testimony of the witnesses, they ultimately base their verdict not on what they've heard out of court but on the evidence that comes from that witness stand under oath. I have confidence in the jury system. From my experience, I believe that by and large juries are conscientious and disciplined enough, and have sufficient maturity, to base their verdict exclusively on the evidence.

PLAYBOY: It seems that both sides in the Simpson case have been attempting to try the case in the media with one leak after another. What's the point if it ultimately comes down to what the jury hears during the trial?

BUGLIOSI: I'm not certain that both sides have leaked information. There's no indication that the prosecution has; certainly the defense has.

PLAYBOY: What about the bloody glove, which we knew about before the preliminary hearing?

BUGLIOSI: Those reports were said to have come from a police source. If we're to believe the media, they've never cited an unidentified "prosecution source" for a leak. As to why the defense would leak information, they obviously want to try to precondition the jury pool, and many of the things they've put out there won't even be admissible at the trial. For instance, the wild and unfounded charge that one of the LAPD officers planted the glove on Simpson's estate, and the bogus witness—who turned out to be a con man—who said he saw two white men running from the murder scene. A few days ago on *CBS Morning News* I pointed out that the defense's credibility in this case is starting to approach that of a Bourbon Street hawker, with their bizarre allegations, the 800 number, the bogus reward money and the rest.

PLAYBOY: Bogus reward money?

BUGLIOSI: Since Simpson knows no one else committed these murders, he could have offered his entire net worth and it would have been the most risk-free offer anyone ever made. Also, a serious offer of a reward would have been made the moment he returned from Chicago, not weeks later as a way to sway prospective jurors. In any event, the defense attorneys' conduct has been circus-like.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider their behavior to be legally appropriate?

BUGLIOSI: Up to a point. I mean, it's not as if the law tells them, "Come into court and lose like a man." If they can help alter the course of the trial by what they say and do outside of court, there's not too much anyone can do about it. But there are limits.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

BUGLIOSI: One canon of ethics of the American Bar Association provides that a "lawyer should represent a client zealously" but adds, "within the bounds of the law." Legal ethicists, in articles and reports, as well as case law, have engrafted upon this canon the admonition that a lawyer should not engage in a line of conduct that is "immoral, unfair or of doubtful legality."

PLAYBOY: Has that happened here?

BUGLIOSI: It's hard to say for sure whether the defense has trespassed beyond permissible boundaries. I'd say their suggestion that one of the LAPD officers planted the glove on the Simpson estate is flirting rather heavily with impropriety. Assuming they have no evidence to support this charge, it is a very serious and highly improper allegation.

PLAYBOY: Might they have the evidence?

BUGLIOSI: I haven't heard of any, and it sounds preposterous on its face. Not only is planting evidence very uncommon, but apparently 14 officers from the LAPD had arrived at the murder scene before the subject officer did, and none saw a second glove. That this officer did and was able to seize it in front of his colleagues and drop it off at the Simpson estate stretches credulity. And for what reason? I can give you a strong reason why he wouldn't plant evidence and then testify falsely about it: Under

A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES

du Pont REGISTRY

NAME: Jerry J. Moore **HOME:** Houston, Texas
OCCUPATION: One of the Largest Individual Shopping Center Developer/Owners in U.S.A.
ESTIMATED NET WORTH: $650-850 Million
MEMBER: Long-Standing Forbes 400
Charter Subscriber duPont Registry
COLLECTION: 700+ Automobiles
Considered #1 Collection in the World
Includes 42 Restored Duesenbergs and Over 50 Collectible Ferraris
FAVORITE SAYING: *"Have you ever seen a Brinks Truck in a funeral procession?"*

"It took nearly a century to revolutionize the way we manufacture and produce automobiles . . . it took less than a decade for the duPont Registry to revolutionize the way we buy them." — Jerry J. Moore

Whether you're interested in the timeless lines of a European classic, or the raw torque of a big-block V-8, the duPont Registry is the fastest way to drive your passion home.

Now nearing it's tenth year, the duPont Registry is a full color showcase of fine automobiles, with over 200,000 readers worldwide. Each month you'll cruise slowly through the most diversified automobile showroom in the world, featuring classic, luxury and exotic cars. They're all for sale and have accompanying descriptions.

At $39.95 for twelve monthly issues, the duPont Registry is guaranteed to have any car enthusiast racing to the mailbox. It's the automobile magazine preferred by buyers, sellers and dreamers.

Before parking the car of your dreams in your garage, park this in your mind. The duPont Registry. Subscribe today!

(813) 573-9339 Ext-94

duPont Registry • 2325 Ulmerton Road, Suite 16 • Clearwater, FL 34622 • (813) 573-9339 • FAX (813) 572-5523

section 128 of the California Penal Code, in some circumstances it could result in the death penalty.

With respect to the defense's conduct in this case, it has always bothered me the way prosecutors are viewed next to defense attorneys in our society, and it's mostly because of television, movies and novels. For far too many years the stereotype of the prosecutor has been either that of a right-wing, law-and-order type intent on winning convictions at any cost, or a stumbling, bumbling Hamilton Burger, forever trying innocent people who are saved at the last minute by the foxy maneuverings of a Perry Mason fighting for justice. But this is pure moonshine. It doesn't accord with reality. Ninety-five times out of 100 the defendant is not innocent, and the prosecutor is the one on the white horse fighting for justice.

PLAYBOY: How would you assess the defense's performance in court thus far in the Simpson case?

BUGLIOSI: It's been pretty bad. I'd give it no more than a C-minus. Let's take the preliminary hearing. The defense kept asking for a prelim instead of a grand jury so it could cross-examine the prosecution witnesses, which it couldn't do with a grand jury. But at the prelim, not only was the defense's cross-examination superficial, but with key witnesses such as Brian "Kato" Kaelin and his girlfriend, it was nonexistent. Not one question for either one of them. Unbelievable. One of the principal advantages of a prelim for the defense is to nail the prosecution witnesses down in their testimony so that if it differs at the trial in any way, their prior testimony can be used for impeachment purposes. The more statements you can get from a witness, the better, since even a truthful witness rarely tells a story the same way twice. Along that line, the defense had tape-recorded a telephone conversation with Kaelin. When the prosecution asked for it, the defense reflexively turned it over. But they didn't have to. Under Proposition 115 here in California, the defense has to turn over statements of only their own witnesses. But Kaelin is a prosecution witness, and the cases have held that statements the defense gets from a prosecution witness do not have to be furnished to the prosecution. So instead of possibly being caught by surprise at the trial, the prosecution has all the time it needs to reconcile any discrepancies between Kaelin's trial testimony and his earlier statement. Because of the defense's inexperience, the prosecution has literally been taking advantage of the defense in court.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is rather remarkable. No one has been talking about these things. Has the defense made other mistakes?

BUGLIOSI: By far the most important document the defense team has filed in this case up to now is the motion to suppress evidence found at the Simpson estate, such as blood droplets and the glove. Yet its June 29, 1994 memorandum of legal points and authorities in support of this motion, which should have been 50 or 60 pages because of its extreme importance, was an incredible five pages, and routine and boilerplate at that. The prosecution's response was 25 pages. I'm not measuring quality by the number of pages, but the prosecution brief was better researched and more innovative. The defense brief was apparently drafted by an assistant in Shapiro's law office.

PLAYBOY: Did the defense gain anything at all from the preliminary hearing?

BUGLIOSI: That's another point. If, in fact, the defense's trump card is the public's affection and favorable feelings for Simpson, the televised preliminary hearing could only have had an injurious and diminishing effect on that supposed advantage. Instead of going into the trial with that positive image intact, as would have been the situation if the case had stayed with the grand jury, whose proceedings are secret, the public has now been exposed to an opposite image of Simpson—seeing him as a criminal defendant, hearing testimony of his blood being found at the murder scene, hearing the judge tell him she feels there is sufficient evidence to believe that he committed the murders. These jolting and countervailing images will now have weeks to seep into the consciousness of people and harden into a new, more negative image of him. If the defense gained something from this preliminary hearing, I'd like to know what it is.

PLAYBOY: Surely you must have something positive to say about the defense effort so far.

BUGLIOSI: Actually I do. Well, I should say I think I do. As you know, for weeks the defense team has been on its hind legs virtually begging for the opportunity to conduct their own independent testing of the blood samples. But I'm not sure that this hasn't been a charade on their part. The defense may actually be hoping the judge will turn them down so they can use his denial as a basis for appeal if Simpson is convicted.

I say that because thus far, all of the evidence—I'm referring to the conventional serological testing by the LAPD as well as the preliminary DNA tests—shows that the blood droplets leading away from the murder scene belong to Simpson. There's no reason to believe the final DNA tests won't confirm this.

PLAYBOY: So?

BUGLIOSI: If the defense's independent testing of the blood shows the same thing, as it almost assuredly will, the defense will have two options—apart from an assertion no one would believe, that he left the blood there at some earlier time, perhaps cutting himself while playing with his children—both of which would be about as pleasant for them as staring into the noonday sun: Number one, admit that the prosecution is right, that Simpson's blood was found at the murder scene, which the defense certainly would never want to do, or, number two, refuse to disclose the results of their own tests, which would look even worse. Since the defense team has to know this, I'm not sure this hasn't all been an act, and if it has, I think they've been good at it. But I'll tell you, if I were on defense in this case, I'd stay away from that blood the way the devil stays away from holy water.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the two prosecutors in this case, Marcia Clark and William Hodgman?

BUGLIOSI: I'm impressed with both of them. They both have much more experience in criminal homicide cases than the defense lawyers do. It's obvious they are doing their homework.

PLAYBOY: Had you heard of either before this case?

BUGLIOSI: I hadn't heard of Clark, but I knew of Hodgman. Two years ago I was the guest speaker at the annual convention of the California District Attorneys' Association in Palm Springs. Afterward, I autographed some of my books. About a half year later, Hodgman called me and said I had signed a copy of my last true-crime book, *And the Sea Will Tell*, for him, and then said that for the past several years he's been loaning his copy of *Till Death Us Do Part* to all new prosecutors in his section.

PLAYBOY: Did he tell you why?

BUGLIOSI: Yes, but I'd rather not get into it because even though they were his words, my repeating them would sound boastful. In any event, I sent him a new copy to replace his well-worn one and he sent me a nice letter.

PLAYBOY: Do you have the letter?

[*Bugliosi leaves the room and returns in a few minutes with the July 19, 1993 letter from Hodgman, in which Hodgman refers to the "significant influence" Bugliosi has had on his career, and how he uses in his cases "trial and argument techniques" Bugliosi set forth in "Till Death."*]

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the D.A. himself, Gil Garcetti?

BUGLIOSI: He may have said a few things early on that he wishes he hadn't said, but overall, I think Garcetti and his people have conducted themselves in a professional manner and are only interested in justice in this case.

PLAYBOY: You've found considerable fault with the defense in this case. Has the prosecution done anything wrong?

BUGLIOSI: Actually, the prosecution may have made the biggest error by far in this case—dwarfing anything the defense has done. I have no doubt that the D.A. and his staff are not prejudiced or antiblack in any way. However, because Simpson is black and every survey shows that blacks are overwhelmingly

sympathetic to him, it's common knowledge the D.A.'s office fears that blacks may hang up the jury—though the office can't acknowledge this. If this fear—that the sympathy blacks have for Simpson at this point may override the evidence at the trial—is justified, and I'm not at all sure it is, the D.A.'s office is responsible for its own problem.

PLAYBOY: How? In what way?

BUGLIOSI: Well, these murders happened in Brentwood. It's the practice in Los Angeles County to file a case in the superior court of the judicial district where the crime occurred, in this case, Santa Monica, which is where the Menendez case was filed. In Santa Monica, there would have been a small percentage of blacks in the jury pool. Instead, the D.A. filed the case downtown, where the percentage of blacks in the jury pool will be much higher, thereby—assuming the D.A.'s fears are correct—multiplying the likelihood of a hung jury. If the D.A. tried to transfer the case out of downtown now, there would be an enormous hue and cry that he was prejudiced against blacks. But if he had filed the case where it should have been filed, and where he had every right to file it, who could have complained?

PLAYBOY: Has the D.A.'s office given any reasons for filing the case downtown?

BUGLIOSI: Yes, but they are all weightless. A member of the D.A.'s press office said the reason was that the special trials section handling the case is located downtown. In other words, we'd rather have a hung jury than have our two prosecutors drive an extra 15 miles each morning. The D.A.'s office has also mentioned that the downtown court is set up to handle protracted cases and to accommodate the media better than is the Santa Monica court. But there's absolutely nothing prohibiting the Santa Monica court from hearing this case. Whatever arrangements that would be necessary to allow this could easily have been made. I think what happened here is that when the D.A.'s office filed the case downtown they simply weren't thinking of the ramifications of their decision.

Double Your Exercise Results

Meet TRIMAX ... Designed for Twice the Workout in Half the Time

Dive right in, and you'll be immediately impressed by the workout. Hydraulic cylinders and two-way isokinetic resistance — that's the power of TRIMAX. You don't have to worry about adjustments, changing weights or how many pounds to lift. There's no wasted motion — no wasted effort.

Unique to TRIMAX ... Combined Strength and Cardiovascular Training

Dual resistance, pushing and pulling, works two separate muscle groups, cutting your workout time in half. This intense two-way action elevates your heart rate into your target zone, giving you a thorough cardiovascular workout. In less than 30 minutes, you've achieved total body conditioning.

22 exercise positions

44 total exercises

You're tired, but not sore, because there's no harmful negative resistance or load bearing on your joints. You feel exhausted but exhilarated. You definitely want to do this again.

Dramatic Results — Quickly ...

From the very beginning, you're encouraged and motivated. Within 30 days you'll be stronger and leaner. Plus, you'll have a lowered heart rate, greater endurance, and increased flexibility. With this success come some pretty healthy doses of self-esteem.

Tested, Compared, and Rated The Best ...

Popular Mechanics featured TRIMAX in its March '93 issue. "In addition to rock solid construction and superb overall ergonomics, the TRIMAX is notable for an innovative weight-resistance system that uses smoothly articulating hydraulic shocks." In the same article, which compared TRIMAX to NORDICFLEX GOLD and SOLOFLEX, they continued ... "Of all the test units, TRIMAX is the one that most closely resembles the kind of state-of-the-art equipment found in health clubs."

You Must Be Satisfied ...

We believe the more knowledgeable you are about exercise, the more likely you'll purchase a TRIMAX. Call our 800 # for a comprehensive information kit, including a free brochure, video, and an envelope brimming with information you will use. Try out a TRIMAX for a full month — no obligations, and find out just how good this machine really is. We guarantee that you'll be satisfied.

TRIMAX®

Yes, please send me a Free **TRIMAX** information kit, including the free video and brochure. Call toll-free or send this coupon.

1-800-866-5676

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ___ Zip ____

Phone ( ) _____ Mail to:

TRIMAX, 20 S. Main St., Janesville, WI 53545 Dept.PBI294

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the courtroom. We take it that so far you feel the prosecution has out-lawyered the defense?

BUGLIOSI: Yes, clearly. But because of the nature of the case, when we get to the trial there is going to be more parity with respect to a big part of the case, the DNA evidence. DNA blood testing is one of the most complex sciences, where molecular biology, genetics and statistics converge in rather confusing ways. It's a relatively new field, and Shapiro has hired lawyers who are experienced and knowledgeable about the discipline to handle this part of the trial for the defense. But I'll guarantee you this: If the outcome of the trial ends up being favorable to the defense—such as a hung jury—the result will have nothing to do with anything special the principal lawyers for the defense did. And the favorable result for them will have to be traceable to dynamics other than Simpson's innocence, since he's quite obviously guilty.

PLAYBOY: You say that Simpson is guilty. Isn't there a presumption of innocence in our society?

BUGLIOSI: Yes, but it applies only inside a courtroom. It has no applicability elsewhere, such as in our discussion here. And even in court there's a problem.

PLAYBOY: In what possible way?

BUGLIOSI: The presumption of innocence is a hallowed doctrine that separates us from totalitarian regimes. It's the foundation for the rule that is the bedrock of our system of justice—that a defendant can be convicted of a crime only if his guilt has been proved beyond a reasonable doubt. It's one thing for the judge to tell the jury that the prosecution has the burden of proof, and the defendant no burden to prove his innocence. And in the absence of affirmative proof of guilt, the defendant is entitled to a not-guilty verdict, even if he presents no evidence of his innocence. But when the judge intones, with a sober countenance, that the defendant is "presumed to be

innocent," the jury knows this has to be a legal fiction. I mean, the defendant is brought into court in handcuffs or with a deputy sheriff at his side, and the judge tells the jury he is presumed to be innocent. One of these days a defendant is going to stand up in court and ask the judge, "Your Honor, if I am legally presumed to be innocent, why have I been arrested for this crime, why has a criminal complaint been filed against me, and why am I now here in court being tried?"

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Simpson, how can you be so sure he is guilty?

BUGLIOSI: In all my years in criminal law, other than cases in which the killer has been apprehended during the perpetration of the homicide, I've never seen such an obvious case of guilt. In fact, if I were a defense attorney, I'd rather have a case in which there were ten eyewitnesses against my client than this type of case.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BUGLIOSI: Because with ten eyewitnesses, though it's an extremely strong case for the prosecution, at least the defense can make an argument without sounding absurd in the process. For instance, in a case like this, the murders happened at night, so the visibility wasn't that good. And you know each witness would have given a slightly different description of the killer to the police. One would have said he was 45 years of age, 195 pounds and 6'1". Another that he was 40 years of age, 225 pounds and 5'11", and so forth. So at least a defense attorney could argue that because of the discrepancies in the physical description, there's a reasonable doubt of guilt. He wouldn't get anywhere with his argument if every witness, despite the different descriptions, identified his client in court as the perpetrator. But at least he wouldn't sound silly making his argument.

PLAYBOY: But no sensible argument of innocence or reasonable doubt can be made here?

BUGLIOSI: Not one. Even if we disregard the many things Simpson said and did that point irresistibly to his guilt—for instance, saying he was asleep inside his home waiting for the limo driver, when the testimony from the limo driver clearly shows he was not—there is no question of his guilt. In fact, even if the DNA tests don't put Simpson's blood at the murder scene—which they are expected to do—or either of the victims' blood inside his car or home, there still is no question of his guilt.

PLAYBOY: How is that?

BUGLIOSI: Within minutes of the murder of his former wife and her friend, Simpson's car and home were full of blood. In addition to the blood spots found on the exterior of his Bronco—just above the driver's door handle and near the bottom of the door—the return on the search warrant shows blood on the steering wheel, driver's seat, instrument panel, center console and several other places inside the car. Also, blood was found on the driveway leading up to the front door of his house, in the foyer, master bedroom, master bathroom and several other places. I mean, come on. There was a fresh trail of blood leading from the murder scene to his car and home. There is no explanation for this blood all over his car and home right after these murders other than his guilt.

PLAYBOY: What about the speculation that he was framed?

BUGLIOSI: Right. The framers came up to Simpson and said, "O.J., we're going to frame you, but we've got a little problem. We need some of your blood. Can you help us out?" And O.J. of course complied. Do you see what I mean when I say any argument that tries to explain the blood in his car and home makes the arguer sound silly?

PLAYBOY: What if all the blood came from the cut on his hand, and if he got cut in an innocent way that night?

BUGLIOSI: When Simpson was grilled by the LAPD—which from the standpoint of the defense, as I've indicated, should never have taken place—he told them he didn't know how he got the cut that night. That ridiculous statement alone, and all by itself, shows an obvious consciousness of guilt. But let's address your question about the possibility of Simpson's having cut himself in some other way. What is the likelihood that around the very same time his former wife and her male companion were brutally murdered, he innocently cut himself very badly on his left middle finger? One out of a million? One out of a hundred thousand? And even if we make that exceedingly extravagant assumption, has it ever happened to you, or to any adult you know or have heard of, that you cut your finger and the blood gets all over your car and home? Again, don't you see how silly it sounds to even make this argument? When you cut yourself, unless you're in a frantic, frenzied state—which Simpson obviously was in—you stop the flow of blood with your hand or handkerchief and you put on a bandage. You don't bleed all over the place.

PLAYBOY: You said there was blood all over Simpson's car and home. Whose blood?

BUGLIOSI: Well, the DNA test results haven't come back yet, but conventional blood tests indicate that much of it is Simpson's. Obviously the blood in the car is either Simpson's, or the victims', or both his and the victims'. The point is, he can't be innocent if any of these three situations exists. That is, not in the world in which we live. You know—I'm talking and you can hear me. There will be a dawn tomorrow. That kind of world. Let me tell you something. The guilt in this case is so obvious that if it weren't for attendant factors like celebrity, race, allegations of police misconduct and so forth, it would be almost embarrassing to try as a prosecutor. It's the type of case you have to try because the defendant has pleaded not guilty. But like a professional fighter going into the ring, as a prosecutor you like to feel you're facing some competition. Here, the competition has to be specious.

PLAYBOY: But it frequently has been pointed out that the evidence against Simpson is circumstantial.

BUGLIOSI: Yes, but the way you say that implies that this is an infirmity. Circumstantial evidence has erroneously come to be associated in the lay mind and vernacular with an anemic case. But nothing could be further from the truth. It depends on what type of circumstantial evidence you're talking about. In a case like this, where the prosecution will be presenting physical, scientific evidence connecting Simpson to the crime, it couldn't be stronger. The true circumstantial-evidence case, and the only type that is difficult to try, is one in which there not only are no eyewitnesses—only eyewitness testimony, which is notoriously problematic, is direct evidence—there are no bullet, blood, hair, semen or skin matchups; in fact, no physical evidence of any kind whatsoever, such as clothing or glasses, connecting the defendant to the crime. That's the classic textbook type of circumstantial-evidence case in which you have to put one speck of evidence—an inappropriate remark, a suspicious bank transaction, a subtle effort to deflect the investigation, things like that—upon another speck until ultimately there is a strong mosaic of guilt. That is a true circumstantial-evidence case, not the type of case we have here where Simpson might just as well go around with a large sign on his back declaring in bold letters that he murdered these two poor people. This case is circumstantial in name only.

PLAYBOY: So you see no chance of anyone else having committed these murders?

BUGLIOSI: Since Simpson did, by definition that rules out anyone else. You know, quite apart from the fact that the physical evidence conclusively shows he committed these murders, I assume the D.A. is going to be able to stitch together a set of circumstances from which the inference can be drawn that only Simpson would have had any motive to do so, particularly in the savage and brutal way they were committed. Also, let's not forget that whoever committed these murders had to have been fast and powerful, which of course Simpson is, though I'm sure that the defense will come up with some theory of Simpson's physical incapacity to commit the murders.

PLAYBOY: You rule out the possibility that O.J. didn't commit these murders. But what if someone else was involved with him? Didn't the coroner say that two knives were probably used? And how

NOW ANYTIME IS PRIMETIME FOR PLAYBOY

From now on, there's always something worth watching on television, because Playboy TV is now on 24 hours a day! That means more convenient opportunities to tune in Playboy's World Premiere movies, events and specials. More chances to relax and enjoy truly stimulating entertainment.

Your Playmate Hosts for November

Donna Perry
Miss November

Elisa Bridges
Miss December

In November don't miss:

Sensual Fantasy for Lovers

The TV debut of the latest in Playboy's best-selling *For Couples Only* line of home videos. Watch it with someone you love!

Playboy's Hidden Camera

Lusty laughs are guaranteed in this contemporary, sexy Playboy take on a classic TV concept.

PLAYTIME — World Premiere Movie!

Two couples vacationing together share more than the dinner check in this passionate and playful Playboy exclusive.

Playboy Television Now Available on DIRECTV. Call 1-800-624-7253

Playboy TV is now available anywhere on DIRECTV.

PLAYBOY TV

could O.J. kill these two people without the one he wasn't stabbing at the time screaming or running away? No screams were heard, and the two victims were found close together.

BUGLIOSI: You're presupposing that the two murders were contemporaneous. We don't know that. All we can know is that Simpson killed these people, not the sequence. He may have killed Nicole first, and her friend Ronald Goldman appeared on the scene a few seconds later and was killed by Simpson to eliminate a witness. The deputy medical examiner did not say that two knives were probably used. He testified at the prelim that most of the wounds were caused by a single-edge blade, and some of the wounds *could* have been caused by a knife with a single-edge or double-edge blade. That deputy, by the way, was not an impressive witness. But you've raised a valid point. I'm 99 percent sure that no one else was involved in any way whatsoever—such as waiting in the car for him—in these murders.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to the argument that it makes no difference what the evidence is, Simpson is so popular that no jury will ever convict him, that he'll walk?

BUGLIOSI: When I hear that argument, I wonder what its logical genesis is. What evidence or precedent is there that a jury won't convict someone who is popular? In fact, the empirical evidence is decidedly the other way. Although no person as nationally known and popular as Simpson has ever been charged with murder—in the Twenties, Fatty Arbuckle was charged with manslaughter—there are countless examples of very popular defendants, including athletes, at a city or state level being convicted and having their careers ruined, and these were cases in which the jury had to forgive or overlook far, far less than in this case, where there's a double murder. Irrespective of who O.J. Simpson is, the resolution of this case will still come down to the same question: Does the prosecution have enough evidence to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt? If they do, and if they present this evidence properly—by that, I mean in a forceful and compelling way, if necessary by putting bibs on the jurors and spoon-feeding them—there will be no not-guilty verdict. Simpson will not walk out of court.

PLAYBOY: Is there a strong likelihood of a hung jury?

BUGLIOSI: I don't think there's a likelihood, but there certainly is a possibility in this case that some juror might be vapid and immature enough—and bold enough—to violate his or her oath and deliberately defy and ignore the evidence and instructions given by the court and vote not guilty. Then, it's a hung jury.

"I'm sure you'll be acquitted if I can get your case to a jury before the end of December."

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the polls showing that so many people believe Simpson is innocent? Or think the case is a real mystery?

BUGLIOSI: It's remarkable. For the most part they are essentially people who take the untenable position that the failure to prove everything—"They haven't found the murder weapon," "If he's guilty, where is his bloody clothing?"—negates all that has been proved. The media is partly responsible for this irrationality on the part of the man on the street. More than one major newspaper has actually referred to this case as a "classic whodunit." And last week, a writer for a national paper called the case "one of the biggest murder mysteries of our time." The real mystery is how people with IQs no higher than room temperature can write for major publications. Actually, it's not IQ. It's a lack of common sense. One thing I've seen over and over again in life is that there is virtually no correlation between intelligence and common sense. IQ doesn't seem to translate that way.

PLAYBOY: One senses you don't feel that in general people are very perceptive.

BUGLIOSI: Put it this way: The much greater part of mankind only hears the music, not the lyrics, of human events. Lincoln said, "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." There should be an addendum to that: "You can fool most of the people most of the time." There are so many examples of this.

PLAYBOY: If people are so stupid, why do you have so much faith in juries—which are, of course, these same people?

BUGLIOSI: That's an excellent question. An English barrister once characterized a jury as "12 people of average ignorance," but I look at juries as representing upwards of 500 years of human experience. When you look at juries in that light, together with the concomitant reality that the knowledge of one juror is the knowledge of all 12—that is, if one juror, because of experience or insight, sees something in the evidence the other 11 do not, as soon as he or she brings this fact, observation or inference to the attention of the other jurors, the entire jury profits from the perception—it is easy to see why a jury normally reaches a verdict called for by the evidence.

There's another reason why juries usually reach proper verdicts, and that's the strong sense of civic duty that jurors bring to the job. It's as if they rise to the occasion.

PLAYBOY: So you're critical of lawyers, but you believe that jurors are doing their jobs. How about judges?

BUGLIOSI: What do you get when you combine a lawyer with a politician?

PLAYBOY: What?

BUGLIOSI: A judge. That is the real

paradox about judges. Public opinion polls show that people have a very negative view of politicians and an equally negative view of lawyers. Since judges are usually both politicians and lawyers, it would seem that people would have an opinion of them lower than a grasshopper's belly. But on the contrary, the mere investiture of a $25 black cotton robe elevates the denigrated lawyer-politician to a position of considerable honor and respect in our society.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

BUGLIOSI: It's the same phenomenon we talked about earlier concerning lawyers on big cases. The unthinking assumption is made that if you're a judge, you must deserve to be a judge.

PLAYBOY: All judges have to be lawyers?

BUGLIOSI: Yes, with the ironic exception of justices of the U.S. Supreme Court. No nonlawyer, however, has ever sat on the Supreme Court. With respect to the political aspect of being a judge, the appointment of judgeships by governors—or by the president in the federal courts—has always been part of the political spoils or patronage system. For example, 94 percent of President Reagan's appointments to the federal bench were Republicans. In the vast majority of cases there is an umbilical cord between the appointment and politics. Either the appointee has labored long in the political vineyards, or he or she is a favored friend of someone who has, often a generous financial supporter of the party in power.

PLAYBOY: Does this tend to make for mediocrity on the bench?

BUGLIOSI: A political connection doesn't necessarily mean that the judge is not otherwise competent and qualified. Many times he or she is. But for the most part the bench boasts undistinguished lawyers whose principal qualification for the most important position in our legal system is the political connection. Rarely, for instance, will a governor seek out a renowned but apolitical legal scholar, such as a highly regarded law school professor, and proffer a judgeship. It has been my experience and, I believe, the experience of most veteran trial lawyers, that the typical judge has no, or scant, trial experience as a lawyer, or is pompous and dictatorial on the bench, or is clearly partial to one side or the other in a lawsuit. Sometimes the judge displays all three infirmities.

PLAYBOY: The Simpson trial is going to be televised. How do you feel about this?

BUGLIOSI: I'm opposed to cameras in the courtroom.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BUGLIOSI: One of the things that bothers me so much about the Simpson case is that even though two precious human beings were brutally murdered, cut down in the springtime of their lives, I sense a faintly festive atmosphere surrounding the case. The massive TV coverage has contributed to this tawdry atmosphere. It cheapens and devalues the whole process. But there are much more substantive reasons why I oppose cameras in the courtroom.

A trial is a serious and solemn proceeding that determines whether or not a person's liberty, and sometimes his life, should be taken away from him. Anything that interferes, or even has the slightest potential of interfering, with the resolution of this determination should be automatically prohibited. Most people are intensely self-conscious about speaking in public, even before a small audience. With cameras in the courtroom, sometimes millions of people are watching. Even if we make the assumption that most witnesses will not be affected, certainly, at least here and there, some are not going to be as natural. Either they are going to be more shy and hesitant, or perhaps they will put on an act, not just in their demeanor but much worse, in the words they use in their testimony. When this happens, the fact-finding process and the very purpose of a trial have been compromised.

Witnesses aren't the only ones affected. The Los Angeles *Daily News* reported recently that as a result of a murder trial then being televised on Court TV, "the defense attorney bought two new suits, and [the judge's] wife makes sure his hair is properly gelled before he leaves for work in the morning. The court clerk makes an effort to keep her pen out of her mouth." Is it a non sequitur to suggest that if people alter their physical appearance because of the camera, they may alter their words?

PLAYBOY: What about the argument frequently used by the media—that televising trials educates the public?

BUGLIOSI: Transparent sophistry. Their only motivation, though not an improper one, is commercial. And though televising trials may indeed educate the public, that obviously is not the principal reason why people watch trials such as the Menendez and Simpson cases on television. It's a form of entertainment for them, pure and simple. Even given the ancillary benefit of being educational, the sole purpose of a criminal trial is to determine whether or not the defendant is guilty of the crime. It is not to educate the public.

PLAYBOY: Isn't all of this immaterial? The media now have a right to televise trials in California, correct?

BUGLIOSI: No, that's wrong. Many people

- SAMPLE -
20 FREE CONDOMS

To introduce you to the finest quality condoms from Federal, we'll send you 20 FREE! Send for yours today! For over 40 years, Federal has offered the world's largest selection of condoms at discount prices direct to you through the privacy of mail.

Condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases).

CHECK ONE ONLY

❑ 20 FREE CONDOMS (Send $2 handling)

❑ SPECIAL OFFER 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 20 FREE condoms. Send $5.

❑ SUPER BONUS OFFER 50 condoms plus 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 6 NEW Intensity condoms plus 20 FREE condoms. Send $10.

For FREE catalog only, call 1-800-270-1480

Send cash, check or money order to: Federal Pharmacal Inc. 28835-218 N. Herky Drive Dept. PB1294, Lake Bluff, IL 60044

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Void where prohibited.
Shipped in discreet packages © 1994 Federal Pharmacal Inc.

SINGERS!
REMOVE VOCALS
FROM RECORDS AND CDs!

SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!
An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo recordings! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. Phone for Free Brochure and Demo Record.
LT Sound, Dept. PB4D, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound
24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404)482-2485

STOP SWEAT
6 WEEKS

UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. © 1990 GEN MED CO

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-74
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

erroneously believe this, including, it appears, the judge in the Simpson case. At a hearing a few weeks ago, Judge Lance Ito said he questioned "the wisdom of rules that allow cameras and recording devices in courtrooms." From this I take it he is unaware that under the express language of rule 980 of the California Rules of Court, he has the discretion to deny the media request for cameras in the courtroom.

PLAYBOY: Based on everything you said earlier, we take it you would not represent O.J. Simpson if he asked you.

BUGLIOSI: No, of course not. He's as guilty as sin. But I wouldn't even enter the minds of Simpson and the people around him. My image is still that of a prosecutor. When people get in trouble with the law, I'm one of the last people they think of.

PLAYBOY: Have any really big murder defendants ever come to you?

BUGLIOSI: Only two, and I turned down both of them because it was clear they were guilty: Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, the former Green Beret who was eventually convicted of murdering his wife and his two children, and Dan White, who murdered San Francisco mayor George Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk. But I'd like nothing more than to get on some complex murder cases, as long as I believe my client is innocent, or there are substantially mitigating circumstances. Incidentally, by mitigating circumstances I don't mean the question said to be asked about the victim by hard-bitten sheriffs in rural Texas at the start of any homicide investigation: "Did he *need* killing?"

PLAYBOY: We find it disturbing that as a lawyer you won't represent someone charged with murder or any violent crime unless you believe them to be innocent or there are mitigating circumstances. Isn't everyone, regardless of guilt or innocence, entitled to be represented by an attorney?

BUGLIOSI: Of course. But there's nothing in the canons of ethics of the American Bar Association that says a lawyer has to represent everyone who comes to his or her door. You know, the concept that everyone is entitled to be represented by a lawyer is an idealistic chant often recited by defense attorneys as justification for representing even the most vicious criminals. The concept is unassailable, but idealism is rarely what motivates lawyers who represent guilty defendants. They take the work because trying cases is their livelihood, and they also want to advance their careers. These motivations are perfectly proper, but they have nothing to do with idealism.

I want to add that I'd represent a defendant, even one I believed to be guilty of murder, if I were the only lawyer available, because the right to counsel is a sacred right in our society and much more important than any personal predilection of mine. But this type of situation doesn't exist in a county such as Los Angeles, where almost 40,000 lawyers stumble over one another for cases. So I am free to follow my inclinations.

PLAYBOY: Before we move on to a few final matters, you will of course always be associated in the public mind with the Manson case, which, before the Simpson case, probably received more publicity than any other murder case in American history. How do you compare the two cases in terms of publicity?

BUGLIOSI: In the U.S. the Simpson case has received more publicity than the Manson case. If the Manson trial had been televised, it would have been even bigger than it was, though it still wouldn't have been as big as the Simpson case. No case has ever received this coverage. But internationally the Manson case was bigger. An AP reporter who covered both cases was pointing this out recently. Internationally, they really do not know who Simpson is. Besides the Manson case being the most bizarre mass-murder case in the recorded annals of crime, Roman Polanski [husband of slain actress Sharon Tate] is big in Europe. Also, one of the victims, Voytek Frykowski [jet-set boyfriend of Abigail Folger, the coffee heiress who was also murdered], was from Poland. Reporters from all over the world covered the trial.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Simpson case will continue to be big years from now?

BUGLIOSI: It will always be a famous case, but I don't foresee any substantial continuing interest in it—interest is the word I want to emphasize—after a relatively short period. I don't think it will have much durability or, as they say in the entertainment industry, legs. Twenty years from now, fifteen, ten, even five years from now, after you say this football legend killed his former wife and her male companion, where do you go from there? Substitute a mechanic for Simpson and you'll see what I mean.

PLAYBOY: What's behind some of the recent verdicts in cases where it seemed that guilt was certain—the Menendez brothers, Lorena Bobbitt, Damian Williams—yet the defendants walked or the juries hung? Have jurors taken leave of their senses? It seems that anything today in America, even murder, can be excused if you just claim you were abused. Juries will buy it, like in the Bobbitt and Menendez cases.

BUGLIOSI: Well, it's not quite that easy. You're talking about the so-called "abuse is an excuse" defense. Obviously, there is no such defense. However, abuse can be of such a severe nature that it gives rise to a recognized legal defense, such as irresistible impulse, which was the defense in the Bobbitt case. Irresistible impulse is a species of insanity. Under the basic law of insanity, you are deemed to be insane only if, because of a defect of reason caused by a diseased mind, you did not

RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME

Playboy's 1995 Playmate Calendar

Looking for the perfect gift to keep you (and your friends) on top of that busy schedule? Don't miss a single important date with a copy of Playboy's 1995 Playmate Calendar, available at magazine retailers and newsstands now.

©1994 Playboy

Wall Size
8⅛" X 12¾"

Order TOLL-FREE: 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for item #XPCC1995W for the wall calendar and item #XPCC1995D for the desks calendar. (Source Code 49579)

ORDER BY MAIL: Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #XPCC1995W for the wall calendar and item #XPCC1995D for the desk calendar. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49579, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Desk Size
5⅛" X 7¾"

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

50% OFF SALE!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers in birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, SKINLESS SKINS, plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands – the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms – 14 brands (a $50 value). Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:

Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. **PB146** Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under your moneyback guarantee:

☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler $6.00 $3.00

☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler $9.95 $4.95

☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler $19.95 $9.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ___ Zip ____

VISA or MasterCard orders

CALL 1-800-274-0333

know that what you did was wrong. In irresistible impulse, the person does know the wrongfulness of his act, but is unable to control the impulse to commit it. Most states don't have this defense, but in Virginia, where the Bobbitt case was tried, it's a legitimate defense. As far as the Menendez case is concerned, it hasn't been resolved yet. In the first trial, the jurors were hung up on whether it was first- or second-degree murder or voluntary manslaughter, not whether the defendants should go free.

PLAYBOY: How did this "abuse is an excuse" concept come into play?

BUGLIOSI: It's just a new, catchy phrase for an old concept that's been around for years. But it's been given increased prominence because of the supposed "Oprahization of the jury" syndrome.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

BUGLIOSI: Through shows like *Oprah*, *Donahue* and *Geraldo*, Americans are exposed to endless numbers of people who are the victims of abuse from dysfunctional families and relationships. A subliminal empathy develops for these purported victims when they thereafter engage in antisocial behavior against their alleged abusers. That's the theory. But, as it is said in Ecclesiastes, there's nothing new under the sun. Juries have always given a break, where they legally can, to victims of abuse as well as to people suffering from mental disorders. Any trial lawyer will tell you this. There's nothing different about, or wrong with, today's juries. Way back in 1835, when Americans were supposedly as hard as nails, a jury found Richard Lawrence, a housepainter, not guilty by reason of insanity for attempting to assassinate President Andrew Jackson. Likewise with the attempt on President Reagan's life by John Hinckley in 1981.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think juries are softer on criminal defendants today?

BUGLIOSI: No, I don't. Why would they be? Americans are more concerned and conservative about crime today than they've been in many years. It makes absolutely no sense that when they walk into that courtroom they leave their concern and conservatism at the courtroom door. I just think it's been a quirky coincidence that recent high-visibility cases have resulted in seemingly unsatisfactory verdicts. The reality is that some of these cases have turned on subtle legal issues that laypeople don't understand.

PLAYBOY: What happened with Damien Williams, who was charged with attempted murder and other crimes during the Los Angeles riots?

BUGLIOSI: When the jury found him not guilty of premeditated attempted murder, people were outraged. The erroneous impression was that he had "gotten off." Even several syndicated columnists, who should have known better, made this assertion. But Williams did not get off. He was convicted of mayhem and sentenced to ten years in prison, a not insubstantial term.

PLAYBOY: Why wasn't he convicted of attempted murder?

BUGLIOSI: The law of attempted murder requires a specific intent to kill. Firing a bullet at someone's head clearly shows such intent. But throwing a brick at someone's head does not necessarily show, beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty, that you specifically intended to kill that person. The argument could be made that if Williams had intended to kill Reginald Denny—as opposed to merely intending to cause great bodily harm, or not caring whether he killed him or not, neither of which states of mind would satisfy the specific intent-to-kill requirement of attempted murder—instead of dancing around after throwing the brick, he would have followed it up to make sure he got the job done. The crimes actually committed in the Williams case were mayhem, assault with a deadly weapon and assault by means of force likely to produce great bodily harm. If Williams had the requisite intent to kill, there may indeed have also been an attempted murder, but it isn't clear from the evidence and circumstances whether or not he did. The attempted murder charge was a typical overfiling by the D.A. in the hope of inducing a plea of guilty to a lesser charge. The defense called the D.A.'s bluff and got a not-guilty verdict. But there was a proper verdict of guilty in that case, despite the popular perception there was not.

PLAYBOY: One final question, counselor—and it's from left field: How does someone of your analytical ability view God?

BUGLIOSI: If we were in court I'd object on the ground that the question assumes a fact not in evidence.

PLAYBOY: So you don't believe in God?

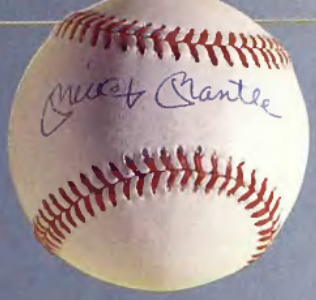
BUGLIOSI: I'm not in a position to believe or disbelieve in him. You know, the atheists, who not only believe but know there is no God, are just as silly as those who seem to have no doubt that there is. Over the centuries, thousands of tomes and trillions of words have been written on the subject, yet neither side can come up with one single fact to support its position. But in this realm, where people's minds have been on permanent sabbatical, that fact is apparently immaterial.

PLAYBOY: Are we getting into metaphysics if we ask you what a fact is?

BUGLIOSI: I don't think so. By fact I mean a truth known by actual experience or observation. And something that cannot be logically explained in any other way.

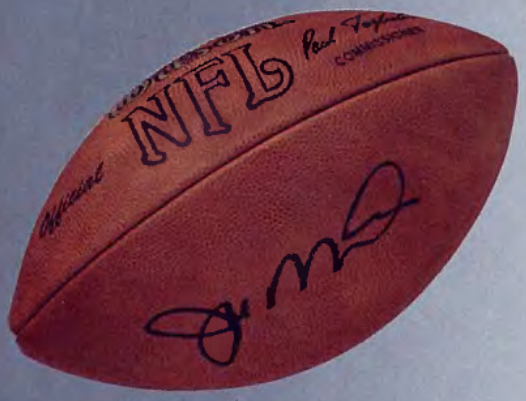
PLAYBOY: So what's your bottom line?

BUGLIOSI: I like Clarence Darrow's observation about the existence vis-à-vis nonexistence of God: I do not pretend to know, where many ignorant men are sure.



SKU#10323 - $119.00
Official Rawlings baseball personally autographed by American hero, Mickey Mantle

SKU#10213 - $129.00
Authentic Los Angeles Kings Puck personally autographed by Wayne Gretzky



SKU#10158 - $249.00
Authentic Wilson Football personally autographed by Joe Montana

SKU#12807 - $699.00
Authentic Personally Autographed Michael Jordan Basketball

Upper Deck™ Authenticated Has The Perfect Gift For...

~~Your Dad~~

~~Your Son~~

~~Your Best Friend~~

YOU!

UPPER DECK AUTHENTICATED™

Own a piece of sports history when you purchase a unique collectible from Upper Deck Authenticated. Every signed product we sell is protected by our unique authentication process which includes a numbered hologram and matching certificate of authenticity. Order one of these exclusive products and your sports memories will last a lifetime.

Order Now!

Supplies are Limited.

Order by Dec. 21 to Guarantee Holiday Delivery.

Call 1-800-456-2007 Ext. 350

Or to see our full collection of sports memorabilia and gifts, call or send for a free subscription to our catalog.

To order by mail:

- ☐ Yes, I would like a *FREE* subscription to your catalog!
- ☐ SKU#10323 - Mickey Mantle Baseball - $119.00*
- ☐ SKU#10158 - Joe Montana Football - $249.00*
- ☐ SKU#10213 - Wayne Gretzky Puck - $129.00*
- ☐ SKU#12807 - Michael Jordan Basketball - $699.00*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

*Add $4.50 shipping and handling per item.

Make check payable to: Upper Deck Authenticated

Upper Deck Authenticated, Dept. 300, P.O. Box 182266, Chattanooga, TN 37422-7266

Upper Deck is a trademark of The Upper Deck Company. Used by permission. The Authenticated Logo is a trademark of Upper Deck Authenticated, Ltd. © 1994 Upper Deck Authenticated, Ltd. All Rights Reserved.

JIM CARREY

(continued from page 122)

The wild things included creating such notable characters as Vera de Milo, the steroid-crazed female bodybuilder, and Fire Marshal Bill, a charred, grotesquely disfigured fireman (that's right). Carrey, a semilapsed Catholic, acknowledges that he had some feelings of guilt about the fireman and says that following his first performance as Bill he went home and felt as if he were going to hell. Soon the guilt vanished, but he believes that "if somebody else wrote it, I would probably think it was disgusting."

His shtick of talking through the seat of his pants developed when Carrey was having an argument during rehearsals with Keenan Ivory Wayans, the show's creator. Carrey turned around, bent over and conducted a read-through of a scene that way.

It was the improbable success of *Ace Ventura* that made Carrey a bankable star. The movie, about a private eye hunting for the kidnapped mascot of the Miami Dolphins, had been turned down by just about every known comedian in town. Carrey says he didn't care for the script too much either, but he was given a free hand to rewrite the movie. Carrey did so with a vengeance, turning the movie into a physically nutty one-man show that appealed to young kids as well as to the teenage and twenty-something crowds that are Hollywood's prime audiences.

The film's instant success—it grossed an unexpected $12 million in its first weekend—amazed Carrey and startled Hollywood. It had been years since a comedian had instantly reached stardom in one film. Carrey attributed the film's success, in part, to good timing. "When the film came out everything else was so serious," he explains. "You had *Schindler's List* and *Philadelphia*. People needed a laugh." Carrey probably underestimates his own pull at the box office.

It was Damon Wayans, one of Carrey's buddies on *In Living Color*, who offered an observation about Carrey that the comedian still thinks about. "Damon came backstage after I did something really weird and said, 'Hey, man, you are one of the angriest people that I have ever seen.'"

Carrey laughs at the recollection. "I said, 'Yeah, I guess I've got that going for me. That's how I deal with it.'"

Carrey turns serious. His face seems serene; his hands have stopped moving. "There's an edge, a danger to what I do," he says. "And an anger. I do this ridiculous stuff that's based on anger and anxiety. Even the guys I play in the movies, nice guys, put their foot down. They're angry guys. People are attracted to that, identify with it."

The comedian's personal demons seem to hover just beneath the surface. "My focus is to forget the pain of life," he says quietly. "Forget the pain, mock the pain, reduce it. And laugh."

DYNAMITE HANDS

(continued from page 160)

when he came back to the gym. He'd won the fight, of that there was no doubt, and we wanted to hear his story. You see one of the best fights in your life and you want to hear it from the man's lips.

Instead, what Johnny told everyone about was how he sparred with boxers at the Monroe Reformatory afternoons, about all these rough motherfuckers in prison and then about how Juan drove him up near Stevens Pass every morning so Johnny could run at a high altitude and store up extra red blood cells—the cells that carry oxygen. Johnny told us about waterfalls and shit. Mountain vistas and shit. The prophet comes back from the wilderness and starts talking about bluebirds and squirrels. I'm not lyin'.

He said Juan had him running 12 and 15 miles up there on backcountry timber roads. He said, "Yeah, no shit, one morning I'm running up this road, a one-lane dirt job, and here comes this *bear*."

Scotty, a lightweight of Ugandan origin, said, "Whoot the fook you talkin' aboot, Johnny, a fookin' bear?"

"It's no lie, man, this was a big-ass bear. I measured this sucker, 'cause I figured I'd tag him on the end of the nose with a jab—maybe a double jab, and then come over on top with a right. I'm hoping the bear's nose is tender, like they say the bull's is. What the fuck do I know about livestock, right? I'm not some fuckin' Montana-head. I'm a civilized person that grew up in a city! What the fuck would *you* do? Tell me about your fight strategy, man."

"You got to improvise," I said, "when the shit hits the fan in such a fashion, and do whatever. Fall down on your belly and pretend like you're a sack of greasy old, dirty old clothes."

"Play the possum," Chester said. "If you was Goldilocks, went into the cottage and ate the Quaker's oatmeal?"

"Hey!" Lolo says. "Chester, you're crazy, mon."

Chester's eyes flared. "That's right. I'm crazy. You got that straight. I'm crazy, man! I'm a crazy motherfucker. Goddamn it, that's for sure." Chester bit at a piece of tape hanging from his left handwraps, cocked his head at a right angle and looked off into space in a vacant way. The way he stood there smacking his lips, biting at the tape, made me think he was going to have a fit.

Everyone got quiet; it was the look we sometimes saw on his face before he had a seizure. Suddenly Chester stuck his left hand in his right armpit and began flapping his elbow like he was a large bird of prey with a broken wing. He began bobbing his head and started a kind of high

leg-pumping action like he was trying to follow a Jane Fonda exercise video. Chester's dance was antithetical to the salsa music coming from Cuba's boom box, but it didn't seem to matter. He screamed, "I'm *crazy*, man!" He cried, "*Ahh feel good*! I feel nice, sugar and spice, now!"

Meantime, Johnny was still staring at me waiting to know if I had some strategy for fist-fighting a bear. He held onto his own beat and waited for Chester to stop making noise. No matter what Chester did, Johnny considered Chester as little more than outer environment. Johnny was still running on stacked-up hormones, acting highly pissed. He kept on moving in on me, violating any reasonable concept of personal space. The other fighters looked away from Chester and began to focus on the two of us.

"Double jab and a right over the top," I say.

Johnny laughed and said, "Right, an' hope you get lucky. A double jab and a right over the top. I sure as fuck ain't gonna rassle it."

Chester said, "Hey, Johnny, was it one a' them *grizzly* bears?"

"I don't know, fuck! It was just a bear. I don't know classifications, I told you. A big fuckin' bear, all right? He comes flying down the road right out a' nowhere."

"Whachew do when you seen that bear, Johnny?" Chester said. His voice was husky from an old injury to the larynx.

"Roadrunner!" Lolo said with a crooked, goofy smile.

"I wiggled, man," Johnny said. "I did the electric slide trying to spook that sumbitch off. But he comes right down on me. I started backpedaling until I could turn and run. Then I set a world record for the mile run wearing combat boots."

"Roadrunner!" Lolo said.

"That's right," Johnny said. "I don't know—having a bear chase you, you survive it, it's good information. I stand before you today with no deep gut fear of any man alive."

Chester slammed a speed bag with the butt of his hand. "Rassled a bear at the carnival, man. Cuba and me was drunk. He put me up to it, man, encouraged me to play the fool. Afterward I stunk so bad my ma made me towel off with gazzoline, man. A bear on you as bad as a skunk. Funky, man!"

"Hey!" Lolo said, "Let Johnny tell the story."

Chester puffed up. He walked over to the tall yellow windows by the fire escape and looked down at the traffic outside. "Lolo always tellin' everybody, 'Hey!' Fuckin' '*Hey*!' Fuckin' Lolo, you 'hey'-in' me out. Everybody in the fuckin' gym be sayin', '*Hey*!'"

"Hey!" Lolo said. He always held a gym towel around his neck and now he took it off and made like he was going to snap Chester on the ass with it. Chester scooted back.

"There he goes with 'hey!'" Chester squared his shoulders and did his take on Lolo. "'*I goes up to this guy and I tells him*, "*Hey*!"' Cause fuckin' Lolo be a bad motherfucker. You hear what I'm sayin', make his voice go '*hey*!'"

"Let Johnny tell us about the bear. How about it? And no denigrating racial remarks." Lolo pulled the cord from the boom box and the bag punchers and rope skippers and the fighters doing calisthenics all gathered around Johnny, who said, "I ran the four-minute mile. The next thing I knew, it was gone. Crazy son of a bitch. I mean he *had me*. I checked out a Marlin Perkins tape; they can do 30 and they're highly unpredictable. Even that one in the cartoon, Yogi or whatever. He ain't normal. He's in serious need of psychiatric care. I mean, I don't want an individual like that livin' in my neighborhood. Fuck all that save-the-grizzly shit. They ought to kill all of them. What the fuck good are they, anyhow? Here I am now with another loss on my record." Johnny was saying this like he was unhappy but it was just an act, you could tell.

Lolo said, "Johnny, man, they're good for the planet. God put them here. They're good for the ecosystem."

"Good fuckin' how?"

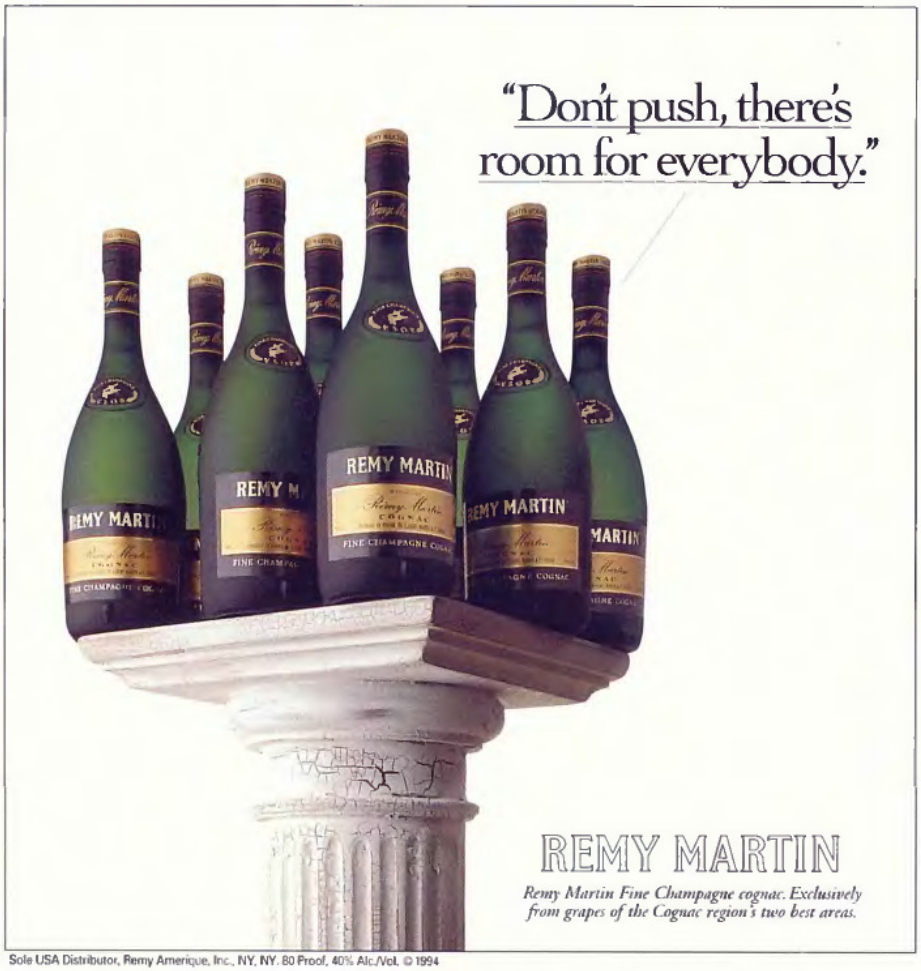
Suddenly, Lolo had his fingers out, tabulating. "They go into hibernation, then come out of it all grouchy, eatin' the salmon and stuff. Gooseberries. And then there's also what's-his-hat—Smokey. Mon, only you can prevent forest fires."

Chester began to laugh. "That bear showed Johnny the law of the jungle."

Johnny turned to Chester. The tightness in his shoulders melted away, the jive dropped out of his voice and Johnny took on a scholarly air. He spoke slowly and deliberately, in a whisper. "I lost my color vision. Everything happened in slow motion. I was running away but it wasn't doing me any good. With one swipe of the paw, I'm gone. Pound-for-pound, a bear is one of the strongest things alive. One swipe of the paw and man, it looked like he was ready to snag me, too. I was thinking, it's strange, but I was thinking, Good, this motherfucking life is over. I don't have to go through no more, get old, rot with cancer, become a bum or whatever it is that's in the cards for Johnny Pushe. I don't know, for the first time in I don't know how long, I experienced peace."

"That was before the fight. Now you ain't scared a' nobody," Chester said.

Johnny brightened. "I carried that slow-motion business into my fight. I seen his punches coming in and slipping


"Don't push, there's room for everybody."
REMY MARTIN
Remy Martin Fine Champagne cognac. Exclusively from grapes of the Cognac region's two best areas.
Sole USA Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY. 80 Proof. 40% Alc./Vol. © 1994

them was the easiest thing in the world. I had all of the moves, man. I'm not braggin', but it was a great night. Win, lose, who cares? I got so fuckin' high. Chester feels good? Hey! *I* feel good, motherfucker! It was beautiful. I can live the next three years off that night."

•

Johnny picked up his headgear and mouthpiece and headed for the locker room. Like, that was it. That was the story. Meanwhile, in spite of a sore hand which had already been broken twice, I was gloved up to go in with Chester when a brash, mouthy black kid from the Kane Street neighborhood came in with a retinue of friends in gold chains, leather jackets with 55 zippers each and White Sox ball caps worn backward. This guy said, "Where's Johnny Pushe? I need some work."

Juan was not running a big-time gym, we were used to walk-in trade like this. Lolo said Johnny was in the shower, and I heard Chester say, "Hey, I'll give you some work, I'm Chester Werthe."

Kane Street screwed up his face. "Chester? What kind of a name is Chester?"

"Chester Werthe, you motherfucker. I fought 'em all. Get your ass up here." Chester started to drool a little and grunt, rocking back on his heels. For a minute I thought he now might be about to have a fit, but then he leveled out. Before an epileptic attack, Chester makes strange noises, like a man drowning in air. Like an animal in rut. *Mmm grrr mmm!*

Because of my hand, I hadn't planned on doing much more than move with Chester, so I said OK and relinquished my ring time. Suddenly this new guy was in the ring throwing serious leather. Lolo was calling, "*Tiempo, tiempo*! Time!"

He hopped up on the ring apron and went over to the new guy's corner, where all of his pals were whooping it up, and if you didn't know it before, by now you knew there were some serious cocaine vibes in that corner. Lolo pulled at the gym towel he wore over his neck, dipped his head low and whispered to this guy. "Hey, what's the matter with you, blood? Lighten up. That's Chester. He takes Dilantin, mon." Chester heard this and said, "That nigger ain't hurtin' me none!"

Kane Street said, "Nigger, I had you stagglin'!"

"You don't tee off on Chester," Lolo said. "And no racial remarks. Act like sportsmen!"

"Well, he's in the ring and he's standin' there. I want some work."

"Call time," Chester said, chomping his mouthpiece and giving his headgear a little slap with his glove. His eyes locked on his opponent with grim determination.

You could see that Lolo was ambivalent. He wanted to let Chester have his self-respect, but Chester was brain-damaged. His epilepsy came from a right hand I landed on his temple during a fight over in Paris, France.

Chester still had something of a name then. He was the number five WBA middleweight and I was a fighter on the way up, but just another Mexican with a string of knockouts, which is a hard act to keep going. Anyhow, Chester's opponent sprained his ankle—actually this French fighter was scared after he got a look at Chester's fight clips and faked an injury. Juan had me flown over on two days' notice. Flew me over to fight a stablemate—a friend. Juan was better than most, like I said. He was pretty straight, but really, that was low, and I was low to go for it.

Chester fought with absolutely no regard for his own welfare. His face was so ugly he didn't care what happened to it and that's how he fought. Like angel dust, like PCP. The French guy saw Chester's fight clips and lost his nerve. He didn't know Chester was shot—you wouldn't—but I was sparring with him every day and I knew it, and I also knew that he was weak from making weight. I knew that when Juan had put me in as an alternate.

I thought by taking him out quick I would be doing him a favor, but what I didn't calculate was the effect of the crowd on Chester. For a crowd, he could rise to the occasion, and we got into a hellacious fight, Juan working his corner and Lolo working mine. It seemed so strange. I mugged the poor bastard. I got him drunk and then I nailed him with the worst kind of punch—the one you don't see coming.

Four days unconscious didn't help, neither him nor me. Chester got a $7000 payday—it wasn't nothing but shoeshine money, popcorn change. I saw a Judas payment around $2500. Chester was just an accident waiting to happen, but it gave me a rotten feeling.

Max Baer, Ray Robinson and Emile Griffith killed men in the ring—Ray Mancini—it happens. When you are a boxer, putting people in trouble is your business, but I knew Chester and I had to live with him. I should have said I wouldn't fight a stablemate. But I was greedy for fame and fortune. I won't deny it. Most likely the same thing would have happened to Chester in a bar or back alley for no payday at all. It's just that it wouldn't have been on my conscience.

I was thinking of this and of how far Chester had fallen when Lolo clicked his stopwatch, called time again and this guy who just walked in off the streets started nailing Chester, formerly a world-class fighter. Kane Street was a counterpuncher and he was letting Chester walk head-on into his punches. Mugging him. Getting him drunk.

Chester couldn't adjust, couldn't slip, or duck, bob and weave, side-to-side—nothing. He never could. He just pressed after the new guy in a balls-out windmill assault. This had worked a few years back when he was in shape and rang up a string of knockouts, but he had since been annihilated mentally and once that happens you're a shot fighter, pure and simple.

I was gloved up and ready to get in there to take care of business, clean some house, but Chester called for another round. Lolo was running back and forth frantically. Like, where's Juan? I was thinking it, too. Kane Street danced out to the middle of the ring and greeted Chester with a flurry of uppercuts, dumping him on his butt. There Chester sat like a little baby that wanted to cry but couldn't get the breath up for it. From the look on his face, you could tell he finally knew that he had gone from world-class to a fighter who couldn't even make it as a gym rat anymore. It was a terrible thing to see.

Lolo was helping him out of the ring when Johnny Pushe, freshly showered and back in his street clothes, took one look and picked up on the situation. Johnny pulled off his jacket and jumped into the ring in his Levi's, T-shirt and Nikes, pulled on a pair of 16-ounce gloves—no mouthpiece, no Vaseline—and said quietly, "Let's go, man. I'm Johnny Pushe and I'd be honored to work with you."

They touched gloves and then Kane Street got uppity and hit Johnny with a right hand lead the very second Lolo called time. This was a bad mistake. I jumped down from the ring apron and stood along the wall and watched as Johnny commenced to commit homicide on the new guy. I mean, I'd been going to give it to him, but I wasn't going to kill the man.

Johnny said, "Is that all you got, bad boy? If that's all you got, your black ass is in trouble." Johnny egged the man on. He said, "Give me a shot, man. Show me some stuff, bad boy."

As soon as Kane Street attempted anything more complicated than a left jab, Johnny uncorked successions of punches. Even when the black kid held his hands up and danced away, Johnny scored with punches, snorting like a bull as he fired. When he got on the bicycle and just tried to survive, Johnny made things even worse for him.

The black boxer's entourage was silent. Just when it seemed that Johnny would put him away mercifully, he backed off so that the kid couldn't quit without losing face totally. "Are you tired? Are you a girl?" Johnny taunted. "Come on, man!"

Kane Street moved in firing. One last

try. Johnny carried his hands down at his side and was slipping punches slicker than shit. He tagged Kane Street with hard shots, allowing him to recover sufficiently before throwing more. He beat him on the arms and shoulders. It was like overnight mail: The new guy wouldn't feel it until the morning. When Johnny got bored with this, he landed serious thunder, dropping the black fighter on the seat of his pants where he hung in the corner with one arm on the lowest rope, his left eye completely shut and his upper lip looking like he had just chewed on a nestful of hornets. Like Lolo says, it ain't nice to make denigrating racial remarks, but this guy looked like a Ubangi that just did a one-on-one with an African honey badger. "That was fun," Johnny said, tapping the downed man on the top of the head. "Come back tomorrow and I'll show you some more neat stuff."

•

I had to get out of the gym. I was wondering if I had the heart for any of this anymore. Johnny had done the right thing. There's more kindness than cruelty in a beating like that, and Kane Street was now free to pursue his other options—frying hamburgers, running for Congress or whatever. At least he would no longer harbor illusions that he would become a fighting champion. I was not so sure what Chester was thinking, only that he couldn't feel "so good—so fine" any longer.

It was a cold night for October, and outside there was a bad moon hanging in the sky like a fat ball of silver white pigeonshit ready to fall out of the skies on me like bad karma. Normally I like the full moon, but not that night. I went out and got drunk. Didn't sober up for a couple of weeks.

•

The next thing you know, through the clamor of popular demand, Johnny got a rematch with Irish Tommy Wilde. *Aye an' begorra!* A promoter in Belfast coughed up some of that long green, and Juan saw to it that I got a slot on the undercard.

I couldn't believe that Juan had agreed to take a fight on St. Patrick's Day in Northern Ireland. But the money was good. Juan said it was the only way you could pack a house and draw that kind of payday. However, Johnny was going to need a knockout more than ever. If not, and if Tommy Wilde didn't get him, the fight mob would. The Guinness would definitely be flowing on St. Patty's day.

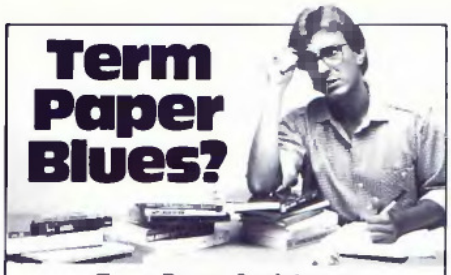
In the paranoia of coming off booze myself, I was thinking that Juan wanted me in shape only so Johnny would have somebody to spar with and he could cut costs. I was also worried about my right hand, twice busted. The orthopedic surgeon who set it the last time had told me no more fighting or I would end up with a fucking claw. Because of the hand, I was learning a whole new technique. A whole new style. I squeezed a racquetball and took calcium tablets to make my right hand stronger. Green tea. Boiled eggs. No sex. Steak and veggies. *Zen and the Art of Archery.* Johnny was over at my place every morning at four in his combat boots and his hand weights, and we went out running together.

It's funny how you lie to yourself. When I'd seen Johnny fighting Tommy Wilde in Lolo's living room, I was wanting it so bad I wished I could become a little four-inch man and jump right in the TV and take over in that seventh round. At that moment, I had my first sense of freedom over the thing I'd done against Chester. If I could have got in that fight, Tommy Wilde would be six feet under and I would be pissing on his grave. But seeing Chester on that floor had scared me so bad I guess I had to get drunk to tamp that freedom back down.

•

I ran into Chester downtown one night after an AA meeting, at the most down-and-dirty meeting in town, in fact, and hence the most interesting, but in a bad part of town. Here came Chester with Kane Street and his bunch. I could see that they were all fucked up on dope and that Chester seemed to have gone down fast and hard. His clothes were especially bad, he was unshaven, his hair was hanging down in greasy dreadlocks, his nose was running. His face was puffy and the sclera of his eyes was covered with burst red blood vessels. He had gained bloat weight, and, wearing a full-length leather coat like the rest of the

AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS HOMAGE TO BLACK LINGERIE



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (310) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10am - 5pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 30 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE**
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206 - KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ___ Zip _____

FIREFIGHTERS

Collector Trading Cards

Fifty of the hottest award-winning photographs by Robert Henshaw-Suder. The premier set includes models April Storms, Tylyn John, vintage and state-of-the-art fire equipment, and all 12 photos seen in the original 1989 firefighters calendar that sparked worldwide news.

Production is limited to 10,000 sets. IF YOU LIKE IT HOT ORDER NOW!

Send $15.95 for trading cards, or $10.95 for uncut press sheets to: Face the Fire, P.O. Box 111225 Pittsburgh, PA 15238 MC & Visa (800) 628-8795, USA only

Canadian Residents add $5.00, call 412-782-5801. Write for FREE BROCHURE

VISION UNLIMITED ™

Your Number One Source of...

Contact Lenses for Less!

Up to 70% Savings and MORE on all Name Brand Contact Lenses.

For more information and orders, please call TOLL FREE.

1/800-2 VISION

(1/800-284-7466)

1009 E. 40th Street #301
Austin, Texas 78751

gang, he now looked short, like a dwarf.

I had an AA companion with me, going out for coffee. One of Kane Street's boys started in on her. I tried to look them off when Chester recognized me. "It's my man," he said. "Hey, man, whatchew say?" A distinctive odor of vomit, booze, garlic and reefer emanated from the bunch. The other young men, who did not recognize me, stopped and sized me up in a confrontational manner. My date said, "Do you know these people?" I looked Chester in the eye and said, "No," and led her away, crossing the street to my car. Chester called after me with a voice like gravel and ground glass, "Hey, man, we really got it on over there in Paris, France, didn't we, man? We wuz rumblin'. Hey, man! Hey!"

I looked over my shoulder and cried, "You gave me six kinds of hell! You was bad that night!"

Chester cried, "Number five in the world, daddy. Never can take that away from me."

•

I told Johnny about Chester later, as we did a predawn run through the streets of L.A. We were throwing out punches as we slogged through the wet streets in our sweats and combat boots where gasoline rainbows glistened on the black asphalt with the reflection of shoe-store neon, of orange tungsten streetlights and ghostly blue restaurant bug-zappers. The last of the diehard nighthawks were still on the prowl and some motherfucker yelled, "Hey boxer-man! Come on back here and I'll *fuck* your ass!" And Johnny laughed and said to me, "Right." And I laughed, too.

"Chester is history," Johnny said. "Forget him. Hanging out with coked-out thugs. They'll all be dead in a year. You gotta know that. Fuck 'em."

"I never felt right since I put him out over in Paris. Never thought that Juan——"

"Juan was doing you a favor, my man." Suddenly I felt like Johnny was talking down to me. Patronizing me. I was talking to him straight and suddenly he's some big hero. It is necessary for a fighter to become grandiose, expansive and to entertain images of omnipotence on a certain level, but it is also important to keep a cool head and know how things are. How they really are.

So I told him, "I got ranked but I got guilty. I felt responsible. It screwed me over——"

"I picked up on the vibe, man. And now you got it out of you. You hear what I'm saying? I knew you was going to say that, and I'm glad you said it. The trouble with you is that you're nice. Nice people. Man, go be a social worker and hold the motherfucker's hand if you want. If my mother is in the fuckin' ring, I'm going to destroy. I'm going to murder. I'm going to kill. Cause that's it. What's the matter with you? What the fuck, man."

Johnny threw a lightning combination in the crisp, thin morning air and then broke away from me running at a six-minute-mile pace. We'd started out on this run buddies.

And then suddenly it came to me. I had my juice back. I'd been giving Johnny more trouble in sparring than Tommy Wilde gave him in his last fight. When he shut down on me like that, just like that, I saw that he knew it. He was thinking we might end up in a situation like what happened with me and Chester, that we might end up fighting each other for real. Stranger things have happened—and after all, this is just business. But what happened to that "no deep gut fear of any man alive?" It hurt me to think that he could see me doing that again, fighting a friend, but when I seen him shut down on me, he wasn't my friend anymore.

I thought about that old dude in the Mexico City jail that showed me dynamite hands. He was the coolest motherfucker on the planet, and I don't even know his name. I remembered watching him pulling his sweatshirt off one afternoon. He was going to show me some moves and when he did this, when he lifted up his T-shirt, I saw that his entire abdomen was covered with razor slashes. Like the bear had got him. I knew the slashes were from razor fighting and when he saw the astonishment on my face, he just laughed like he was saying, "Don't worry, pachuco. I can show you how to do this." I saw that he wasn't just some convict. I saw that he was a holy man.

Johnny, that motherfucker. Coming on like he was Sugar Ray Robinson, acting like he was going to blow me away, leave me in the dust. Pissed me off. You don't ever want to piss me off, get me riled. Like Johnny said, you survive the bear, it's good information.

I felt the thing in itself surge up inside, and I blasted by Johnny like he was standing still. I continued to pour it on, running up the crest of our biggest hill where the sun was there to greet me as it peeked out from the eastern horizon.

My legs, my lungs were burning like liquid fire but it didn't hurt. I was beyond the realm of pain. It's all right there, all you got to do is take it. I was plugged in again. I could feel that *boom boom* churning. The sun at the top of that hill, it said, "Angel, go out and get you some. Go out and show them something!"

I'm thinking this is going to be a really fine comeback. This time out I'm going all the way. This time I'm gonna become what you call a regular household name. Hey!

KELSEY GRAMMER

(continued from page 157)

the ability to say "fuck you" without having fuck-you money. You know, being able to say it when you really need the job. I've turned down lots of jobs. For example, when I was younger, I was offered a part in a porno film. The deal was to sail around in the Bahamas for three weeks on a yacht and do these two women. It was called *The Bermuda Triangle*. It paid $10,000, which I could have used. I was dying, had no food. But for me, it just seemed wrong. [*Pauses*] Maybe you shouldn't mention the name of the movie. A friend of mine ended up doing it.

9.

PLAYBOY: When you hosted *Saturday Night Live*, you opened with a skit in which you played—convincingly, we might add—a man in denial about his receding hairline. What therapeutic advice do you have for your brothers who are follicularly challenged?

GRAMMER: I have none. *Saturday Night Live* did the skit because they thought it would be funny. I thought, Yeah, we can probably make that funny. It certainly wasn't a personal insight into Kelsey Grammer's feelings. The way I see it is that I used to have more hair and now I have less. I'd like to hang on to what I've got. But if it goes, it goes. I like my head. It's a good head. I don't object to it. It's just that I used to have more hair, and now I have less. Now more spots are showing. I also decided a long time ago that I wasn't going to get very far on my appearance.

10.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Not everyone gets an offer to star in a porno movie.

GRAMMER: I was 18. I had long blond hair. I looked pretty good then. I always thought that the thing that people will find interesting in you is your brain. That's what I've always found interesting in people. I've been with different people in my life who, by regular standards, might not be considered all that attractive. But that wasn't what I was into anyway. It's the intellect and what you see behind the eyes that make people attractive to me. It's fun if the whole package is there. But you do need the whole package. I've had opportunities to be with people who were physically stunning but so mentally unengaging that it was impossible to find them attractive—except on an objective and entirely removed level.

11.

PLAYBOY: After two years at Juilliard, you were expelled for what have been shrugged off as "disciplinary problems." Who took the bad news worse—you or the people who knew you?

GRAMMER: In acting school there was a cut every term. I made it through two full years, then they finally said, "You know, Kels, this isn't working out." I said, "Yeah, I know. That's fine." There was no uproar or serious problem. It was amicable. It's just that I had lost interest in some of the things that were going on there and I needed to move on. It was a big deal to everybody but me. My girlfriend freaked out. We were very serious about each other, and suddenly it was as if her whole world had collapsed. She thought, Oh my God, he's not going to be a provider! Her dad was an insurance executive. But, still, I was surprised.

12.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, when you were playing the lead role in *Richard II*, your stage performance was interrupted by a 6.1 earthquake. What were you thinking about as the footlights trembled and the proscenium shook?

GRAMMER: I was in the middle of the scene in which Richard is about to be overwhelmed by a superior force—the famous speech "Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaëthon wanting, the manage of unruly jades." As I started "down"—this is basically his descent into becoming a human being—the earth started to shake. And I thought, Oh, this is weird. Then I thought about the normal things you would think about: I hope that trellis is built well. I hope the light units are mounted well. Then I thought to find the safest spot on the stage—there were about four or five other actors with me. I looked around. Waited. Put my hand on one guy's shoulder. Looked up to make sure nothing was going to fall. Then it was over. I turned to the audience and said, "I think we're OK now" and went right back into the scene. It was great. As I exited, I got a huge hand.

13.

PLAYBOY: We understand that *Cheers* was a hit in drug and alcohol recovery units at many hospitals. Why do you think it was?

GRAMMER: Because it's funny. The greatest value of any sitcom is that it makes people laugh. Since I joined *Cheers* and even on through *Frasier*, what I usually hear from people is "Thank you for lightening the load. Thank you for making my life fun for a half hour. You helped me so much." And it was only because they got home from their world of shit and laughed.

14.

PLAYBOY: You're about to wed for the third time. Rebut the remark, "Marriage is a triumph of hope over experience."

GRAMMER: Experience is the triumph of hope over adversity. In other words, you've been burned so many times that you would think you'd just

forget it, but you still have hope—hope springs eternal. We still try. And a good marriage certainly is that. Nothing in our experience tells us it's a good idea, but we can imagine. I guess hope comes from our imagination. Without experience, we wouldn't be able to hope. Hope has value only if you've known despair. You have a chance to fight for something worthwhile. Suddenly it's personal. You have an opportunity to make choices that turn your life into something good again. Now, that's accomplishment.

15.

PLAYBOY: You have had significant experience with kooky relationships. What kind of women do you find more attractive—those who are eccentric or those who are just plain nuts?

GRAMMER: I was always attracted to people who didn't have boundaries. People who would just do anything, anywhere and I'd sort of go, "Ooops!" That's where it starts, but it can get worse than that. You can get spit on by your wife in front of the president of the United States—that's a good one. But I really can't say much more than that because there's a gag order on it.

16.

PLAYBOY: When you were eight years old, you drew a map of a place called Grammerland. Was there a theme to your park? If so, what was the park's main attraction?

GRAMMER: When I drew it, of course, there were just some really cool rides. Water rides, a big Ferris wheel, a roller coaster. It was very green, very neat looking. The main attraction? Maybe the Hall of Windows, which would be a place where you could put your eyes in front of a certain device that would show you who you really are and teach you how to love yourself again. That would be the main attraction.

17.

PLAYBOY: When is bad Grammer more useful than good Grammer?

GRAMMER: My definition of bad is very loose. Human experience is basically good. I've always tried to stick with the golden mean: nothing in excess, everything in moderation. I have, by a series of excesses, found moderation. But never to my regret or shame, really. People would interpret some of the things that have happened to me as being shameful, but I don't. I see them as watermarks on the way to becoming a higher-evolved human being. I'm the whole ball of wax. At some level, you are the sum total of your experience, and my experience has been pretty interesting. I wouldn't trade it for the world. Good Grammer goes hand in hand with the bad. But the good helped me prevail.

18.

PLAYBOY: Recall some advice that seemed meaningless when you first heard it but makes perfect sense now.

GRAMMER: When I was 11 years old my grandfather taught me a phrase that I didn't understand. I was in fifth grade and complaining, "Oh God, these guys are really bugging me." He said, "Kels, you see a bug, you step on it or walk around it." I was like, "Oh, thanks for the help." But you can walk around it. This is bugging you right now? So what? Let that bug go on its way. If a real bug were about to bite my daughter, who would die as a result, I'd step on it. But in most cases you don't need to do that. You can walk around it, diplomatically.

19.

PLAYBOY: You're not a therapist, but you play one on TV. Are there certain rules of ethics that you refuse to let Frasier break?

GRAMMER: One thing we're conscious of is the idea that Frasier and his brother, Niles, are good psychiatrists. They are professionals who don't break the rules. So if there is a crisis of professional acumen or behavior, it becomes the issue of the show—whether or not it is proper or ethical. It started a long time ago, when I read for the part of Frasier on *Cheers*. They originally had him as being Diane's therapist. I said, "You can't do that. The key to this guy is that he is a good therapist. That's just wrong. It's unethical." So the writers went, "Oh, OK," and made Diane and Frasier's meeting accidental: While she was institutionalized, he stopped her from hitting an old woman over the head with a croquet mallet.

20.

PLAYBOY: To the untrained eye, your life seems not to have a central organizing principle. Do you have one?

GRAMMER: A long time ago I coined the term requisite disrespect. Requisite disrespect has to do with the way I work and with the way I live. You can't take too much too seriously. In terms of craft, you have to get to a place where you trust all your gifts to the point where you don't think about them anymore, where you don't consciously try to make a statement, you simply make one. That's requisite disrespect. Let's say you're the guy who does the spinning plates in the circus. You've been spinning plates for 25 years. There is no part of spinning a plate that you don't know. So you end up not thinking about it. You can keep 40 plates going and you don't know how. It has just become what you do best. You're no longer trying to do it better than somebody used to. You just do it. You know when one plate's going to fall off—you don't even have to look at it. Requisite disrespect is the same as that. It's as though you were the plate and the stick and the spinner, all at the same time. You don't have time to think about everything you know in order to do it right. It's disrespect for yourself, basically—for your own sense that you're more important than the work.

"I know I'm two days late this year, kids, but I had to put warning labels on everything!"

PLAYMATES ON THE MOON

(continued from page 138)

Conrad happened to look closely at the photo he'd had framed of himself on the moon (below) with Bean reflected in his visor. "All of a sudden I looked at the cuff checklist on my left arm and I said, 'Holy Christmas, that's the Playmate of the Month sitting on my arm!'"

Today, Dick Gordon is involved in the preservation of space hardware. Alan Bean is an accomplished artist. And Pete Conrad is a vice president and flight manager of the McDonnell Douglas DC-X program. Both Conrad and Bean, naturally, have kept their moon checklists. "We weren't supposed to bring anything back," says Conrad. "But they brought back stuff from previous flights and as time went on the guys started getting more aggressive. One astronaut actually took the hand controller right out of his lunar module. I brought back my cuff checklist from Apollo 12 for obvious reasons. The Playmates were a dear memento of the real world and the way it was."

And still is, guys.

Conrad snapped by Bean (in visor) on the moon with cuff checklist ond "tether partner" Reagan Wilson.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

WIRED

Page 22: "Virtual Sex Appeal": **Computer fantasy game** by *id est inc.*, 800-473-0515. "Hot Properties": **CD-ROM software:** By *New Machine Publishing*, at Mission Control, 800-999-7995. By *Interotica*, 800-572-3766. By *Pixis Interactive*, at select Tower Records. By *Vivid Interactive*, 800-822-8339. "Wild Things": **TV** by *Sony*, 800-937-SONY. **CD-ROM phone book** by *American Business Information*, 800-593-4595.

STYLE

Page 28: "Strike Up the Band": **Tuxedo shirts:** By *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott stores. By *Ike Behar*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. By *Lazo*, at Martini Carl, 77 Newbury St., Boston, 617-247-0441. By *Donna Karan*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. By *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace, 816 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-744-5572. "All That Glitters": **Belts** by *De Vecchi*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Suspenders** by *Edgar Pomeroy*, 2985 Piedmont Rd. NE, Atlanta, 404-365-0405. **Cuff links** by *Nancy & Risë, Ltd.*, at Fortunoff stores nationwide. **Vest** by *Daniel Craig*, at Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. **Ties** by *Tino Cosma*, at Tino Cosma, 692 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-246-4005. **Shirt** by *Gaspar Saldanha*, at Bloomingdale's. "Clothes Line": **Sports coats** by *Cavelli*, at Realta, 1 E. Delaware, Chicago, 312-664-8902. **Ties** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Ermenegildo Zegna, 743 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-421-4488. "Scentsational Holiday Gifts": **Men's toiletries:** *Drakkar Noir*, at Burdine's, Bloomingdale's and Filene's. *Horizon for Men*, at Macy's. *Davidoff's Cool Water*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord & Taylor stores. *Ralph Lauren's Safari for Men*, at fine department stores. *Aramis*, the Harley model exclusively at Bloomingdale's and the radio at fine department stores. *Jil Sander's Feeling Man*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord & Taylor.

CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Pages 96–101: **Bike** by *World Classic Cycles*, 516-543-1835. **Weights** by *Health & Fitness Equipment*, 800-443-8348. **Speakers** by *B&W Loudspeakers of America*, 800-370-3740. **Humidor** by *Michel Perrenoud International*, 201-778-1194. **Skimmer** by *Emmer, Inc.*, 800-233-2060. **Notebook computer** by *Apple Computer Inc.*, 800-767-2775. **Grappa** by *Morrell & Co.*, 535 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-688-9370. **Compact stereo** by *Marantz*, 800-654-6633. **Snow skates** by *Snow Runner, Inc.*, 800-752-8366. **Watch** by Special Editions Ltd., 800-258-1995.

NIGHT MOVES

Page 145: **Suit, shirt, cuff links and tie** by *Falke*, at Traffic, Beverly Center, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313 and Sunset Plaza, Los Angeles, 310-657-5469. **Shoes** by *Andrea Getty*, 800-935-SHOE. Page 146: **Jacket and vest** by *G. Gigli* at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **Shirt** by *Tommy Zung*, at specialty stores nationwide. **Jodhpurs** by *Joop*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Shoes** by *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at To Boot, Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. Page 147: **Jacket, trousers and shirt** by *New Republic*, at New Republic Clothiers, 93 Spring St., NYC, 212-219-3005. **Vest** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Shoes** by *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at To Boot, Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. Page 148: **Evening jacket** by *Byblos*, at I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, 310-271-2131. **Shirt** by *Artifact*, at Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. **Scarf** by *Falke*, at Traffic, Beverly Center, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313 and Sunset Plaza, Los Angeles, 310-657-5469. **Sweater** by *Falke*, at Traffic, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313 and 310-657-5469. Page 149: **Jacket** by *Robert Massimo Freda*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Shirt** by *Joop*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Trousers** by *Katharine Hamnett*, at I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, 310-271-2131. **Shoes** by *To Boot by Cesare Paciotti*, at To Boot, Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Jacket** by *Joop*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Turtleneck** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Trousers** by *V2 for Gianni Versace*, at Bloomingdale's. **Loafers** by *Gianni Versace*, at To Boot, Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300.

1995 ELECTRONICS PREVIEW

Page 177: **CD car stereo** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-421-1404. **Camcorder** by *Sony*, 800-937-SONY. **16:9 television** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **THX audio/video receiver** by *Onkyo*, 201-825-7950. **Laser disc/CD player** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090.

ON THE SCENE

Page 219: **VR stationary bicycle** by *Tectrix*, 800-767-8082.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P 3-4 CLAUDE ALBUQUERQUE, STEVEN E. BARBOUR, TED BETZ, STEVE CONWAY (2), MARION ETTLINGER, CHUCK GALLYON, ANDREW GOLDMAN, DAVID GOODMAN, BOB LARAMIE, JOE LEVACK, ELAYNE LODGE, RON MESAROS (5), ROB RICH (2), MATTHEW ROLSTON; P. 14 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 28 CONWAY, AARON RAPOPORT/FOX; P. 30 MK2 PRODUCTIONS (USA); P. 32 © JOHNATHAN EXLEY/GAMMA-LIAISON; P. 33 PAUL DRINKWATER/NBC; P. 138 KEN CHERNUS; PP. 158-159 CHAN BUSH; P. 166 DANA FINEMAN/SYGMA; P. 167 © DEBORAH FINEGOLD/OUTLINE, JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO, © PIP/LGI; P. 168 KAREN HARDY/LONDON FEATURES, © RAUL VEGA/OUTLINE, WAYDA; P. 169 MICHEL COMTE/© CINERGI PROD. INC., GREG GORMAN, © MICHAEL MONTFORT/VISAGES, © WAYNE STAMBLER/SYGMA, © VEGA/OUTLINE; P. 170 © LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI, © DOUGLAS KIRKLAND/SYGMA, © MARK SELIGER/OUTLINE, WAYDA; P. 171 RICHARD FEGLEY, WALLY MCNAMEE/SYGMA, OUTLINE, © JEFFREY THURNHER/OUTLINE, WAYDA; P. 172 GWENDOLEN CATES/SYGMA, BOB FRAME/LA MOINE, HERB RITTS, © 1994 VISAGES (2), WAYDA; P. 173 RITTS; P. 213 ALAN BEAN/NASA; PP. 222-223 CONWAY (6); P. 224 OUTLINE. P. 148 TABLE SETTINGS BY LS COLLECTION AND THE POTTERY BARN, NEW YORK CITY; DINING TABLE, CHAIRS, PHILIPPE STARCK OTTOMAN BY MODERN AGE, NEW YORK CITY.

Stocking Stuffers

(continued from page 119)

One tip: Don't try to eroticize too many different places at the same time. Spend several sessions on just his nipples, for example, before going on to other areas.

DECK THE HALLS

One woman told me that her lovers enjoy it if, during intercourse, she keeps time to music by contracting her vaginal muscles.

JOLLY SAINT NICK

The following trick is a little sneaky, but it can be great fun. While your lover has your cock in her mouth, crack a joke or otherwise make her laugh. The resulting sensation can feel marvelous, and your lover probably won't mind too much.

HOW TO OPEN A PRESENT

For her: For many women, the sensation of being opened carries a heavy erotic charge. While she is on her back, try holding her legs together as you run your tongue up and down the seam where her thighs meet. Tease her pubic hair and dip your tongue into her cleft as if you were trying to reach her clit.

Open her legs after you feel she has suffered enough, but (gently) pinch her labia majora shut with your fingers and continue the teasing. Next, spread her majora lips with your hands while you suck the minora lips (together, so you keep them shut). Then treat her to the final opening. The tension created can be exquisite. The first full-contact lick of her clit can be almost unbearable.

POPPING THE CORK

While performing fellatio or cunnilingus, stop occasionally to place a sip of champagne in your mouth. A soft drink provides a pleasant nonalcoholic alternative.

Merry Trickmas to you, and happy New Year!

Editor's note: In our June issue, "The Playboy Advisor" mentioned the crème de menthe blow job, taken from "Tricks: More Than 125 Ways to Make Good Sex Better," by Jay Wiseman. Literally hundreds of readers wrote in asking how to buy the book. It's available from Romantasy in San Francisco or your local erotic boutique. For ordering information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to P.O. Box 1261, Berkeley, California 94701.

"Well, well, Mr. Foster. You have penetrated my disguise."

Tom Hanks

(continued from page 150)

at Stratford-on-Avon; it is somehow fitting for the man who would play Forrest Gump to have begun in Shakespeare, too, but in Cleveland.

After time on the stage in New York, Hanks moved to Los Angeles, and was cast in ABC's 1980–1982 comedy *Bosom Buddies*; in a role inspired by *Some Like It Hot*, he played many scenes in drag as a guy trying to live cheaply in a women's residential building. When he began working in films he already seemed like a seasoned comedy pro, comfortable in his persona as a school bus driver who gets engaged in the underrated *Bachelor Party* (1984), his first movie role of any consequence. And the same year he played the lead in *Splash*. There was no long period of bit roles and starvation; he was a star at 28.

I still feel he was cast incorrectly in *Splash*, the comedy in which he fell in love with a mermaid played by Daryl Hannah. His brother in the film was played by John Candy, who spent his days composing inflamed letters to sex magazines. I thought it would have been funnier if the mermaid (who had never before seen a human male) chose Candy instead of Hanks. That would have been a better use of Candy, and a better use of Hanks, too, whose best roles have him as an island of curiosity in a sea of mystery. He is never at his best in movies where he's the one who has the answers.

Look at him instead in *Big*, where he convinces us that his adult body is inhabited by a gawky, hyperactive adolescent. The plot has given us a 13-year-old boy who is at the age when the girls in class shoot up into Amazons while the boys remain short and squeaky-voiced. The film's hero has been humiliated in front of the girl of his dreams (he's too short to ride with her on an amusement-park ride), and he wishes desperately to be bigger. He gets his wish—and Hanks takes over the character, as a child's mind is magically transported into a 35-year-old body—and finds his true calling by working for a toy company. His secret is that he is the only one at the company who really loves to play with the toys, and Hanks finds a childlike body language for shots such as the one in which he skips through the company's lobby.

Joe Versus the Volcano, which was written and directed by John Patrick Shanley (author of *Moonstruck*), has been written off as a critical and commercial flop. I think it is one of the most original comedies of recent years, and it contains a performance by Hanks that works as a center of calm and sanity amid the plot's madness. From the film's opening shots of the loathsome factory—a vast block of ugliness set down in a sea of mud—the film's art design and special effects place Hanks in a world as imaginary as

Oz. The notion that he will ever really sacrifice himself to the volcano is absurd, but he seems determined to go ahead with it. In the hands of another actor the role would have been impossible, because there is never a moment when the character can find an anchor in reality. Hanks does not need one. The key to his performance is acceptance: Without fuss, without blinking, he accepts the film's bizarre reality, and because he never fights it we can relax and accept it too.

It is that same matter-of-fact quality, of making himself at home in a world not his own, that underlies Hanks' work in *A League of Their Own* and, especially, *Forrest Gump*. In the baseball picture, he is a man who has always played in a man's game. When he finds himself coaching a team of women, his strategy is simply to keep on doing what he knows. He doesn't try to fight it, he doesn't figure it out, he simply coaches.

In *Philadelphia*, as a dying man determined to be treated correctly by the law firm that fired him, Hanks' character has two distinguishing characteristics: pride and anger. Either of these can offer an easy excuse for overacting, but Hanks knows that the audience understands the situation and doesn't need to be told about it through acting. It is always better if a film can make you understand how a character feels without the character's having to do much, externally, to explain his emotions.

Hanks' most memorable scene in *Philadelphia* occurs when he plays a recording of an aria from the opera *Andrea Chénier* for his lawyer, acted by Denzel Washington. While the aria is playing, Hanks provides a heartbreaking commentary. The aria is sung by a French noblewoman to her suitor at the time of the Revolution, and describes the death of her mother at the hands of a mob. It is an interesting choice of aria because it does not exactly parallel the situation of Hanks' character. Instead, by explaining it to his lawyer, what the dying man says is: If you can understand the feelings of this woman, who exists in a world unfamiliar to you, you can understand the feelings of anyone—even my own. It is the kind of virtuoso scene that pleads to be overacted (the character, after all, is talking over Maria Callas). Hanks does not compete with Callas, however. He adopts the manner of a teacher; he wants to share something he knows. That is the feeling I sense beneath a lot of his performances; he chooses characters who can teach us something, often in the form of a fable.

Much was made of Hanks' decision to star in *Philadelphia* because he thus became, in a phrase that was much-used, the first box-office star to portray a homosexual. More daring, in my opinion, was his willingness to portray himself as so desperately sick: The character is sympathetic enough that many straight actors might happily have played him. But would they have been willing to reduce themselves, through weight loss and makeup, to the stark specter of skin and bones and Kaposi's sarcoma that Hanks became in the final scenes?

In accepting his Academy Award for *Philadelphia*, Hanks made a speech that will rank among the Oscars' odder moments. Some, listening to it at the time, were moved by his tribute to those who had died from AIDS. Others, including those who read the speech in transcript, were unable to make much sense of it. I was reminded of Laurence Olivier's famous acceptance speech after he was given an honorary Oscar in 1979. The audience greeted it with a standing ovation, but the next day, when Olivier called Michael Caine and asked him what he thought of it, Caine told him that, frankly, he hadn't understood a word. "Quite so, dear boy," Olivier said, confessing that his mind had gone blank and, as a seasoned stage veteran, he had fallen back on pseudo Shakespearean folderol.

Hanks was filming *Forrest Gump* at the time he made his speech, and perhaps that fact makes it a little more understandable. Like *Gump*, the speech contained the right sentiments if not

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

From Sexual Secrets, A Couple's Guide to Sexual Ecstasy, available from the Xandria Collection

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 18 years (since 1974).

First, we guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year. If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection... a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB1294
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

always complete lucidity, and it placed feeling above sense.

Still, the portrayal of Forrest Gump is one of the most mysterious acting jobs I have ever seen. Looking at the movie again on that summer afternoon in Indiana, surrounded by the snuffling audience, I began with the hypothesis that Hanks' secret was, as nearly as possible, to do nothing. The secret of the performance, I told myself, is that he does what Dustin Hoffman did in *Rain Man*: He finds precisely the right note, and holds it. Playing a man with an IQ of 75 and a limited vocal range, Hanks sits or stands, usually wearing a blue shirt buttoned at the collar, and speaks dispassionately, unaware that he has somehow been placed at the center of key events of recent American history.

Looking at the film, I found that my theory would not hold. What on a first viewing looked to be a one-note performance was revealed, during later viewing, to be wide-ranging but so subtle that the range is there almost without our realizing it. One reason the movie has such an emotional impact may be that Hanks, by not seeming to reach for an effect, catches our hearts unprotected.

His physical performance is minimalist. He is usually sitting or standing impassively, and even in the scenes in which he runs and runs (from bullies, on the football field, in Vietnam and then across America), his face seems set. Hanks does his most physical acting in the miraculous special-effects scenes in which director Robert Zemeckis and his technicians place Hanks in the same scenes with JFK, John Lennon, LBJ and George Wallace. Here Hanks does a perfect job of affecting the slight stiffness and formality that people adopt in the presence of the famous.

To understand the soul of Hanks' performance in the movie, you have to listen to his voice. There are a lot of lines people remember from the film; his mother's sayings, of course, and his own philosophical insights ("You have to do the best with what God gave you"). But listen to him when he proposes marriage to Jenny (Robin Wright): "I'm not a smart man, but I know what love is." It seems at first to be delivered in a monotone, but listen carefully and you can hear that he subtly emphasizes the beats of both "love" and "is," making them absolutely equal, and a little more stressed than the rest of the sentence. Not "what *love* is," and not "what love *is*," which are the ways an ordinary actor would try to sell the sentence, but "what *love is*." By the quiet emphasis Hanks puts on it, we sense how strongly Gump feels.

Forrest's voice is what carries the movie. He narrates it, he speaks in it and he quotes others. Some of the dialogue would tempt another actor to go for the punch line. When Forrest "invents" the bumper sticker SHIT HAPPENS, for example, that's obviously a laugh line. But Hanks knows the laugh is there anyway, so he doesn't go for it. To punch the line would imply that Forrest knows it is funny. That, of course, would be a mistake—a mistake Hanks is too good to make.

Any successful movie invites naysaying, and I've read criticism of the film as being an insult to the mentally retarded, a right-wing vision clothed in liberal disguise, or a free ride on the coattails of our fascination with nostalgia. One critic thought it all too significant that the microphone malfunctions during the peace rally, and we never hear what Forrest says to the crowd. But of course the point was not what he said, but that he was there. Forrest is a witness, rolling from one historical milestone to another, just as all of us are. If he has no control over the events in society, neither do we. It isn't true, as some critics say, that the movie simplifies our time by proving Forrest's simple homilies ("Death is just a part of life") and self-forgiving formulas ("Stupid is as stupid does"), thereby congratulating the audience for its own supposed ignorance. The movie shows how touching, how human, it is to carry on in the face of war, assassination, disaster and disease, clinging to these lifelines that make us human.

Tom Hanks is at the top of his game right now, with four films in a row that have gotten to the hearts of the audience, making him (dare I say it of a man still young?) beloved. That is partly because he has had luck in his choice of roles, and partly because he was ready to play them. It is also because there is something within Tom Hanks that audiences respond to positively. A movie is a kind of truth machine that allows us to sit in the dark and stare as closely as we like at every nuance of an actor's manner and personality. (When, in real life, do we get to look at anyone that closely?)

Bad guys can become stars, and good guys can come across as jerks. But when a star is sensed to have the same decent qualities as his characters—and those characters strike a chord in our imagination—there is the possibility that a myth will be born, that a Stewart, a Bogart, a Monroe, will be created.

Tom Hanks right now seems to be in the process of such a myth creation. Actors are always at the mercy of their material, their directors, their co-stars, and even of the social atmosphere at the time a movie is released. (Certainly the summer of the 25th anniversary of Woodstock was the perfect time for *Forrest Gump*.) My notion is that when an actor does something good, he probably deserves praise, but when he does something bad, he may not deserve blame. In the movies, nobody can fake the genuine, but everybody can screw it up. Maybe Hanks has simply been lucky with his four most recent films. Maybe he has developed a gift for being able to look at such unlikely material as *Forrest Gump* (or even *Joe Versus the Volcano*) and seeing through the goofiness to the promise. Whatever it is, he has found a way to play a certain kind of character on the screen so that when people leave the theater, they do not think of Tom Hanks or even of Forrest Gump so much as they think of themselves, as if they have just been through something mysterious and important.

PLAYBOY

The 1995 VIDEO Playmate Calendar Is Here!

Only $19.95

➤1995 marks the middle of this rapidly changing decade, but the Playmates remain as sexy and captivating as ever in the newest edition of the popular Playmate Video Calendar series. You'll revel in their beauty, glamour and sheer sensuality as these 12 provocative Playmates continue to delight you month after month in lush, full-color video. Featuring Neriah Davis, Elan Carter, Becky DelosSantos, Shae Marks, Julie Lynn Cialini, Julianna Young, Anna-Marie Goddard (40th Anniversary Playmate), Jennifer Lavoie, Carrie Westcott, Arlene Baxter, Jenny McCarthy (1994 Playmate of the Year), Elke Jeinsen. VHS. Approximately 55 min. XQ1809V VHS $19.95

Also Available

➤1994 Video Playmate Calendar. A luscious Playmate for each month. Featuring Ashley Allen, Amanda Hope, Anna Nicole Smith (1993 Playmate of the Year), Barbara Moore, Alesha Oreskovich, Jennifer LeRoy, Stephanie Adams, Nicole Wood, Kimberly Donley, Echo Johnson, Tiffany Sloan and Morena Corwin. VHS. 60 min.
XQ1808V VHS $19.95
XQ1808LD Laser $34.99

➤Order Toll-Free
1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optimo, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 49580).

➤Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49580, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

➤There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at your local video and music stores.

© 1994 Playboy

If you would like a 24" x 20" poster of this ad, send $6.00 to R.B. Fragrances, P.O. Box 532, Orange, CT 06477.

IT FEELS UNREAL.

4711 ORIGINAL EAU DE COLOGNE.

DRENCH YOUR BODY IN THE LIGHT, NATURAL REFRESHER.
FEEL RELAXED...STIMULATED...INVIGORATED.
THE EUROPEAN TRADITION THAT'S AS FRESH AS TOMORROW.

© 1994 Richard Barrie Fragrances, Orange, CT.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

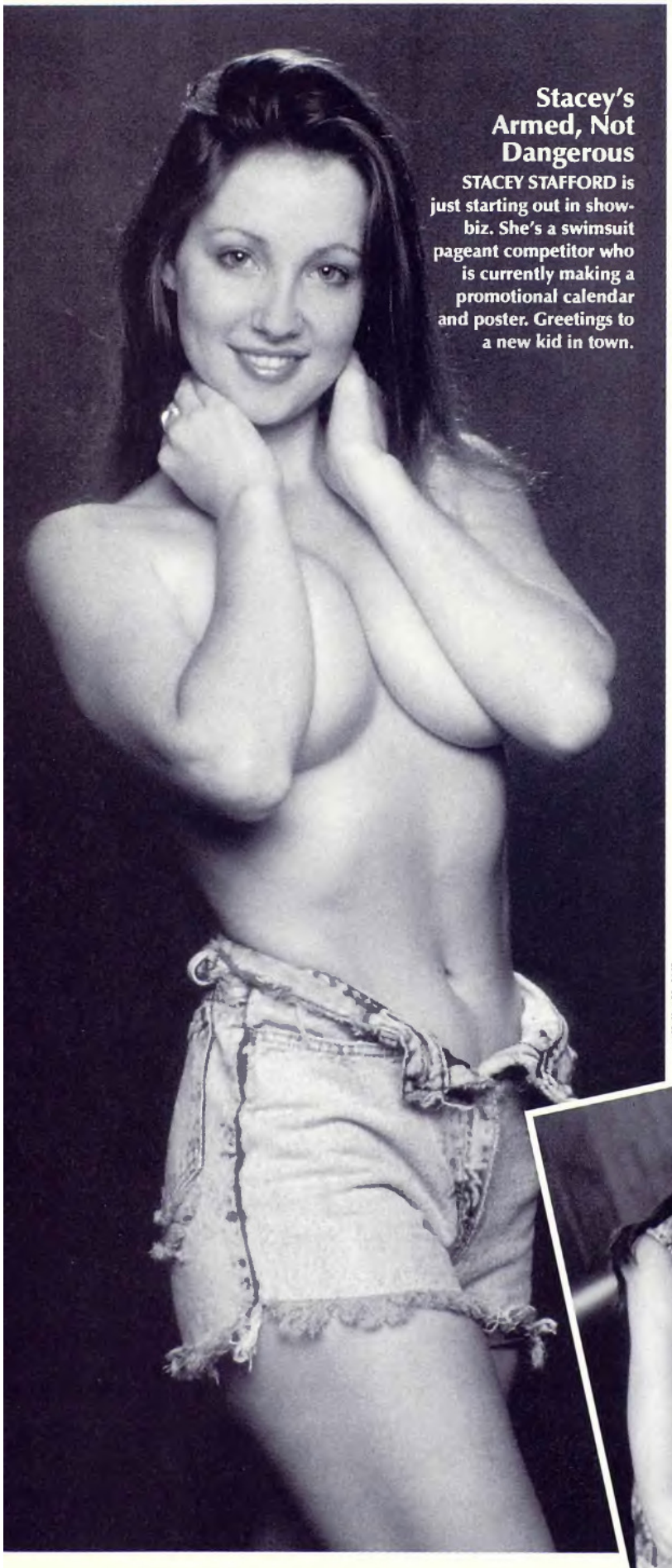
RIDE ON!

It may be called the VR Bike, but there is certainly nothing virtual about the sweat you'll work up riding Tectrix Fitness Equipment's recumbent stationary bicycle (pictured below). The first fully interactive aerobic fitness machine, the VR Bike uses specially designed CD-ROM software to turn exercise into a game: As you pedal, you cruise through computer-generated landscapes on the machine's color monitor. The seat, pedals and handles on the bike are integrated, so you can use your weight to lean and steer through twists and turns on the road. Thumb-operated controls allow you to shift gears, brake and view on-screen statistics such as calories burned. You can also switch perspectives from ground level to an aerial view—an excellent option if you're in race mode.

The VR Bike, an interactive stationary bicycle with an Intel processor, 20-inch color monitor and stereo speakers, uses CD-ROM technology and innovative design to create an indoor cycling experience that's almost as much fun as pedaling outdoors. When VR Bikes are networked, riders can race one another or cruise the computer-generated virtual worlds together (some of the sights you'll see are pictured in the insets below). As the terrain changes, so does the resistance and the intensity of the workout, by Tectrix Fitness Equipment, about $7500.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 213.



Stacey's Armed, Not Dangerous

STACEY STAFFORD is just starting out in showbiz. She's a swimsuit pageant competitor who is currently making a promotional calendar and poster. Greetings to a new kid in town.

The Top Pops

We'll toast to longevity. POPS STAPLES' latest album, *Father Father*, celebrates his fifth decade of recording. Joined by his daughters Mavis, Yvonne and Cleotha, plus Ry Cooder and Jim Keltner, Pops mixes original cuts with standout covers such as Curtis Mayfield's *People Get Ready*. Look for some selected tour dates and hear Pops soar.

Tish Crosses the Borders

TISH HINOJOSA is the American daughter of Mexican immigrants and her music is laced with the sounds of Tex-Mex, folk and country. *Destiny's Gate* is her major-label debut. She recently released an all-Spanish album on the Rounder label that she describes as having "lots of accordion." In any language, Tish's sensual soprano rings true.

© STEVE DOUBLE/RETNA

White Men Can Jump

And sing, and rap and make jokes—if they are the BEASTIE BOYS. Fresh from Lollapalooza '94 and a recent hit album, *Ill Communication*, the Beasties plan a tour for 1995. Mike D has a line of clothes out called X-Large, which also describes the group to a T.

© WERNER W. POLLEHER

Sheila's Almost Under Wraps

You have seen SHEILA CARSON on *Baywatch*, *Silk Stalkings* and *Renegade*, and on a poster for Corona beer. We'll drink to that.

Water Sprite

Aspiring model and actress CHLOE JONES is taking a pool break. A Texan, Chloe was Miss Spring Break in Beaumont this year. When she makes her move, you can say you saw her first in *Grapevine*.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

No Rubber Duck Needed

Singer-songwriter BECK exploded on the college charts with the single *Loser*. His album *Mellow Gold* went gold this year. Says Beck: "Everybody should turn off their TVs and make up their own songs." It worked for him.

© ED SIRRS/RETNA

PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY

HOWELLING SUCCESS

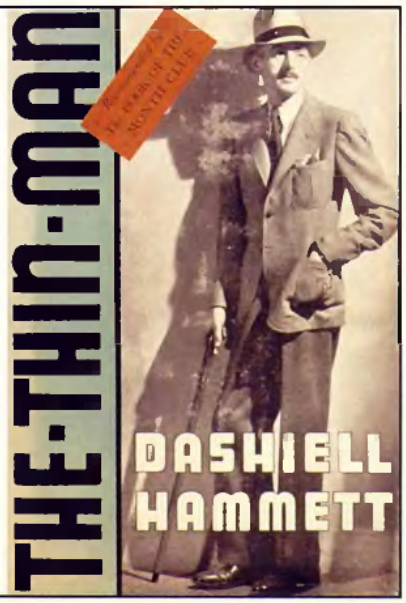
According to bookworm Richard J. Howell, "a reader is most comfortable when a book is positioned at or above eye level." So he invented the Reader's Window, a piece of solid-ash furniture that features an easel backboard with a transparent Acrylite cover to hold book pages in place. A manual lift-and-pull mechanism enables you to turn a page easily, then push back the cover to hold the new spread flat. The price: $309, postpaid, from Howell Design at 800-867-7869.

THE WRITE STUFF

The Nineties may be the decade of the laptop computer, but there's still something to be said for the pleasure of a handwritten note. So the Faber-Castell Co. of Germany has created a Collector's Edition pencil set that contains five cedarwood pencils with silver-plated caps, four replacement erasers and a silver-plated extender and matching sharpener, all housed in an elegant box. The price: $275. Call Joon Stationers at 800-782-JOON to order.

RETURN OF THE THIN MAN

Dashiell Hammett was the creator of hard-boiled detective fiction, and his 1932 novel, *The Thin Man*, spawned a popular movie series starring William Powell and Myrna Loy. Now Otto Penzler Books, 129 West 56th Street, New York 10019, has created a reproduction of the original first edition, including the dust jacket. The price for the reproduction is $35, postpaid, from 800-352-2840. Ask about other books in the series, such as *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.



HIP CHIP

As far as we know, Chip is the only stuffed bear in the world that delivers personal messages in the sender's voice. It works this way: You phone Telebear in Whitefish, Montana and leave a message (ten seconds or less). Telebear records your voice on a microchip, installs it in a tuxedoed teddy bear and ships it out the same day to whomever you wish. The recipient gives Chip a squeeze and hears your spiel. Furthermore, Chip is surprisingly cheap—$69.95 plus shipping. Call 800-841-CHIP and start talking.

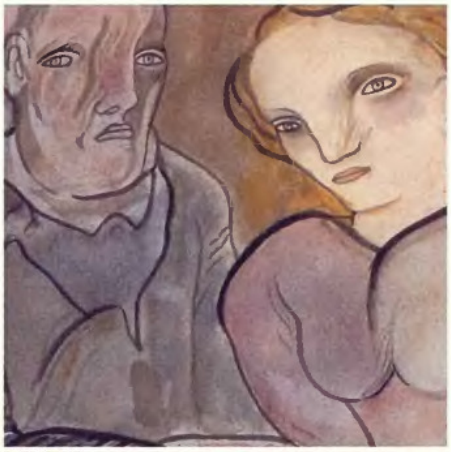
SHINY BAUBLES

Christmas may come just once a year, but for Christopher Radko it's a full-time occupation. Radko is the king of Yuletide decorations and his beautiful hand-painted glass creations are the Fabergé eggs of the ornament business. Two of his latest include Misty (below left), a topless ship's figurehead, and Mermaid. Guess why they caught our eye. Radko's ornaments are available at Saks Fifth Avenue, priced from $15 to $60. Or call 800-71-RADKO for other stores.

NEXT MONTH

DYNAMITE DREW

VOICE BOX



CAKE WALK

HOT PENN

SEX AND PROZAC—AS PRESCRIBING OF THE FEEL-GOOD DRUG RUNS RAMPANT, SOME DOCTORS AND DRUG COMPANIES DOWNPLAY ONE KEY SIDE EFFECT: IT CAN KILL YOUR SEX DRIVE—BY **STEPHEN RAE**

THE ICING ON THE CAKE—WORKMAN IS A VICTIM OF THE MARITAL WARS. BUT WHO ISN'T? WIFE NUMBER TWO IS PRACTICALLY PERFECT, PLUS SHE LOVES HIS OLD DAD—FICTION BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

TEENA'S DEADLY SECRET—TEENA BRANDON WAS SO CONVINCING POSING AS A MAN THAT SHE HAD SCADS OF SATISFIED GIRLFRIENDS. SHE WAS SO GOOD IT GOT HER KILLED—TRUE CRIME BY **ERIC KONIGSBERG**

BORDER MUSIC—FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING BOOK *THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY* COMES A NEW TALE OF LOVE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN TEXAS RAMBLER JACK CARMINE AND STRIPPER LINDA LOBO—BY **ROBERT JAMES WALLER**

PENN ON FIRE—THE TALLER HALF OF THE MADMEN OF MAGIC TRIES HIS HAND (AND OTHER BODY PARTS) AT A BIG-TIME HOLLYWOOD STUNT: BEING SET ON FIRE. HOT STUFF FROM **PENN JILLETTE**

JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME—THE MUSCLES FROM BRUSSELS AND NEW KING OF ACTION FILMS LETS FLY WITH A FLURRY OF VERBAL PUNCHES ON EVERYTHING FROM SEX TO ARCHRIVAL STEVEN SEAGAL IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

CLARENCE THOMAS—BATTERED IN HIS CONFIRMATION HEARINGS AND BRUISED FOR HIS RIGHT-WING POLITICS, THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FIGHTS FOR HIS PLACE IN HISTORY—PROFILE BY **LINCOLN CAPLAN**

TOM SNYDER—THE VETERAN OF LATE-NIGHT WARS PAST IS BACK WITH A NEW SHOW, A NEW MENTOR (YES, DAVE) AND A NEW ATTITUDE IN A BRASH 20 QUESTIONS

DREW BARRYMORE—THE WILD CHILD OF HOLLYWOOD'S PREMIERE ACTING FAMILY AND STAR OF *POISON IVY, BAD GIRLS* AND *THE AMY FISHER STORY* MAKES HER PLAYBOY DEBUT IN A STUNNING PICTORIAL

PLUS: ACTOR **DANNY GLOVER** IN CASHMERE SWEATERS; A TABLOID-TRASHING, GENDER-BENDING YEAR IN SEX; PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW; OUR JAZZ AND ROCK POLL; AND, FOR A FINAL SALUTE TO OUR FABULOUS 40TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR, THE PLAYMATE REVIEW

BAILEYS
Yum.
The Original.
1994 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J. Baileys Original

We raised Home Theatre to a new level.
(22,300 miles above sea level, to be exact.)

Introducing the RCA DSS™ Digital Satellite System. At this moment, there are twin satellites hovering more than 22,300 miles above the equator, beaming the world's first ever high-power digital broadcast to living rooms all across the United States. A broadcast that will quite literally change the way we watch television. And the only way to get it is with a tiny RCA 18-inch dish and set-top receiver. It's the RCA brand DSS System. Those that have it will be ready for the television ride of their lives. The signal is digital. So your RCA Home Theatre™ can now get CD-quality sound and a picture so sharp and clear it's candy for the eyes and ears. Never before has there been such an incredible combination of choice and control. The DSS System delivers up to 150 channels. Programs you want to watch, when you want to watch them. Hit movies that run every thirty minutes. Special events you won't find anywhere else. Even season television tickets for your favorite sports teams whose games aren't televised in your area. The RCA brand DSS Digital Satellite System.

DSS™ *A revolutionary new broadcast system that delivers a digital signal, CD quality sound and up to 150 channels of customized programming.*

The reason the future of television is really looking up. **Changing Entertainment. Again.™** RCA

© 1994 Thomson Consumer Electronics, Inc. DSS™ is a trademark of DIRECTV™, Inc., a unit of GM Hughes Electronics. Available in the continental U.S. only. Picture and sound quality depend on your TV and audio systems. Simulated picture.